I WILL MASH JOE LOUIS *by* TONY GALENTO

Liberty

JUNE 24, 1939

5¢

BOOK of RECIPES

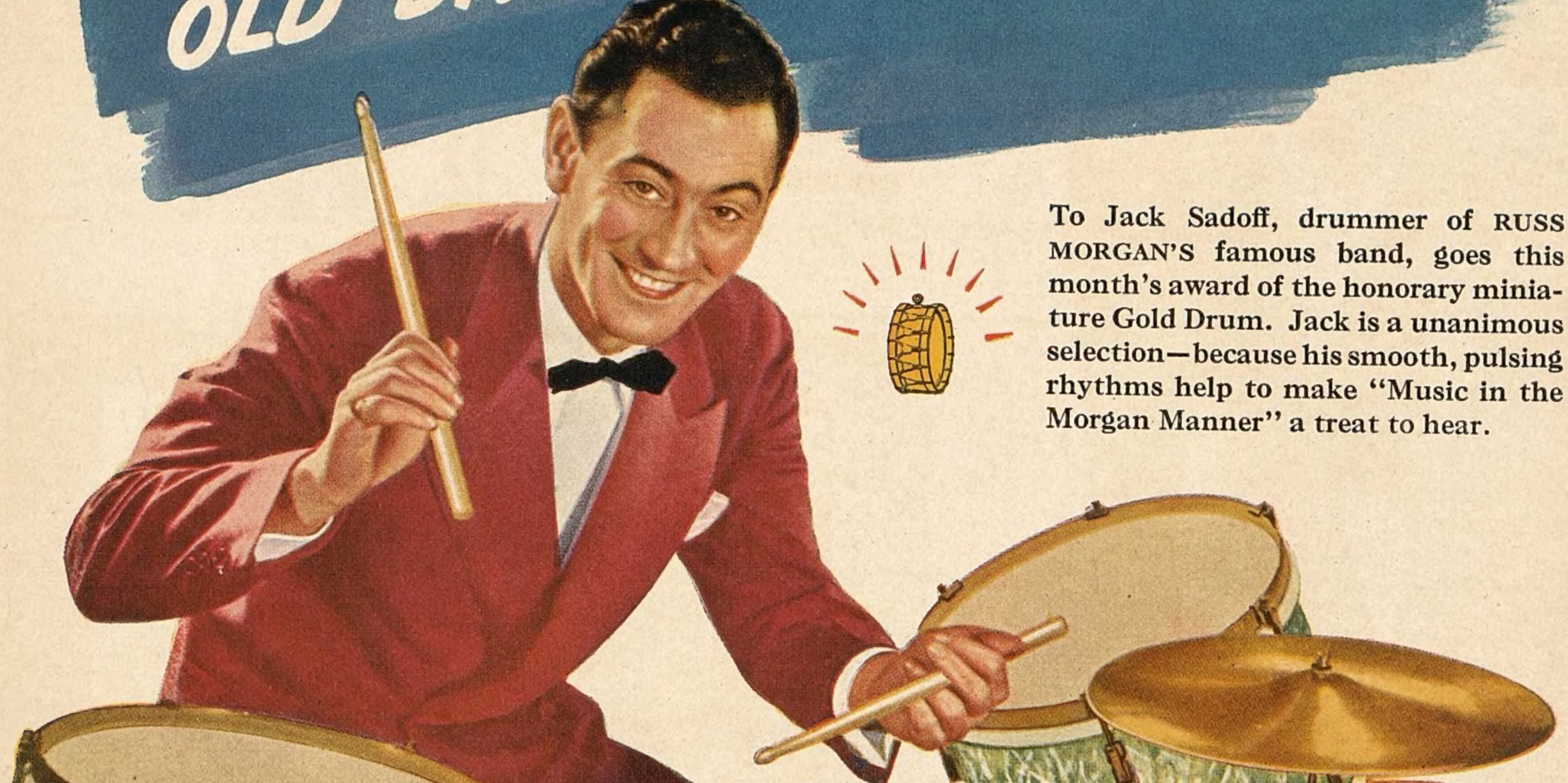
Rangoon Adventure:

A THRILLING NEW NOVEL *by* EDISON MARSHA

HOW TO EAR-WITNESS THE NEXT WAR *by* H. V. KALTENBO

GOOD MANNERS *and* HOLLYWOOD SOCIETY *by* CONSTANCE BENN

ROLL OUT THE BEAT
OLD DRUM'S THE TREAT!



To Jack Sadoff, drummer of RUSS MORGAN'S famous band, goes this month's award of the honorary miniature Gold Drum. Jack is a unanimous selection—because his smooth, pulsing rhythms help to make "Music in the Morgan Manner" a treat to hear.

ITS TASTE IS SWELL—
IT'S SMOOTH AS WELL!

Yes, Sir! Compare any whiskey with Old Drum for flavor, smoothness or bouquet! For this famous brand, made from the finest ingredients, has been created by America's foremost blenders. Try a bottle today.

YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW
THAT ITS PRICE IS LOW!

And don't worry about Old Drum's cost, for it's remarkably low. It sells at a price that *everyone* can easily afford. So buy a bottle or two on the way home tonight and get to know this splendid blend.

Calvert
OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE, MD.
A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT

FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY—
AND PRICE, YOU
CAN'T BEAT IT!
OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

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OLD DRUM
BRAND · *Blended Whiskey*

TRY OLD DRUM DISTILLED DRY GIN!

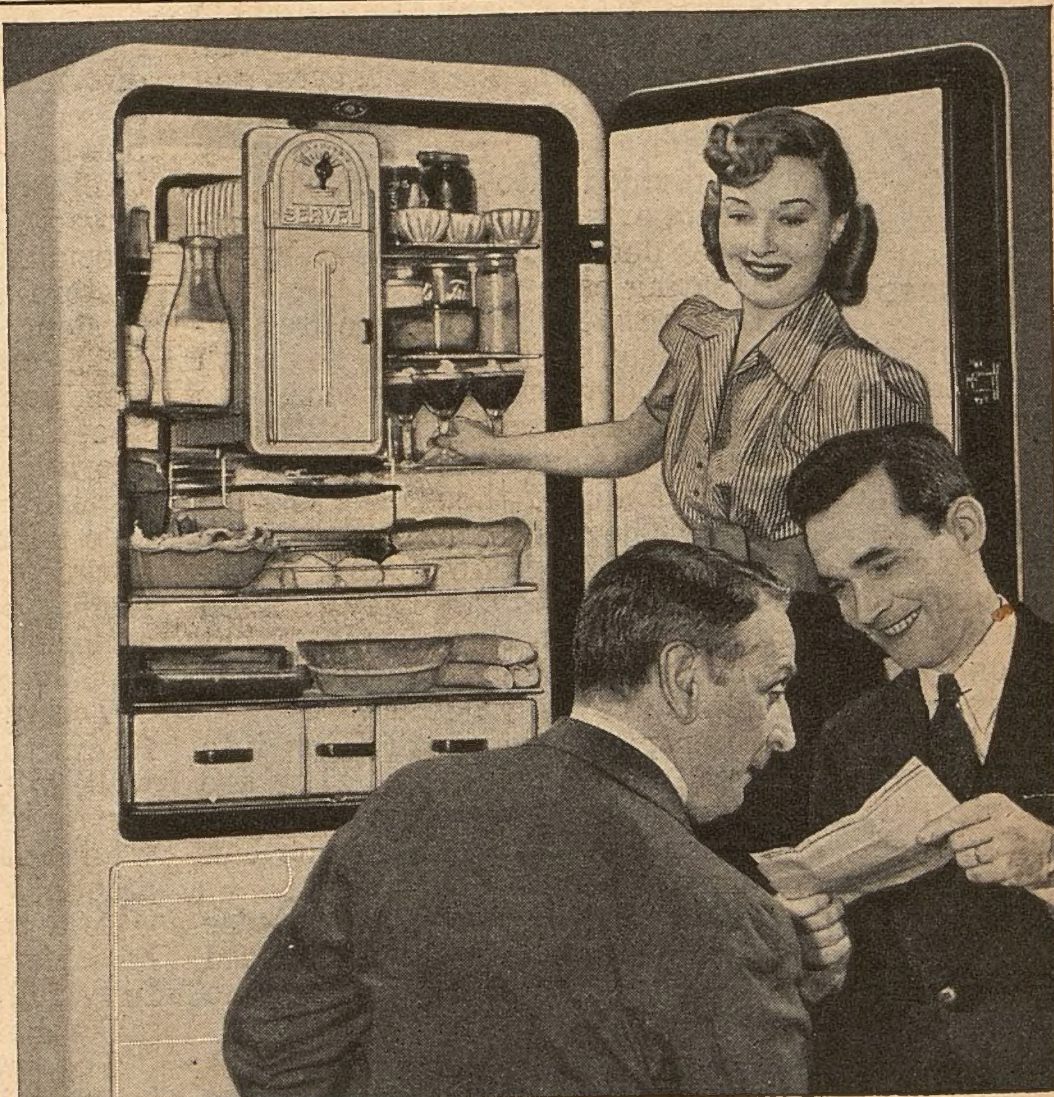
For a marvelous Martini, a smoother Tom Collins or Gin Rickey.

OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. OLD DRUM BRAND DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—85 PROOF. COPR. 1939 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

WE WIN A BET FROM UNCLE BILL!

He won't believe that our Servel freezes with **NO MOVING PARTS** *so we put on a show for him*

1 "I CAN'T HEAR A THING," SAYS HE when we tell him to listen to our Servel. "Is it *always* quiet like this?" "Always!" we assure him. "Well, I'll be dog-goned!" mutters Uncle Bill, "How can it work if there isn't any machinery?"



2 "SEE, UNCLE BILL, THIS TINY GAS FLAME does all the work in a Servel," we explain. "There's nothing in the freezing system to cause noise; nothing moving around in there to wear, either. Heat from the tiny flame circulates the refrigerant that makes cold and ice—constantly. This is one automatic refrigerator that *stays* silent. *Stays* economical, too!

3 "RUNS FOR JUST A FEW CENTS A DAY . . . year in and year out! Look at our gas bills! Only a refrigerator *without* moving, wearing parts could keep right on running for so little!" "You win," grins Uncle Bill. "Guess I'll know better than to bet *again* that all refrigerators are alike!"

4 THERE ARE LOTS OF PEOPLE LIKE UNCLE BILL! They won't believe there's any difference in refrigerators—*until* they meet Servel!

But Servel convinces them—as we believe it will also convince you. You'll find *this* modern refrigerator i *permanently* silent—and saves *more* fo *more* years—because its freezing sy tem hasn't a single moving part!

See the new models this week—at your gas company or neighborhood dealer's showrooms. Get *all* the facts. And remember, your own gas company offers prompt service facilities for every Servel Electrolux it installs.

MORE PEOPLE EVERY YEAR ARE REPLACING OTHER REFRIGERATORS . . .

with the refrigerator you hear about—but never hear!

"No one could have sold us anything but a Servel Electrolux this time! We had experience with another refrigerator so knew what it would mean to have one that never made noise!"
—*Mrs. Fred Mulvey, 6359—31st St., N. W., Washington, D. C.*

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JUNE 24, 1939

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

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EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

A TRAGICAL NEED FOR HEALTH SPECIALISTS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

This is an age of specialism. There are disease specialists of all kinds in the healing art. There are specialists in the diseases of the nose, eyes, and throat. There are heart, stomach, and pulmonary specialists. If the body were divided into its various anatomical parts, we would find specialists who devote their entire attention to treating each part.

Disease specialists! There are hundreds of thousands of them. But there are no health specialists—experts who devote their entire time to advising people how to be supremely healthy.

The doctoring profession have studied all the various phases of disease. Many of them have become expert diagnosticians. They can quickly detect the symptoms of disease, but they know little or nothing about buoyant vigorous health. They can tell you if your functions are operating normally, but beyond that they are often helpless, and here is where health specialists are badly needed.

A large part of our population is drifting into what might be termed semi-invalidism. They are not sick. They are not well. They just belong to a neutral zone, and from such a condition one can easily become a victim of disease.

The amazing value of foods in the cure of disease and in the building of superb health is recognized by progressive people, but they have little or no knowledge of the subject.

Many medical doctors and other practitioners have not given sufficient time to the study of the truly marvelous rejuvenating quality of certain foods. In fact the importance of this subject has only recently been recognized.

Schools in which members of the healing art have been educated have given this subject little or no attention until recent years. Though disease may be cured through the various systems of healing, quick recovery depends upon adding to the vitality of the patient by following the rules of life, essential in acquiring more health.

Doctors everywhere recognize the importance of preventive medicine, but they have few opportunities to use such knowledge.

The fact that dynamic health, outstanding vital vigor, can be secured by every one through a rigid adherence to the laws of health as they pertain to diet, muscular regeneration, mental attitude, and the care of the body generally is understood by doctors, but in their office practice they can rarely effectively use such methods. In order to emphasize the importance of health-wealth, there should be health specialists in every community to work with the doctors and all other members of the healing profession.

The specialists in disease fulfill an important mission, but when the ailment from which the patient is suffering has been cured and the functions are operating normally, the patient then must care for himself. A health specialist would then be a valuable adjunct in building vitality, the physical resistance which would not only make one immune from the attacks of disease but arouse the spirit of ambition and enthusiasm needed to make life glamorously profitable.

To live in every sense of the word—to feel the vital forces throbbing with vital energy—to be able to walk with a springy stride—to feel the fire and fervor of spirited health at all times—represents wealth far more valuable than a millionaire's bank account.

And that is the kind of wealth that an efficient health specialist can give any one who would carefully follow the rules and regulations essential to make the body strong, supple, and agile.

The spirit of youth a lifetime possession! That is what health specialists should be able to give us.

This idea greatly intrigues me! A new profession of health specialists! I know there are thousands of men and women who are enjoying dynamic powerful health who would be splendidly equipped for this work. I would like to hear from those who are well educated, with pleasing personalities. I would like to find some way of helping them into this profession.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 70

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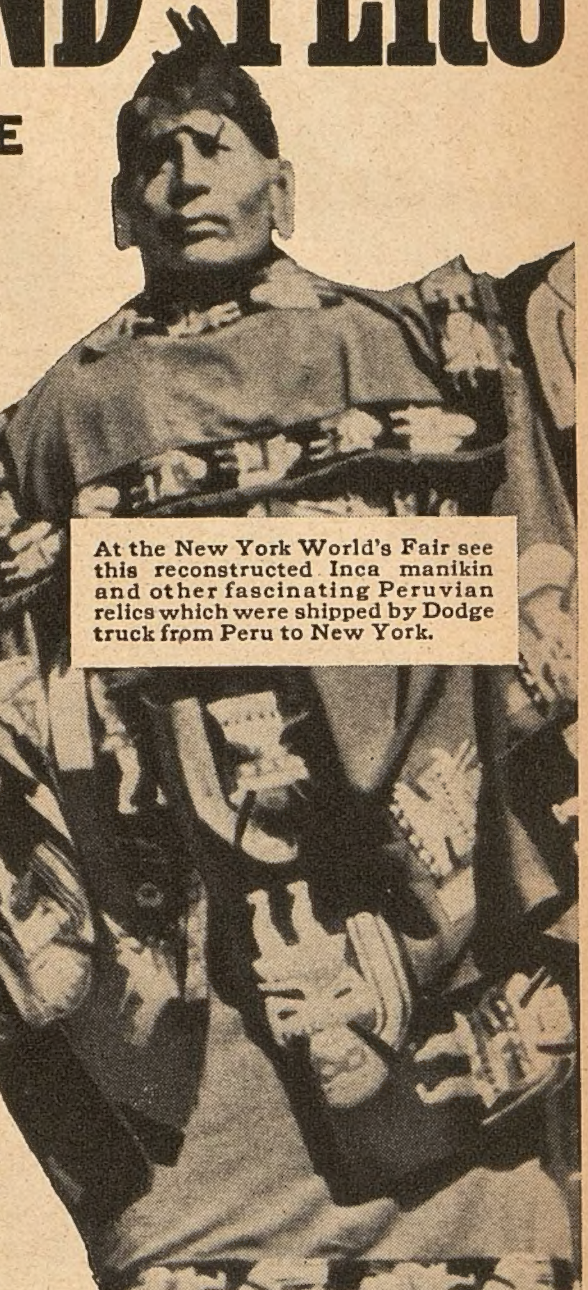
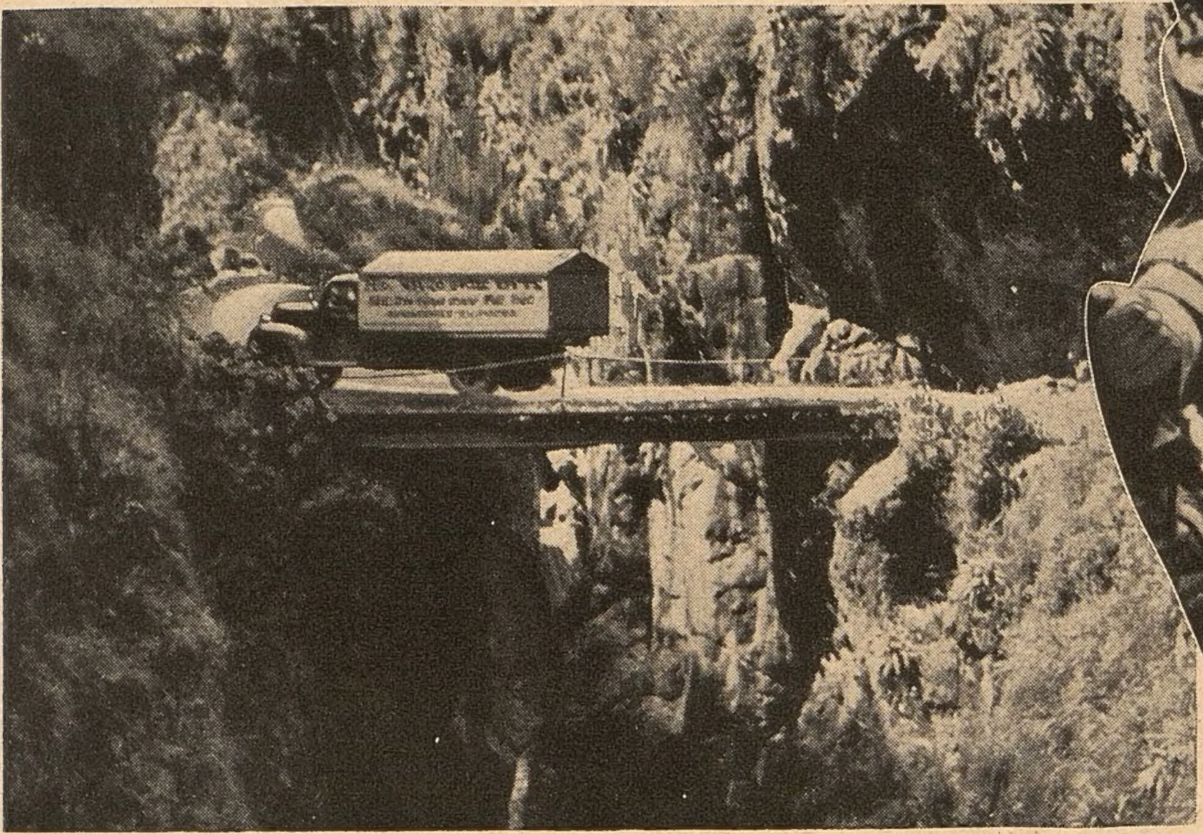
DODGE TRUCK BLAZES TRAIL ACROSS MEXICO AND PERU

AN AMAZING DEMONSTRATION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY AND RUGGEDNESS

"Easiest Handling Truck I Ever Drove," says Edson Smith, World's Champion Truck Driver, Who Drove 3-Nation Goodwill Truck



At the New York World's Fair see this reconstructed Inca manikin and other fascinating Peruvian relics which were shipped by Dodge truck from Peru to New York.



Huablaga River Gorge in the high Andes. Some day this will be a part of a modern Pan American highway system, linking the Americas.

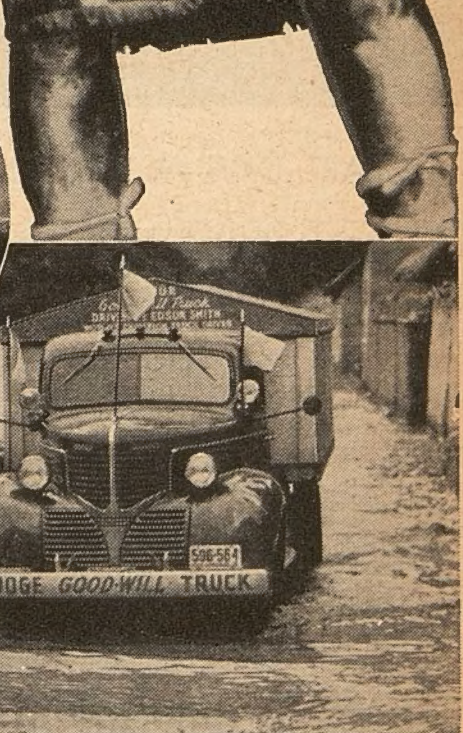
A REGULAR-PRODUCTION Dodge truck has just completed one of the most spectacular demonstrations of truck performance and truck dependability ever recorded.

Across Mexico to Acapulco on the Pacific seacoast, then from Callao over the Peruvian Andes to the headwaters of the Amazon and return, this 1½-ton Dodge made 4 crossings of the continental divide, demonstrated its pulling ability in altitudes as high as 16,000 feet.

14,000 miles of gruelling travel were completed on a rigid time schedule without mishap or delay! This dependable Dodge proved that it can get through ice and snow, mud, rutted roads, and unimproved mountain trails that most truck operators would consider impassable!

Says Edson A. Smith, who piloted the Dodge truck on this 3-Nation Goodwill Tour, "In my 11 years of truck driving I've never seen a truck do as many *impossible* things, and I've never driven a truck as comfortable or as easy to handle as this 1939 Dodge."

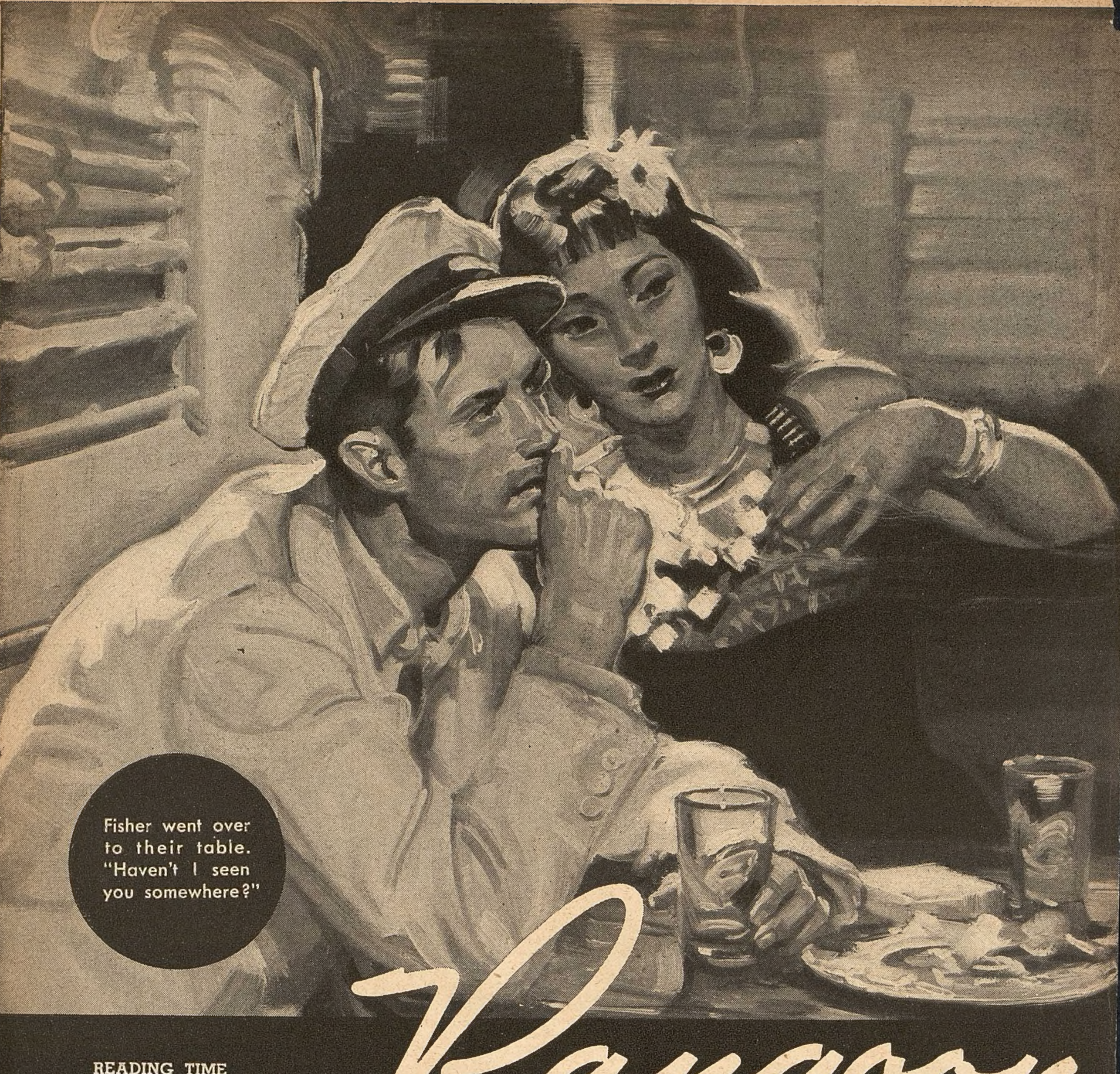
PERU-MEXICO-UNITED STATES



Above: Far above the timber line, a flock of llamas — one of the fascinating roadside sights in store for the days when less venturesome drivers may tour the Andes.

• • •

Right: A sample of the kind of roads negotiated by the Dodge Goodwill Truck in its exploration that took it across the "backbone" of South America to the headwaters of the Amazon.



Fisher went over to their table. "Haven't I seen you somewhere?"

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Rangoon

PART ONE—A RENDEZVOUS WITH PERIL

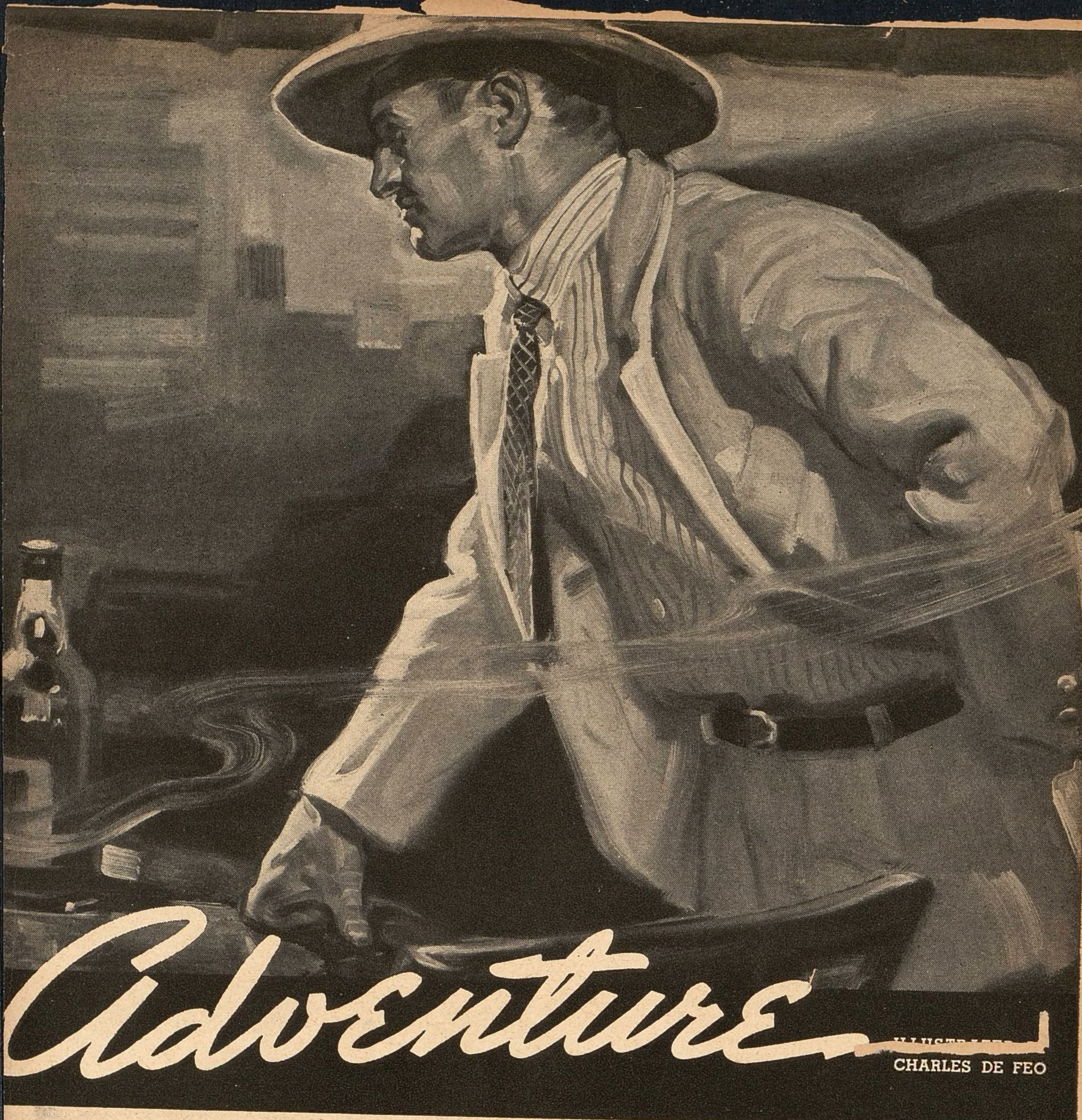
STRAND ROAD was ablaze with lights. Along it ran motorcars with Punjabi drivers, carrying great *thakins* (white men) and their bejeweled ladies homeward from dinners and dances. The lights glinted on the fleet brown legs of ricksha coolies; and there was the soft laughter of white-waisted Burmese girls, and sometimes a burst of song as roistering natives roared by in a hired lorry. But it was very dark down here in the shadow of the ships, and the only sound was the tramp of the watchman and the soft lapping of the rising tide.

Moung Ne avoided the watchman with ease. Like a snake he slipped into the dark water and, making a long loop, came in on the seaward side of a sleek white fifty-foot launch on whose bows was plainly printed PRINCESS. There was a guard aboard, but Moung Ne knew he had been plentifully supplied with rice spirit.

Moung Ne soon located the guard, asleep on the forward deck. He slipped into the engine room and removed from his watertight knapsack an object that ticked softly. Concealing it at the bottom of a drawer of waste, he effaced all sign of his visit and took to water.

AT nine o'clock next day, a friend of Moung Ne named Khodo had just served breakfast at the Rangoon residence of Sir Thomas Lacey, chief of the Criminal Investigation Department for all Burma. Although the talk at the table concerned one of the greatest problems the C. I. D. had ever confronted, still Khodo was permitted to remain. He had served official households for years, speaking to his masters in Hindustani.

A thrilling new novel of spies and romance, lovely women and dangerous men, in t



Adventure

CHARLES DE FEO

BY EDISON MARSHALL

"I've just heard that the River Queen has reached Bhamo safely," Sir Thomas observed to his guests.

"But the Woman from Prome caught fire and blew up fifteen miles above Katha," retorted Hank Fisher, with a grim mouth.

Perhaps Henry Fisher was a strange sort of man to be seen at Sir Thomas' table. About fifty years old, he was short and stout and red, with rather coarse features, and he wore a large diamond stickpin which was perfectly in accord with his taste in clothes. But the trouble that had come upon the C. I. D. brought them many strange bedfellows. Fisher had come from America to Burma as an oil driller. Apparently he had accumulated wealth, and at the same time great influence with some upcountry tribal chiefs, through whose domains must pass English guns for Marshal Chiang Kai-shek. Sir Thomas had welcomed Fisher's offer to help protect these shipments.

"We're not having much better luck with the munitions we're sending by rail to Lashio," Sir Thomas went on. "Our caravans are being raided constantly from there to Kunlong on the Chinese frontier. Fisher, I'm at my wits' end. No matter what precautions we take, they seem to know just when and where to strike."

"It's managed from this end, of course," Fisher said. "And you've got Pritchard at last."

"Because he made one little mistake."

"And because he had Sir Thomas Lacey on his trail."

"That's good of you, Fisher. But he wasn't the brains of the gang, just an able lieutenant."

"Who is the brains of the gang?" Bob Malcolm, Sir Thomas' confidential secretary, broke in. "We haven't a clue to his appearance, his name, or his country. B

mbattled, mystery-shrouded Orient of today

course international spies have no country, blast their eyes!”

It was not often that Bob Malcolm used such vehement language, especially in the presence of ladies. Molly Hutchison, Sir Thomas' Canadian niece, opened her eyes wide. Bob was a scholarly sort. Lately a young professor of ethnology at the Rangoon University, he had been drafted by the C. I. D. partly because of his wide knowledge of native tongues and customs. But he was taking his job very seriously. Sometimes Molly suspected that he had had high hopes of saving his chief's reputation and the Empire's honor by some heroic stroke against the saboteurs, a hope that had not even approached fulfillment. Although of good height and astonishing physical strength, with a firm mouth under his dark mustache, keen blue eyes and a pleasantly plain face, still he was not the type for great adventure, Molly thought. Yet, oddly enough, she felt he had not missed it very far.

But she liked Bob, even though his favorite topic was the totem worship of the Naga Hills. She liked him well enough to accept many of his eager attentions. This was a painful surprise to some haughty young officials and army officers, because Molly was the most desirable girl visiting the colony since the Rains. She had a pretty oval face with a small straight nose, light-brown eyes that matched her hair, and if she were reserved and sedate in the best English tradition, her mouth was big and warm and the lines of her fine body flowed like a Burmese girl's.

YOU can bet he's the best man that Japan can hire,” Sir Thomas said, speaking of the chief of the spies. “They'll spend any amount of money to keep the munitions from getting through to Marshal Chiang Kai-shek. Unless we do better, he's going to turn to Russia, and to them exclusively.”

“I told you about that clever American detective, Dickason,” Fisher remarked casually. “If you'd hire him—”

“I can't take that fellow, Fisher. Once at least he worked on both sides of a case.”

“I can't hardly believe it. Anyhow, you and your chaps'll win out in time. If you can locate their wireless—”

“That's one of the reasons young Malcolm and I are cruising out to Thein Island today. I need some salt air, but I also want to look around—and have Malcolm talk to the natives. Wish you could come with us, Fisher.”

“I wish so, too. You're going on the governor's launch or the Princess?”

“Oh, the Princess. She's slower but more comfortable.”

“I sure wish I could go, but I've got an engagement.”

The discouraging talk went on, and as Molly had telephoning to do, she excused herself from her uncle's table. Sir Thomas leaned forward, glad to lay down his troubles to tell a joke on his secretary. His blue eyes were twinkling.

“I waited till Molly got out to mention this matter,” he began slyly. “Malcolm, do you know Judge Bassett?”

“I know him by sight,” Bob answered in his cautious way.

“He came to me in great distress the other day—saying that he recognized you as the same man he had once tried for being drunk and disorderly and throwing a Mandalay grogshop keeper out of his own front door.”

“There's some mistake. I've never been arrested in my life.”

Sir Thomas' face fell. “Are you sure, Bob? Perhaps when you woke up in the morning you'd forgotten the incident. I wouldn't have blamed you, Malcolm. Fact, I'd feel a bit relieved that my learned young assistant could be so—human.”

Bob shook his head. “I've never in my life taken enough alcohol to lose my senses.”

“Dash it, Bob, you've made my little joke on you fall pretty flat!”

A moment later Sir Thomas was called from the room to look at some confidential dispatches; so, except for the idol-faced Khodo, who seemed more a piece of furniture than a man, Bob Malcolm and Hank Fisher were left alone.

“If that was really you—raisin' a little Cain up to Mandalay—I don't think you'd need to keep it from Sir Tom,” Fisher said. “He's a pretty good old sport, you know, in spite of his big job and fishy eyes.”

“It was my double-first cousin, Bruce Malcolm,” Bob burst out bitterly. “And it isn't the only time I've had to suffer for his sins.”

“Thorn in your flesh, huh? Well, I've got some kinfolks I don't care about myself.”

Malcolm, apparently bent on justifying himself, moved into the chair next to Fisher. “Does one of them look enough like you to be your identical twin?” Malcolm asked grimly.

“Can't say as they do.”

“This fellow does, outside of a few little variations most people overlook. When he drops his voice a little, it's exactly like mine. ‘A thorn in my flesh’ is too good a term for him. He could have had a decent career. He has my aptitude for languages—knows more dialects than I do—and had a better education and more money. At one time he was trusted by the Indian government on an important mission; but he accepted too many presents and was thrown out in disgrace. He's gambled and drunk away all his money, and the last time I went to England I found him borrowing more from my old friends—pretending he was I.”

“Where is he now?”

“I'm very much afraid he's on his way to Burma. Certainly he was in Calcutta ten days ago. If you don't believe in doubles, wait till you see him—and what mischief he'll make for me—”

While the men were talking, Molly had re-entered the room. But she was very light of step and the Chinese rugs were soft, so she had time to rearrange the flowers on the sideboard and seat herself in comfort with a cigarette before they noticed her.

“I don't think he'll get your job away from you.” Fisher's countenance, usually so expressive, seemed now quite still except for a glass-like sparkle in his eyes.

“He'd be perfectly competent to handle it—until he writes a bad check.” Malcolm turned quickly to Molly. “You're light on your feet as a Naga dancing girl,” he told her.

“I suppose that's meant for a compliment. But I didn't hear what you and Mr. Fisher were talking about so earnestly, if that's what's worrying you. Much of it, anyway. Bob, isn't it time for you and Uncle Tom to start?”

At that instant Sir Thomas entered the room. There was a troubled expression on his usually impassive face. “I'm so sorry, Bob, but I'm not going to be able to make that trip,” he burst out.

Hank Fisher sat very still. Bob looked disappointed, but murmured politely, “Is that so, sir?”

“Some business has come up that I can't leave. It arises out of Pritchard's arrest. Possibly we've stopped the raiding on our caravans. If we could stop the sabotage on the boats—”

“Would you care to postpone the trip, or have me go alone?”

Sir Thomas hesitated briefly. “You go alone, Bob, and see if there's anything worth a careful investigation. But I'll miss the ride.”

“I'll leave at once, then. Good morning, Mr. Fisher. Molly—I'll see you tonight.”

Malcolm called for his sun helmet and, with his binoculars slung over his shoulder, went to the waiting car. Molly's eyes followed him. He looked to her like an American tourist, so determined on his goal. . . . But her heart felt tenderness for him, nothing more.

HE expected to be back in town by sundown, but at half past seven he had not appeared at Molly's house for their dinner date. Never before had she known him to be late.

At eight o'clock the doorbell rang, but it was not Bob Malcolm whom the *thange* admitted. It was Sir Thomas, his eyes grave and a drawn look on his face. He asked to see Molly alone.

“A dreadful thing has happened, Molly,” he told her when they met in the library. “I want you to prepare yourself for a shock.”

Molly turned white but stood very straight. “All right. I'm ready.”

“Hadn't you better sit down?”

“No, thank you. Dad and mother are all right. It's either Fred, in England, or—”

“No, Molly. It's poor Bob Malcolm.”

“Oh.”

“You'll never see him again. The trap was laid for me, but he was its victim. The Princess was blown up halfway to Thein Island. Neither he nor the two natives escaped.”

“Are you—sure?”

“Not a shadow of doubt. Some native fishermen saw the explosion and got there as soon as they could. There was nothing but a little wreckage on the water.”

Molly walked very slowly to a chair, sat down, folded her hands, and, save for the whiteness of her pressed fingers, she would have seemed quite calm.

“I'm glad they didn't get you, Uncle Tom,” she said at last.

“I'm glad too, if for no other reason than a chance to avenge Bob. They feared me before, or they wouldn't have tried it, and I mean that they shall fear me all the more from now on!”

“I suppose we have to expect such things,” Molly said quietly. “What's one life, they think, compared with crushing China's resistance to Japan? But I wish—I'd been a little nicer to him—while he was alive.”

“You were nice to him, Molly. More than he expected, I think.”

“If he'd been just a little different—a little more imagination—I might have fallen in love with him.”

Still, there was a sharper pain in her heart than she had ever realized Bob Malcolm could invoke.

EDISON MARSHALL

goes to the farthest and most interesting corners of the world for story material. “Hunting and writing go marvelously together,” he says. He was born in Indiana. When he was thirteen he went to Oregon. Wrote yarns in college. Now lives in Georgia.

THREE days after the bad news of the Princess, a code message from Calcutta was delivered to a Parsi rice merchant in Rangoon. When it was put into the right hands and decoded, it read:

> Late friend's cousin arriving Rangoon Saturday on Hastings, traveling third class, passport number 60708. His record won't stand police investigation and he is dead broke. Believe you can talk turkey.

Passport number 60708 bore the name of Bruce Malcolm. Down to watch the Hastings dock, Hank Fisher had no trouble identifying him. His clothes were shabby, he had not shaved for several days, and he reeked of cheap whisky, yet his resemblance to Bob Malcolm was startling, although his hair was two shades too light and there was a different expression about the eyes.

Fisher signaled to a coolie standing near by, who came fawning up to Malcolm to carry his baggage. A few minutes later Fisher saw them leaving the customhouse together, the white man reeling a little. Malcolm would now be taken to a cheap hotel, to sleep until sober. If he insisted on venturing abroad, Metha would guide him.

But Bruce Malcolm was more enterprising than Fisher had believed—or more resistant to strong drink. It was hardly dusk when Metha came quaking to his master.

“He is like an eel, that *thakin,*” Metha said. “I had hardly turned my back—to eat a bowl of rice at the bazaar—when he rose from his bed and stole away.”

“*Wet* [pig]! Have you lost him?”

“No, lord. I followed quickly, and found him at the teahouse of Chandra Das. But he has already taken a girl, and sits with her, and orders drinks like a rajah, although there be but three rupees in his pocket. He paid me with a false rupee, lord! And what is to be done?”

The teahouse of Chandra Das was as good a rendezvous as Fisher could choose. Actually it was a grogshop frequented by sailors and half-castes, none of whom would cross Bruce Malcolm's future trail. Fisher hurried to the resort and took a table in good view of his prey.

Malcolm was out of his morning cups and had not yet entered his evening ones. His blue eyes were bright, and plainly he was enjoying the dark and lustrous eyes of his companion. The girl was called Orange, and showed the daintiness of the Burmese in her small bones and severely planed face, combined with the voluptuousness of her mother's tribe, hill people on the Indo-Burma frontier.

Fisher walked over to their table.

“Haven't I seen you somewhere before?” he asked Malcolm.

“How do I know?” the man answered. “I don't remember seeing you. In my present state of drought my memory is very faulty—”

“We'll see if we can't do something about that drought. What will you have?” Fisher dropped into an empty chair.

“You first, Orange,” Malcolm said. “Take anything you like. I can see that our new friend is in an expansive mood.”

ORANGE ordered a mild drink. Plainly she meant to keep her head; but Fisher suspected it was not to take advantage of her companion but to take care of him. She had recognized a *thakin* such as she had never seen in the teahouse of Chandra Das. Malcolm ordered an expensive grade of whisky.

“I know I'd insult you if I took second-rate stuff,” he explained, his eyes twinkling.

Plenty of nerve, Fisher was thinking, but that was a good thing. “The best is none too good for Hank Fisher's friends,” he answered.

“But I trust our sudden friendship doesn't demand a return drink. My old pal, the manager of Lloyd's bank, said to me just this evening, ‘Bruce, old bean, you'd better accept this loan of a thousand pounds until you hear from your uncle, the owner of the Kimberley mines.’ But I declined—”

“So your name's Bruce, is it? What will you give me if I tell you your last name?”

“Do you think this is a place for last names? Yes, because little Orange honors it with her presence.” He turned and smiled, for the moment sincere, into the girl's eyes. “All right, my astonishing friend. What is my last name?”

“Malcolm. Bruce Malcolm.”

“By Jove! You *must* have seen me before. I thought at first you'd mistaken me for my late lamented—”

“Don't mention him at present, if you please. I'll explain later. And as to the state of your finances, perhaps you needn't worry about that, either.”

“What did you say? Orange, why didn't you tell me that this is old Santy in disguise! My dear fellow, you don't mean that you know where I can get some money, even a small amount, not in the rosy future but here, tonight?”

“Malcolm, I'm in just as big a hurry as you are. Would this young lady excuse us—”

“Certainly. Orange, suppose you *thwa baon daw* for a while. When I see you again my fortune may be made. But don't even smile at another man in the meantime.”

“I will be true to you, *thakin,* as long as you desire,” she told him in Burmese, touching her hands to her forehead. Then, as she turned away, she stooped and whispered quickly in Malcolm's ear, “Be careful.”

Fisher leaned forward. This was queer business that his chief had sent him on, the queerest in his long and spotted career.

“Have another drink?” he asked.

“Not just now, thanks. After the talk I'll remind you.”

“So you can leave it alone when you've got business? That's a good sign. But how long can you leave it alone? I want to know, Malcolm.”

“Strictly alone, or stop at two drinks, or empty the bottle—all depending on the profit and the pleasure.”

“Good. You're a public-school boy, aren't you?”

“Must we go into that?”

“Perhaps not. On those occasions when you passed yourself off as your cousin, Robert Malcolm, you weren't a public-school boy because he wasn't.”

"Ah! A little light begins to break through the clouds. But I still don't see—"

"Have you ever put it over with his close friends?"

"Only when they hadn't seen him in the last fortnight. But the few times we've been together we've been taken for identical twins."

"Your hair can be remedied. Any superficial differences could be explained by a trying two weeks in which you narrowly escaped death and were thrown up on a deserted coast and cared for by native fishermen." Fisher was watching Malcolm's eyes.

"More light begins to appear."

"Robert Malcolm had a job as confidential secretary to Sir Thomas Lacey, superintendent of the C. I. D. Do you think you could hold down that job?"

"If I like your proposition—yes. I'd need some heavy coaching ahead of time, of course, but I once had the run of C. I. D. headquarters in India and know the general routine. And if I've forgotten a lot—being blown up at sea might give a fellow a mild attack of amnesia."

"Just what my chief suggested. I'm beginning to think you're the fellow we need. I'll lay the cards on the table."

"And begin with the money. Don't be embarrassed—I won't."

"More money than you've seen in many a day. Shall I say a monthly salary of two thousand rupees—a hundred and sixty pounds—in addition to your government salary?"

"Don't say it. It's not worthy of you, my friend. Five thousand rupees and a bonus—if the duties are very light. What's the proposition?"

"After a period of coaching, you'd be deposited in a lonely fisherman's hut somewhere along the coast near the scene of the wreck. You'll have recovered your memory enough to send a message to your former chief that you're alive, the story of your rescue being a very plausible one. Naturally, you'll be brought back to Rangoon with great rejoicing. Maybe you're still a little dazed, but you can soon pick up your work where you left it off."

"And my special duties?"

"Your special duties concern the war in China. Perhaps I should ask what are your sympathies in that war?"

"With China. But sympathies follow profits, my dear fellow. Just the same, I'm a bit fastidious when it comes to murder."

"There won't be any. We depend on incendiary bombs or incendiary natives, and the crews and passengers scoot for safety at the first wisp of smoke."

"My cousin wasn't so lucky—but of course that's your affair. Please continue."

"That was an infernal machine planted for Sir Thomas. Your cousin was killed by accident, I assure you."

"You've a certain way about you, Mr. Fisher. Have I the honor of addressing the chief of the organization?"

FISHER shook his head. "A mere order taker from a man you may or may not ever meet."

"I can see it's a well founded organization. But how can I help in this charitable work of sinking munition boats?"

"You can let us know in advance what shipments are to be made, and when, and where the boats will tie up at night, including all you can learn of the shipments through Indo-China up the Mekong. We've been fairly successful so far, but our caravan raiding is finished and our efforts to place a friend of ours in a confidential position didn't work out."

"And you actually mentioned two thousand rupees! If I'm exposed—"

"Too bad for you. But, unless you yourself are clumsy, there'd be no legal evidence of espionage. If you can't get away, you could probably be convicted of no worse crime than impersonating your cousin for his salary—which would mean only a few years of penal servitude."

"Are there any special risks? How many people know about me—my coming here and my resemblance to Bob?"

"That's a very good question." Fisher's eyes had begun to shine with satisfaction. "As far as our guarded inquiries could discover, your cousin described you only once. On that one occasion I and a native servant in our organization were his only listeners, unless a young lady who happened to stroll in might have heard a few words."

"A young lady who knew Bob?"

"Rather well, I'm afraid. She's likely to be one of your major risks. But if you want the money—"

"I'll turn cold to her. It won't be difficult if she's the type my cousin usually preferred. Any more?"

"You'll still have to pass the inspection of my chief. You won't see him—but he'll see you."

"That's fair enough. I appreciate his caution. But it doesn't seem to me that you are very cautious, Fisher. Aren't you taking a risk in speaking so openly? How do you know I won't go to the C. I. D. and report you?"

"You might meet with an accident on the way. Also, we've investigated your record—and know a few things that aren't on it." Fisher smiled winningly.

"Good for you! I think I'd like to work with you and your chief. But in addition to the salary I'll want a thousand pounds bonus for every bottom scuttled."

"I think the chief would agree to that. Our agents will meet you in an hour in your room to talk over preliminaries." Fisher rose. "In that hour—be careful."

"I'll spend it with Orange. And now, if you'll advance me a hundred rupees—"

"I think you're a man after my own heart," Fisher told him, handing out the note.

WHEN Orange returned to Malcolm's table, he saw her glance quickly about the floor, then pick up what appeared to be a folded piece of paper.

"You've brought me luck, Orange," he told her.

"I wonder. I don't like that man. He's very rich, they say, and has friends in high places, but he also has many dealings with bad people."

"Such as me." Malcolm smiled.

"No, *thakin*. You are not bad. Perhaps you break the law—but your heart is good. I see it in your face."

"Don't judge me by my face, Orange. It's fooled too many people in its time." An intense look came into his eyes, then he shrugged. "But we must celebrate, my dark lady. When you met me I had three rupees, one of them bad. Now I have one hundred and three. And after we pay our bill we split fifty-fifty."

She made some reply, but he did not hear her. The corner of his eye was on a roughly dressed man, evidently a Eurasian, who had just come into the bar. At once Malcolm turned his back upon him.

"Do you know that fellow, Orange?" he whispered.

"His name is Gonzales. A half-caste. He was once a police sergeant in Calcutta. I think he's in the C. I. D."

"By Jove, Orange, what a surprising girl you are—and what a help! I suspected as much. As a guess, I'd say he came here to keep track of Fisher—but too late."

"No, *thakin*. I hear many stories, but I have never heard that the government *thakins* watch Fisher. They are friends to him and tell him secrets. More like, he came to find Metha, the Madrasi who spoke to you here at dusk. Metha is being watched. I don't know why."

"Get me out of here, Orange, quickly." Malcolm's eyes were gleaming.

The girl rose. "This way, then." And she led the way through a dim hall at the rear of the shop.

Three sailors sitting at a near-by table smiled knowingly as the two passed. Malcolm noticed this, but what he noticed more was the look of incredulity on the face of a half-caste girl, another entertainer of the resort. Evidently it was no common thing for Orange to take customers in this direction.

She led him up a rickety flight of steps into what was undoubtedly her sleeping quarters. It was very plainly and cheaply furnished, the bed merely a pile of mats on the floor; but Malcolm liked it, and liked Orange more on account of it. She turned on a brighter light, whisked some clothes out of sight, and stood waiting, her head bowed and her hands meeting under her chin, for him to speak.

Has Bruce Malcolm walked into a trap? Is Orange also a spy in that vortex of plot and counterplot? What is Henry Fisher's real role in the game of international espionage and intrigue? Don't fail to get next week's Liberty for a rare treat of excitement and suspense.

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

HOW TO GET TO THE FAIRS

A lively guide to the inexpensive fun you can have in 1939

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

JOHN W. AMERICAN is traveling again.

For ten years previous to 1929 he was on the go almost continuously. But after 1929 he dug in at home and waited for the storm to roll by.

In recent months, however, he has been venturing out. And now, with the summer months and two World's Fairs abeckoning, there'll be no keeping him down on the farm.

Yes, John W. will go to the Fairs this summer—and if I know him for the travel-starved citizen that he certainly is after ten long stay-at-home years, he will not go by the directest route. New York and San Francisco, of course—but he won't forget the rest of the beauty-strewn American world.

Like old times it will be for John to stand once more at the Great Divide, to pose for the tintype man, to sit once more on the blue-grottoed shores of Lake Louise.

Old home week—that's what it will be when he rolls once again into Charleston, marvels at the turbaned servants as they scrub the sidewalks, noses his way gingerly into Catfish Row, and ogles—in a nice way, of course—the strolling Southern beauties on the Battery.

And when perchance he tools along the highway which is somewhat ineptly called "the Broadway of America" into that city of delight which the padres so very aptly christened *Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles,* and wraps his famished body around a Brown Derby hamburger de luxe, John W. will feel that he has once more found his place in travel's rising sun.

Yes, we are off again, we travelers. In motors, in buses, in trains, in steamships, in airplanes. Not just a few of us, but millions of us. And—this is the point that will amaze those of us who haven't done much long-distance traveling since 1929—the cost is immeasurably lower than it was in the Golden Twenties.

For, quite aside from the lure of the Fairs themselves, there is a very potent reason for our sudden return to the joys of the open road: the tourist dollar is the biggest dollar in the world today.

Take travel by rail. In 1929 the rate *one* way from coast to coast, not counting Pullman charges, was $108. Today the World's Fair Grand Circle *two*-way ticket for the same type of service—starting wherever you live, visiting both Fairs, stopping over wherever you like, and arriving back home again—costs only $135, and for coaches de luxe only $90. Pullman rates have also been lowered; and so-called "intermediate" sleepers have been installed at still more moderate rates.

As for the coach cars, which are equipped with individual reclining chairs similar to those used in airplanes and the better buses, they are infinitely superior to the old-time coaches which cost twice as much. The coach passengers also have the privileges of the regular dining car as well as an off-the-tray à la carte service which is both cheap and convenient.

But the 1939 tourist dollar not only buys more mileage than the 1929 dollar did; it buys more service and comfort. In 1929 we rode across the country in an ordinary sleeper which carried with it the use of a very ordinary observation car on the end of the train. Today the purchaser of a Pullman ticket finds at his or her service a combination observation car and lounge—really a traveling solarium—which, like as not, is equipped with a radio, a barber, a manicurist, a hairdresser, a valet, a library, a bartender, a nurse, a hostess, and a bath.

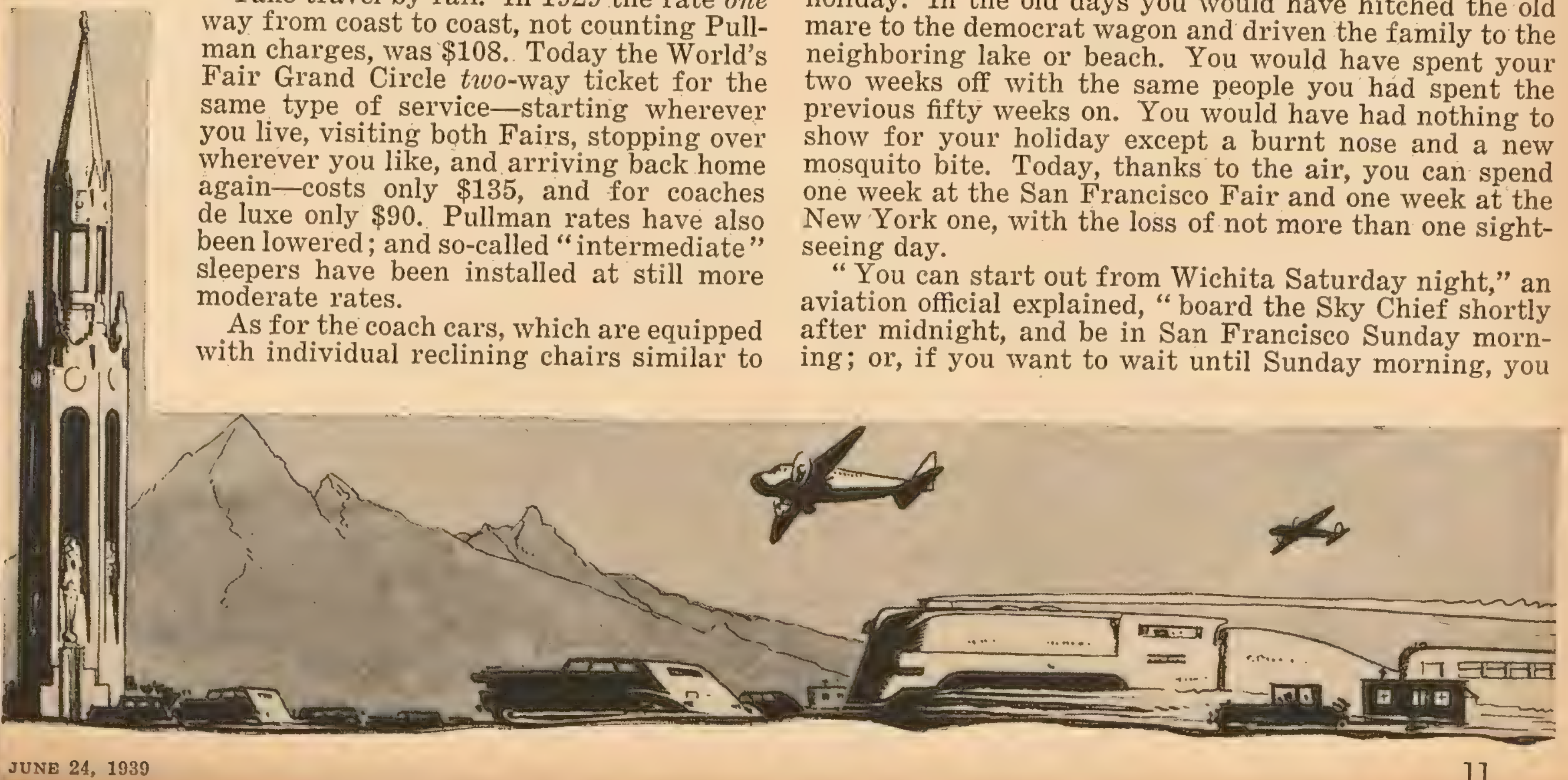
The bath is not so necessary as it was, except as a concession to cleanly habits and a means of pleasurable refreshment, for cars whose windows do not need to be opened have banished soot from the traveler's skin as well as cinders from his eye. Air conditioning eliminates by one simple operation the fuss of opening and shutting windows, the draft from the window of the man in front, the stuffiness of no ventilation at all, excessive heat, excessive cold, and dirt.

But we are straying away from the point of our discussion, which, like most points of most discussions in these days, is money. We started with the statement that the tourist dollar went further today than it did in 1929; and the facts show that if you put that dollar on a steel rail and start it rolling from coast to coast, it will roll more than twice as far and give more than twice as much tourist satisfaction as it did in the so-called golden days. And if you throw the same dollar up in the air, it will give almost three times the mileage and more than three times the satisfaction that it did in 1929.

Now, flying is not usually considered an economical method of traveling. But traveling by plane on your World's Fair junket instead of by rail is no sign that you are living high, wide, and handsome. It simply means that you consider your time in San Francisco and New York more valuable than the same time on wheels.

Suppose you have, as a good many do, a two-weeks holiday. In the old days you would have hitched the old mare to the democrat wagon and driven the family to the neighboring lake or beach. You would have spent your two weeks off with the same people you had spent the previous fifty weeks on. You would have had nothing to show for your holiday except a burnt nose and a new mosquito bite. Today, thanks to the air, you can spend one week at the San Francisco Fair and one week at the New York one, with the loss of not more than one sightseeing day.

"You can start out from Wichita Saturday night," an aviation official explained, "board the Sky Chief shortly after midnight, and be in San Francisco Sunday morning; or, if you want to wait until Sunday morning, you



can catch a daylight flight, the Grand Canyon, a few minutes before nine, and be in San Francisco at 7.30 P. M. After spending a full week at the West Coast Fair, you can catch a morning plane, the Grand Canyon, out of San Francisco, leaving Mills Field at 7.15 A. M., and be in New York City in time for breakfast Monday morning."

Or if you live in New York and wish to spend your two weeks at Treasure Island, you can do so with the help of the transcontinental air service as easily as you could spend it at Coney Island or Spring Lake. All of which applies equally well if you live in San Francisco and choose Flushing Meadows this year, or if you live anywhere between the two Fairs and wish to see both of them.

As for rates, a one-way plane ticket across the continent costs less than $150. On a round-trip basis, the one-way fare is less than $135.

Compared with railroad figures even the present air rates may seem high. But there is a catch in that. The air traveler neither eats nor sleeps; at least, if he does, it doesn't cost him anything, for the airplane fare entitles him to a reclining chair—in some cases a berth—and to trays of food served by stewardesses at convenient times; and even on the longest hops he stays only a few hours on the plane. The air rates from coast to coast are figured by the aviation people to be the exact equivalent of a normal—not a World's Fair—first-class railway ticket plus a Pullman berth for three nights plus three days of dining-car meals.

So much for the World's Fair visitor who is in a hurry. But if time is not money in your case you won't hop a plane; you'll hop a boat or a bus.

The cost of a first-class steamship ticket from New York to San Francisco and return by way of the Canal is off nearly 40 per cent. The present tourist rate is, from one point of view, the cheapest form of Atlantic-to-Pacific travel in this or any other day, because it not only takes you where you wish to go, but it sleeps you and eats you for the fourteen days and nights.

The trip through the Canal is alone worth the price of the entire journey. And en route there is Havana—like Canada, a sweeter place since Americans have decided to do their drinking in the old home town.

New York, Havana, Panama, Los Angeles, and San Francisco—fourteen days in bathing suits and pajamas, bed and board, and a world of entertainment—and a World's Fair at the end of your journey. That's one kind of vacation, and a good one. But of course, for seeing the country, it doesn't compare with a trip by motorbus.

The 1939 Grand Circle *two*-way bus ticket—home to home, wherever you live—is $69.95. This price includes the transportation of a reasonable amount of luggage.

There is, of course, the matter of food. But because of the short stops the bus traveler's food is usually of the inexpensive lunch-counter variety, which does not add materially to the daily outlay.

Bus riding isn't so comfortable as train riding. Few roads, even in this day, are as smooth as a steel rail; and the big coach does bounce around a bit. Then there is the difficulty of ventilation. It is almost impossible to get a busload of people to agree on an even temperature of, say, 68° or 70°. The grinding of the great gears is another annoyance.

But, in spite of all these drawbacks, the bus is a thoroughly practical and extraordinarily cheap method of transportation. Moreover, rapid progress is being made in eliminating the crudities of bus travel. As in the newer planes, noise in the newer buses has been reduced to a minimum, and, thanks to air conditioning, temperature in the modern de luxe motorbus has fewer ups and downs.

Another way to see the Fairs—and the country—is to drive in your own car.

The last time I made the coast-to-coast trip by motor, I didn't try for a record. I was content with between three and four hundred miles a day (which is easy going on those long straight Western roads), with one complete day of rest in the middle of the trip. So total cost figures were somewhat higher than they needed to be because of the added meals and added sleeps incident to so leisurely a schedule. The actual transportation expenses, however, were fairly representative of what they would be for most people in this World's Fair year. I spent $38.65 for gasoline and $4.46 for oil and $6.65 for garage fees and repairs—a total of a little less than $50, which is the figure which may be used for comparison with the rates by air, rail, and bus.

There is not much point in comparing this $50 figure with the cost of a similar trip in 1929, because the prices of oil and gas go up and down without any apparent regard for economic laws or human needs. But it is safe to say that the fraction of the $50 which went for repairs would have been considerably higher on a 1929 model than it would be on a 1939 one. In the increased durability of our cars, in the increased mileage of our tires, and in the increased speed of our driving, which cuts down the time factor and therefore the expense factor—in these things lie the chief savings in motor travel today as compared with ten or more years ago. But, believe me, they *are* savings.

There is a good deal of scare talk—chiefly by tourists who wish to represent their transcontinental wanderings as daring achievements—about carrying extra supplies of gasoline, oil, and water while crossing the desert. Forget it. It may have been necessary once, but filling stations are now as frequent in Arizona as they are—well, not as they are but as they need to be—in California or New York.

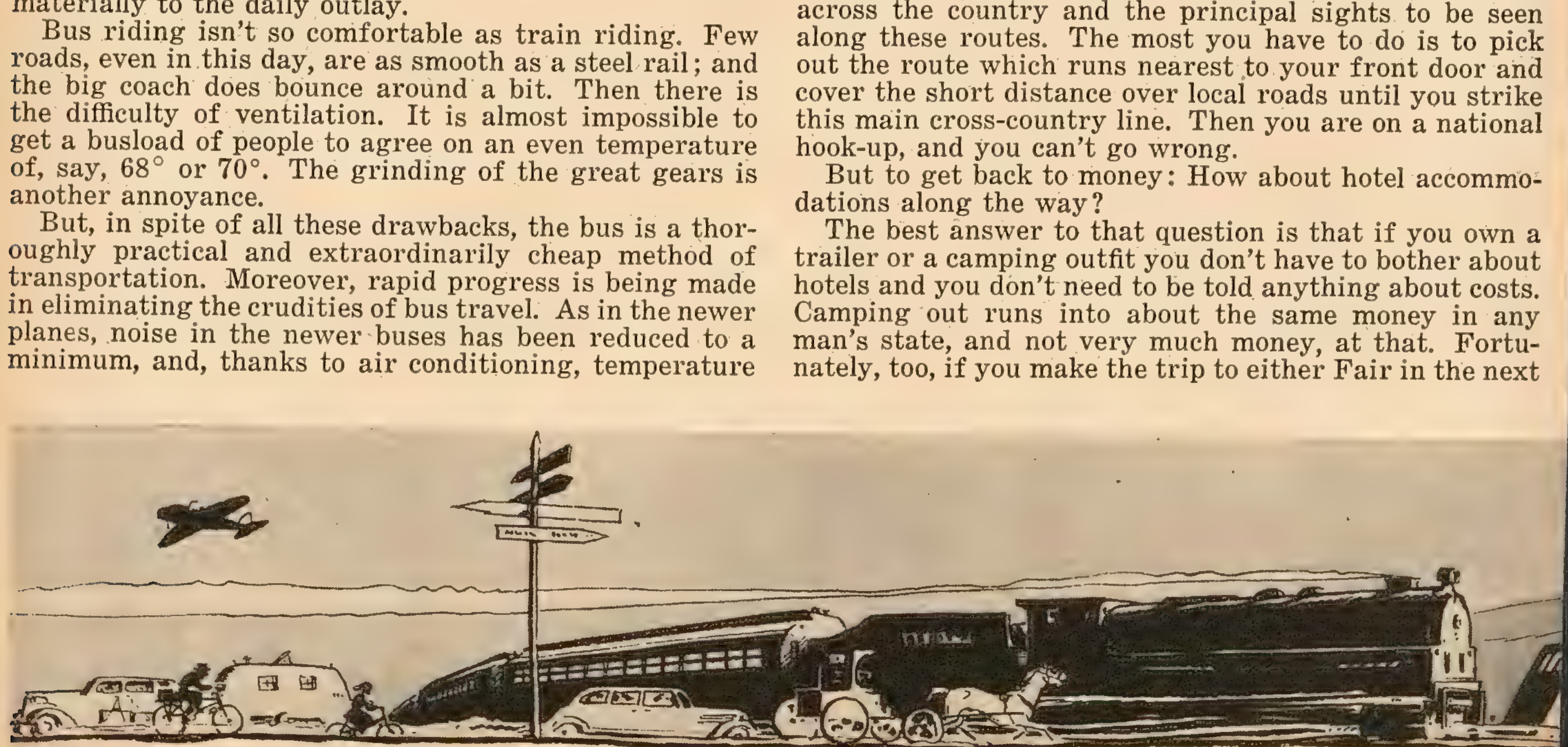
You may also hear about the fatigue incident to such a journey. I drove every wheel of the way, and didn't know what fatigue meant. I rested a day midway not because I needed to but because I had planned to and decided to stick to schedule.

A great fuss is also made by tourist associations and the like about routing motorists over these long trips; but no fuss is necessary. I bought a Rand and McNally road atlas, and started off just as if I were going out into the suburbs. In three thousand miles I didn't get lost and didn't need to ask anybody the way.

If you wish more definite guidance, the great gasoline and oil companies have it for you. As their contribution to this summer's World's Fair fiesta, they have outdone themselves in providing maps and instructions. One company has prepared folders showing four practical routes across the country and the principal sights to be seen along these routes. The most you have to do is to pick out the route which runs nearest to your front door and cover the short distance over local roads until you strike this main cross-country line. Then you are on a national hook-up, and you can't go wrong.

But to get back to money: How about hotel accommodations along the way?

The best answer to that question is that if you own a trailer or a camping outfit you don't have to bother about hotels and you don't need to be told anything about costs. Camping out runs into about the same money in any man's state, and not very much money, at that. Fortunately, too, if you make the trip to either Fair in the next



three or four months, there is hardly a point in the whole country where life in the open is not a thoroughly practical thing from a climatic standpoint.

If, however, you are not a camper or a trailerite, and wish to patronize hotels, the answer as to costs depends on the policy of the individual hotel owner. I know one great tourist caravansary which did not lower its rates throughout the depression, on the theory that it would lose more friends trying to put them up again when times were better than it would by keeping them up when times were bad. Most hotels, however, follow the principle of charging what the traffic will bear, with the result that there *has* been a distinct drop in the cost of eating and sleeping accommodations at practically all American centers.

My own experience has been that hotel room rates average between 25 and 35 per cent below what they were in 1929; and this conclusion is supported by the findings of various travel agencies, hotel associations, and statistical organizations whose business it is to study and record tourist trends. But this flat reduction in the cost of rooms is only part of the change which has come over the mood of the American hotelkeepers. The great hotel which would not lower its room rents did not hesitate to make over one of its de luxe dining rooms into a coffee shop which serves first-class hotel food at prices which compete with the neighboring soda fountains.

As a matter of fact, hotels are not the factor in making up our World's Fair budget that they would have been before the depression. In traveling across the country either by car or bus, the World's Fair tourist will be continually amazed by the changes not only in the cost but in the type of eating and sleeping accommodations. The dollar-a-night tourist camps and motor courts—" motels " —have practically emptied the three-to-six-dollar commercial hotels. The coffee shops have emptied the dining rooms. The soda fountain on the corner and the filling station hot-dog stand on the open road are undermining the coffee shops. The actual average cost of travel living is, therefore, much lower than the drop in hotel room rates would seem to indicate.

This is good news of the utmost importance to Fairs-going tourists who plan to see as much as possible of the country on the way—and even out of the way. The San Francisco officials are making the scenic wonders of the Far Western states an integral part of their Fair's attractions, and quite properly. The New York Fair boys, with metropolitan self-sufficiency, are talking less about the vacation advantages of the Atlantic seacoast, but those advantages are there: New England begins only twenty miles from the great city; Atlantic City is less than three hours away.

So, I take it, no Easterner will wish to go to the Western Fair and not see towering Yellowstone and the Canadian Alps in the north or the Apache Trail and the Grand Canyon in the south; no Westerner will wish to go to the Eastern Fair without visiting the historic splendors of Boston and Philadelphia and the proud beauty of the national capital.

Most of this talk about high living in the two Fair cities should be discounted. There are hotel hogs just as there are road hogs, but neither are in the majority. There has been no general rise in hotel and restaurant prices in either city, and for a very good reason: both cities are, in normal times, over-hoteled and over-restauranted. For example, San Francisco has 75,000 hotel rooms, which is said to be more than any city in the country except New York, which has 125,000. Both cities need a World's Fair to fill their hotel beds to capacity.

The New York Fair has suffered especially from rumors of overcrowding and consequent exorbitant charges, so let us look at the New York situation in some detail, always with the knowledge that the principles involved apply in most cases also to San Francisco.

New York hotels, clubs, and registered roominghouses will take care of 160,000 people daily. The most optimistic estimate of daily attendance is 200,000. Theoretically, this leaves 40,000 people, at the peak, to be accommodated in private homes, of which there are 490,000, a very large proportion of which are being prepared for World's Fair guests, paying or otherwise; but, actually, the demand for rooms will be nearer 100,000 than 200,000, for at least half of the visitors to the Fair in any one day will be from the city itself or within 100 miles commuting distance.

In short, New York can take the World's Fair throng in its stride.

As for prices, those at the hotels and clubs range from $1.50 to $4 a night for one person and $2.50 to $7 for two persons, *without* bath, up to $2.50 to $14 a night for one person and $3 to $16 a night for two persons, *with* bath. The higher figures in each case are for a comparatively few rooms in a comparatively few de luxe hotels. Roominghouses offer accommodations for two and three people in a room as low as $1 per person—and good accommodations, too; for every such house renting rooms to five persons or more is subject to regular inspections by the Health Department, Fire Department, and Department of Housing and Buildings.

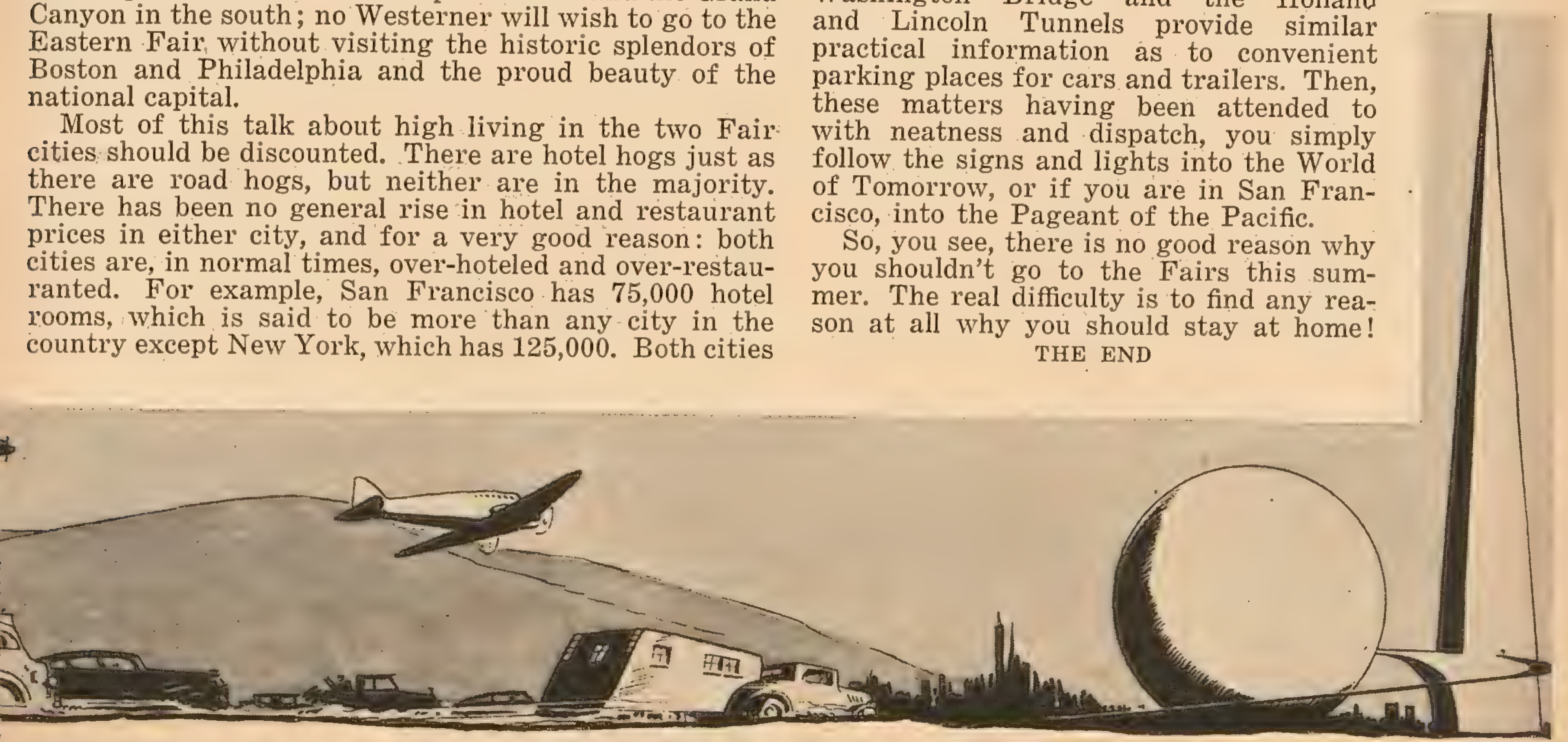
How to get these accommodations at the price you want to pay? That is easy. The leading tourist agencies have, of course, reserved thousands of rooms for the duration of the Fair. If you are traveling with one of these agencies, or if you are traveling independently but wish to make your room reservations through one of these agencies, you may do so. Otherwise, the central housing bureau conducted under the auspices of the Fair's own Department of Housing and Welfare will take good care of you.

Representatives of this bureau are quartered in booths prominently located at all principal entrances to the city, including railway, steamship, and air terminals, to whom the incoming tourist may apply for accommodations. You just tell these representatives what you wish to pay, and they will consult their lists and telephone your prospective landlord or landlady to make sure that the room you need is available at the moment and to advise that you are on the way. If you feel doubtful about getting there under your own guidance, the clerk will call a telegraph messenger, who, for a small fee, will act as your guide.

Special World's Fair employees in the booths erected at the entrances to George Washington Bridge and the Holland and Lincoln Tunnels provide similar practical information as to convenient parking places for cars and trailers. Then, these matters having been attended to with neatness and dispatch, you simply follow the signs and lights into the World of Tomorrow, or if you are in San Francisco, into the Pageant of the Pacific.

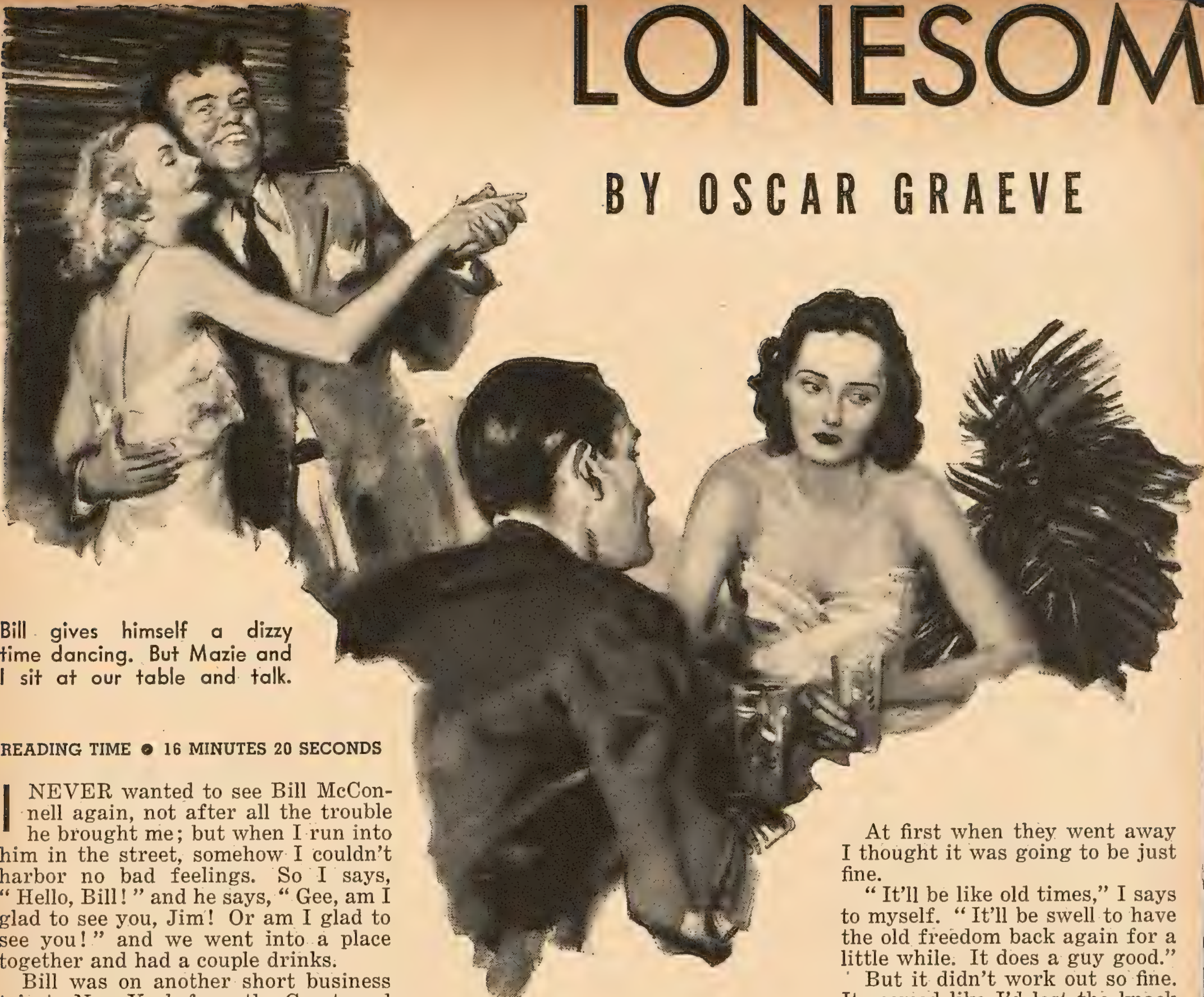
So, you see, there is no good reason why you shouldn't go to the Fairs this summer. The real difficulty is to find any reason at all why you should stay at home!

THE END



LONESOM

BY OSCAR GRAEVE



Bill gives himself a dizzy time dancing. But Mazie and I sit at our table and talk.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP LYFORD

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I NEVER wanted to see Bill McConnell again, not after all the trouble he brought me; but when I run into him in the street, somehow I couldn't harbor no bad feelings. So I says, " Hello, Bill! " and he says, " Gee, am I glad to see you, Jim! Or am I glad to see you! " and we went into a place together and had a couple drinks.

Bill was on another short business trip to New York from the Coast, and he had to take a midnight train back, with nothing to do but kill time till then. So, to make a long story short, I phoned Loretta if it was all right if I brought him down to dinner, and she said O. K., and she cooked a steak with fried onions and potatoes, and I never see a man enjoy a meal more than Bill did that one.

Afterwards I went up to the train with him to see him off, and, still smacking his lips, Bill says, " You sure got a happy home, Jim. It's nice to see a feller so happy in his own home. There ain't too much of it."

" Yeh, it's happy all right now," I says, " but it wasn't happy awhile ago. You done your best to bust it up."

" Me! " Bill says in a loud surprised voice.

" Yes, you! " I says. " Anyways, you started it."

" You mean the last time I was in New York? "

" Yes," I says.

" You mean that girl—what was her name?—that girl called Mazie? "

" Yes, Mazie. When Loretta found out about Mazie she lit out on me and took the kids with her. I had a hell of a time getting her back."

" Oh! " says Bill. " I didn't know all that."

" No, you didn't know," I says. " Let's forget it."

And I wanted to forget it. I wanted to forget all about it and never think of it again. But seeing Bill, talking with him, brought it all back with all the old heartache or what have you.

IT was the summer the wife and the two kids were up in Maine visiting her ma, who has a house in a town near the seashore. And it was a pretty lonesome summer.

At first when they went away I thought it was going to be just fine.

" It'll be like old times," I says to myself. " It'll be swell to have the old freedom back again for a little while. It does a guy good."

But it didn't work out so fine. It seemed like I'd lost the knack of entertaining myself. I run a store in Seventh Avenue for tires, first-class automobile supplies, things like that, and I'd delay shutting up the store at night long after it was foolish to keep it open. Then I'd have a bite to eat and go to the pictures. But you can't go to the pictures alone—not every night—and get a kick out of it.

Or I'd go home to the empty apartment and fool around with a magazine or try to do a crossword puzzle, or sometimes I'd just sit by the open window trying to cool off, and wonder what to do with myself.

After a couple weeks of it I felt like I'd give anything if I'd come home some night and find the kids squabbling as usual and Loretta ready with a Irish stew like only she knows how to cook it. Yeh, pretty soon I says to myself, " To hell with this freedom! "

But I didn't let Loretta know how I felt. I didn't want her to know. Every letter she wrote me, she says what a swell time they was having, swimming and going on picnics, with the kids storing up enough sunshine to last them all winter. What was the use of saying anything to spoil their fun?

Then one night at the Dutchman's I run into Bill McConnell, and make out we wasn't glad to see each other. Bill had only blew into town for a few days, and when I told him how Loretta and the kids was up in Maine he proposed we make a night of it.

" Come on over to my shack," I says, " and we'll have a couple drinks and hash over old times."

But Bill laughs and says, " Aw, for cripes' sake, let's go out and see the town. I ain't been in New York for

SUMMER

A searching human story of shabbiness touched with splendor—of the way of fate and a girl with an errant husband

three years. And I got a wad of dough here that's burning a hole in my pants."

Finally I says, "O. K." That's how the trouble started.

We went to two or three night clubs and had a drink or two; but Bill says they was too slow and what he wanted was a little gaiety and female companionship. We was feeling pretty good by then, so we hops into a taxi, and Bill asks the chauff if he knows any place where there is a little gaiety and female companionship, and the chauff grins and says does he, and that's how we landed in the Razzle-Dazzle Club, and that's where I met Mazie.

I guess maybe there's been lots of places like the Razzle-Dazzle Club, but being a family man and all, I'd never been to one before. It was all new to me. Not that I liked it so much—but the way they fussed over you, and the drinks inflating you and everything, you do sort of get to feeling like a prince or a millionaire or something you ain't. Money don't seem to matter any more and you forget the old sock in which you been salting it away dollar by dollar for a rainy day.

The girls come up and sit at the table, and you buy them drinks, and don't even worry if the drinks they drink is not the real McCoy but just cold tea at half a buck a throw, like I heard. The girls was a pretty hard-boiled bunch, too, and didn't care what you said to them or the stories Bill told them. Bill says it was just like Paris when he was there in the war, and he forgets he's getting old and fat and he gives himself a dizzy time dancing around and kidding with a big blonde with a shape like nobody's business.

But Mazie and I just sit there at our table and talk. She was a nice quiet kid, sort of refined and different from the rest. She had big scared-looking eyes in a little white face that don't look big enough for her eyes, and when she coughs she does it very genteel behind her handkerchief. She wasn't so pretty but she had a way of making you feel sorry for her. And no matter what happened later I still think she was a good kid.

Loretta and the kids is all that ever really means anything to me and I never felt anything like that about Mazie. Never anything at all. But in her way I liked her and felt sorry for her.

She told me she hated that life and she'd give anything if she could get away from it, but what could she do? She was just a victim of circumstances. She told me she'd been married and her husband treated her like dirt, the dirty bum. She was well educated, too, and recited poetry to me—something about burning your candle at both ends—and said I was her night errand.

"Yeh, what kind of an errand is that?" I asks.

"Oh, you got me wrong," she says. "I don't mean that kind of a night. I mean k-n-i-g-h-t."

"One of those old-time guys, you mean," I says, "that you see in the De Mille pictures sometimes."

"Yes, that's what I mean," she says, "exactly."

Well, nobody ever called me anything like a knight errand before, but I let it pass.

Mazie cried when I left her, and says I was the only man she'd met in months that really understood her, and it was funny, because most men who was as good-looking as me was selfish and spoiled and didn't try to understand anybody but theirselves. Well, I know that sounds like a lot of soup when I tell it now, but that's what she said. So I slipped her ten dollars and beat it.

Bill tried to get me to stay. He says I was a sap and a quitter to run out on him, but I says, quitter or not, I was going home, and if he knew what was good for him he'd come home with me before he'd spent another fifty bucks. But he says, "What's money for?" and to get out if I wanted to; I was no pal of his. We parted with a little hard feelings, but anyways I got home all right.

The next morning when I got to the store it was sort of late and I had an awful headache; but Ed Healy, my partner, had opened up all right and I guess no great harm was done, except for having to listen to some pretty dumb wisecracks from Ed.

But then around two the phone rings, and there's our Bill again with no hard feelings at all but sounding as chippy as a sparrow. He says he's invited the girls to dinner and he's counting on me and I can't back out and do I know Mazie has fell for me awful hard? I should have known enough to say no right there and then, but I didn't. To myself I says, I'll only have a drink or two and then I'll come home right after dinner and get a good night's sleep.

Well, I did keep that promise to myself pretty good. We went to a quiet little French place that Bill had heard about way out in San Francisco. We had a nice dinner and a very pleasant quiet time, except that Bill and his blonde acted sort of foolish, which disgusted me a little and I guess it did Mazie too, what with people looking at us and everything. Then when the boss asked Bill please to make less noise or else get out, Bill gets mad and says his money is as good as anybody's, and the first thing we know there we are out on the sidewalk.

But Mazie, I must say, acted all the time like a lady, and recited me some more poetry. Then, after we was put out, it was time for the girls to go to the Razzle-Dazzle Club, and Bill went with them. I wouldn't go and Bill uses some pretty rough language again about me being a sap. But I don't even get mad this time. I just laugh at him. So I gets home O. K., and Bill was leaving for the Coast the next day, so I says to myself, That's the end of that, and it all comes under the head of experience, and what nobody knows won't hurt 'em. So what of it?

But it wasn't the end. A couple afternoons later the phone rings at the store, and who is it but Mazie? "How did you get my phone number?" I ask, because we do business under the name of the Eureka Supply Company, and she says Bill give it to her. And then she says she is very lonely and blue and won't I come up and have dinner with her in her little apartment, just the two of us? Besides, she wants to show me what a good cook she really is.

Well, at first I say no; but all the time I'm thinking of how sick and tired I am of eating at the Dutchman's and other places like that, and she says I can leave early, because she has to go to the club anyways and she wouldn't think of asking me to go to that lousy gyp joint again even though she has to go because a girl's got to live. And there's some things she wants my advice about, she says, and she'll have chicken potpie for dinner, which is her specialty, seeing how she learned to make it from her old Southern mammy. So at last I says yes.

Well, to make a long story short, I can't say that I and Mazie didn't have a good time that summer. Not even now I can't say that. I told her when Loretta and the kids came back all bets was off, and she says yes, she understands that. And maybe she was crazy about me like she said she was, but I was never crazy about her, not in that way, and I never told her I was. I never told her anything except that Loretta and the kids was the big thing in my life and I wasn't ever going to let anything come between us. And she said O. K. and that she didn't want to break up any happy homes, that she'd seen too much of that going on and it never did nobody any good.

And I still think everything would of been jake and nobody the wiser if I hadn't made the mistake of taking Mazie to my apartment that night. She had the night off and we was going to Coney Island on the boat just for fun. And, at that, all we stopped there for was my light overcoat because it had got cold all of a sudden. How did

I know that old busybody Mrs. Halloran, who lives across the hall, was going to see us? And why couldn't she keep her mouth shut instead of shooting it off just to start trouble between husband and wife?

Well, the summer was over and the schools was opening, and Loretta and the kids come back, brown and happy and looking like a million dollars. And was I glad to see them! After all, there's nothing like having a couple of healthy happy kids around the house to make things lively and exciting. And if I say it as shouldn't, they sure think a lot of their old man.

Mazie and I had said good-by the week before with a little dinner at the French place, which had turned out to be pretty swell guys and didn't hold it against us on account of Bill's crude behavior there. And Mazie was a good sport and says, even though it was breaking her heart and she'd never forget me, saying good-by was the only thing for us to say, seeing how I felt about the wife and the kids. And she says she'd known all along it couldn't last and that she guessed happiness wasn't her long suit.

I felt pretty bad about that, but I was going to feel much worse. Because Loretta hadn't been home more than a week when the storm burst. Mrs. Halloran told Loretta what she seen, and Loretta's temper is as red as her hair. Besides, I was never one to take it lying down, and one thing led to another, with the result that before I really knew what was happening, there was Loretta all packed up again and beating it back to her ma. Her and the kids.

WELL, that left me time to think it over. Plenty of time. Nothing but time. So I wrote her a long letter that I tried to make smooth and easygoing, explaining everything. I thought I could write it better than when we talked it over, because we never really did talk it over. We'd both of us lost our temper and just yelled at each other. I tried to tell her how it all started from nothing and didn't mean nothing anyways. But I had a very snippy letter from Loretta in reply, saying that she wasn't ready to forgive and forget so easy, and that if I thought I could treat her like that and get away with it I had another thought coming. And the more I wrote to her the madder she got.

So there I was alone in the apartment again that seemed emptier than ever. And sometimes I thought I'd go nuts. I suppose it was all my fault, but what the hell? I hadn't gone looking for trouble, had I? It had all just sort of been wished on me.

I thought some of Mazie of course, but I didn't want to see her again. Let sleeping dogs lie, I thought, and let that last sorrowful good-by stand pat. I didn't want to go through anything like that not never again.

But then one day, maybe three-four weeks after Loretta and the kids has left, Mazie calls me up at the store.

"I remember my promise, Jim," she says, "and I'm not asking anything, only this: just to have you come up here for a few minutes so I can say good-by to you."

"Yeh? You've already said good-by," I says.

"This—this is different," she says.

"Everybody's saying good-by to me," I says.

"What do you mean?"

"Loretta and the kids, they've said good-by to me too."

"On—on account of me?" she asks.

"Well, what do you think?" I says.

She was quiet so long that I thought maybe she'd hung up, although I hadn't heard the phone click. "Are you there?" I asks at last.

"Yes, I'm here, Jim. I've been thinking. Come on up here and we'll talk it over."

"Well, I don't want to get in any deeper than I am."

"You won't get in any deeper, Jim. You can't. Not now."

"O. K. I'll be up," I says.

So there I was again doing something I'd promised myself never to do again, and that was ringing the bell of Mazie's little apartment. But this time it was different. I see right away it was different. She was different.

She let me in. She was wearing some sort of soft green thing tied loose around her waist. A negligee I guess they call 'em. And as soon as she let me in she went back to the couch where she'd been lying. It had pillows and a blanket rumpled on it.

"How did she find out, Jim?" she asks.

"That night we went to my apartment for my overcoat. Some old—some old lady saw us and told her."

"I'm so sorry it's turned out this way for you, Jim. Why don't you write and tell her how you feel—that it's her and her only that you ever really loved? Certainly you told me that plenty."

"I've written her and written her."

"Without getting anywhere?"

"Only to make her madder and madder."

"Why don't you let me write her?"

That gave me a laugh. "You write her! Are you crazy, Mazie? What would you write her?"

"I'd write and tell her I was going home to die. I'd say that I was no longer going to be in the picture at all, so why couldn't she forgive you?"

Something caught in my throat but I sort of yelled at her, "Don't say things like that, Mazie! What's the use of writing her lies like that?"

She didn't answer for a minute. She lay there very still, her big eyes closed. And when she opens them she says, "It isn't a lie, Jim."

I was still mad. Mad or something. "Quit kidding, Mazie," I says. "I don't feel like kidding right now."

"No, I don't either, Jim," she says. "The doc told me this morning. That's why I phoned you. I wanted to see you once more before—before I went away. It's got to be a real good-by this time."

I couldn't say anything. I was thinking how Mazie had always coughed a lot—genteel behind her handkerchief. I didn't want to believe her, but I believed her all right. I sat there dumb as a dope.

Then she says, "Give me her address and I'll write her. I know what to write her. I'll tell her you never really cared for me. You were just sorry for me. That's the truth, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's the truth," I says. And it was the truth. Anyways, I'd always thought it was. Now I didn't know.

"Don't be afraid to give me her address," she says.

Well, I thought it over. Then I wrote Loretta's address on a page in my memo book and tore out the page and handed it to Mazie. Hell! It mightn't do any good but how could it do any more harm that hadn't been done?

Then Mazie laughed a little in a funny way and says, "Well, I'm glad it's you I'm doing a Camille for."

"Now I don't know what you're talking about," I says.

"No, I know you don't, Jim. Poor Jim! Let me hold your hand a minute."

So I stood there beside her lying on the couch, and I gave her my paw, and she held it in one hand and patted it with the other, and then she held my hand against her cheek, and then she kissed it while I feel like a fool. I feel like a fool in other ways too. Because I feel like flopping down on my knees there beside her and taking her in my arms and trying to comfort her. But I didn't do any of these things, and at last, because I was afraid of what I might do, I says, "Maybe I'd better go now, Mazie."

"Yes," she says, "maybe you'd better go now, Jim. Good luck and God bless you!"

"Good-by," I says. And this time I know it's good-by all right.

So I left her, and a week later Loretta and the kids come back and everything is O. K. again.

AND that's what I was telling Bill McConnell the night I saw him to the train. Well, almost all of it.

"Have you heard from Mazie since?" Bill asks me.

"No."

"You haven't even heard whether—"

"No," I says quick because I wanted to cut that off. No use starting all the old heartache again.

"At that, Mazie wasn't such a bad kid," Bill says. "In her way she was a good kid."

"Yeh, she was a good kid all right," I says.

"What you need is a good drink," says Bill, giving me a funny look. "What you need is to forget it. Come on! Buck up! We'll have time for just one good drink before the train leaves."

THE END

Give me LIBERTY

It is Liberty Magazine's conviction that the average American is a liberal. That's the way he was born, that's the way he was raised.

To be a liberal, according to Liberty's view, it is not necessary to be engaged in giving away somebody else's money or worshipfully chanting the praises of some theory of government other than our own.

You can salute the Flag, earn your money in private industry, grumble about your taxes—even be a Republican—and still be a liberal, Liberty thinks.

Liberty has in mind that many generations of Americans—Democrats *and* Republicans—have succeeded in building a nation in which the individual citizen has rights and privileges which are the envy of the world.

IT TAKES LIBERALS TO DO THAT.

Yet an attempt is being made to take the word "liberal" away from the average citizen and reserve it for the use of a small group whose aim is to change American Government beyond recognition.

Their new kind of government will attempt to guarantee economic success to its citizens.

Naturally, that is appealing. Who doesn't want economic success?

BUT WAIT. No way has yet been invented by which Government can guarantee economic success to individual citizens, and at the same time guarantee them the freedom of thought and action which is theirs under the American Constitution.

Governments which are trying to guarantee economic success have found no way to avoid taking over the liberties of their citizens. They say to the citizen: "*This* is your job—do it. *This* is your pay—take it. *These* are your thoughts—think them."

Our usurpers of the term "liberal" haven't made much progress in that direction—yet. Only a few feeble beginnings, such as:

TO THE FARMER: Grow only *this* much of this crop—or else . . .

TO THE WORKER: Join *this* union—support *these* leaders—or else . . .

TO THE EMPLOYER: Throw out the men belonging to *that* union—take the men belonging to *this* union—or else . . .

TO ALL OF US: Pay these increased taxes to support the new bureaucrats to enforce the new government restrictions—or else . . .

Only a few beginnings—which couldn't be expected to achieve that "liberal" ideal of economic success for all of us . . .

In fact, we still have more than eleven million unemployed . . . and our national debt has more than doubled . . .

But we can still *think* and *say* what we please. With these obstacles removed, who knows what success might be ours?

No! Let's fight this!

Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, said it in a recent article in *Liberty:*

"Workers and employers should unite to protect each other—and our industries and our people—against the autocratic usurpation of power by 'big government.'"

If, beyond any idle dream of success by Government fiat, your mind and heart and soul cry "GIVE ME LIBERTY". . .

Now is the time to fight every further encroachment and infringement, as Liberty Magazine is fighting them week by week . . .

And it isn't the magazine standing alone. Two and a half million families—readers of Liberty—are in this fight, supporting it, urging it on.

Two and a half million families—two and a half million like *YOU!*

Give me LIBERTY

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

YOU may be head and shoulders above the other girls in your choice of becoming millinery, but are you sure your bonnets suit you *down to the ground?* . . . Sally Victor tells me it is practically impossible for us to judge the true effectiveness of any hat until we've seen ourselves in a full-length mirror with it on. Too often we try on hats in front of a looking glass that cuts us off at the waist. We ought not to. Sally says: "Don't amputate your legs when you try on a new hat, because the hat should be right for your height, your hips, your ways of walking, etc., instead of *merely* off your pretty face."

Along this line we can take everything Sally Victor says as gospel, since we so much admire the hats she creates for Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald, Dolores del Rio, and many other bright stars in the galaxy of filmdom. . . . Ginger wisecracks continuously while buying hats by the dozen. Jeanette is sweet-tempered and patient throughout her try-on sessions. Dolores relaxes in beautiful languor, leaving all to fate—and Sally.

"Think of your tousle-haired days when you buy a new hat," Sally Victor advises. "Don't go to your milliner immediately after having your hair done. . . . Insist that your hat be constructed to stay on properly. If you worry about your hat staying on, your facial expression is liable to be stormy and menacing — then the boys will be afraid of you, and they'll run away." . . . Sally Victor says a woman should feel just as comfortable in her hat as a prizefighter should feel in his fighting gloves.

☆ Love at first sight can embarrass us when it comes as a sudden awakening. I know a young couple who ran away to get married after being like sister and brother from kiddy-coop days. They and their parents were such close friends that they felt funny about falling in love. This wouldn't have happened in olden times, when marriage and neighborliness went together. I wish we could find some way to return to the safety of neighborhood matchmaking.

☆ A recent news item seems to prove that the English are really in earnest about their devotion to old family butlers. They honor fine butlers as reverently as distinguished ancestors. . . . Alfred Winny, butler for seventy-two years in households of the Duchess of Marlborough and her son, Lord Edward Spencer-Churchill, died a few weeks ago at the age of ninety-nine. Before his death, Lady Spencer-Churchill had his portrait painted by one of England's top-notch artists. The picture of "Winny" now hangs in the Spencer-Churchill library, side by side with old portraits of soldiers and statesmen who earned renown in the family hall of fame.

"They say she's a bit old-fashioned."

☆ Out now in book form, the radio hit, Information, Please, gives us a wit-whetting question-and-answer game to play at home. (Published by Simon & Schuster. Costs $1.60.)

☆ Some of us were talking about the oddest souvenirs we'd seen carried as lucky pieces. I know a woman who wears a locket containing a photograph of the man she almost married but finally didn't. He turned out to be a disgraceful scalawag. Her escape from him was such a godsend that she keeps his picture forever with her to remember it by. . . . A business man, on his way to a crucial conference, stubbed his toe on a cracked sidewalk; fell down; skinned his chin. At the meeting his story of the tumble won laughter and sympathy; helped him close the most important deal of his career. That night he sneaked out and chipped off a fragment of the cracked sidewalk over which he had stumbled. Wears it on his watch chain now as a lucky token. . . . Have you ever heard about any lucky pieces with stranger histories than these?

☆ Here's my favorite recipe from the Calabrian department of Italy. I think the tomato-and-anchovy sauce makes *Spaghetti Calabria* a master dish, not well enough known in this country. . . . The thinnest kind of spaghetti is preferable. Cook it in salted boiling water until soft but not mushy. Don't overcook. Drain thoroughly; mix with 1 tablespoon butter, then with the sauce prepared as follows:

Fry 1 chopped onion light brown in half butter, half olive oil. Now put in 4 chopped tomatoes, 6 finely minced anchovies, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, and a pinch of basil or thyme. Simmer 15 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons water, freshly ground pepper, and 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Pass around a bowl of fresh grated Parmesan to sprinkle on top of each helping.

☆ Now it's stylish to know about astronomy when you plant things in your garden. Science has discovered more than a little truth in ancient superstition connecting the moon with agriculture. Because of tidal influences, certain things should be planted when the moon is young, so they say, and other things when the moon is full. Ransack old almanacs for detailed information. It's fun—and it's fashionable.

HERE'S THE WAY TO PROTECT THOSE EXPENSIVE FRONT-ENDS

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Quick-stopping, straight-stopping Squeegee-Generals pay for themselves many times over in protection for those expensive front-ends . . . for fenders that might be smashed through side-skid . . . by preventing repair bills that come inevitably when you can't stop in time!

Your pocketbook dictates Squeegee-Generals; your judgment tells you that you should have the tire that will carry *you* safely in any weather—without fear of dangerous skids or blowouts—in silent, restful comfort—over the long mileage for which Generals are famous.

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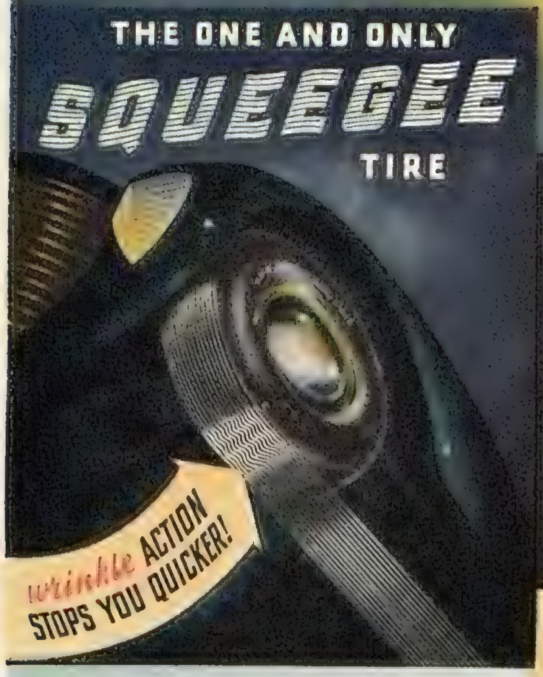

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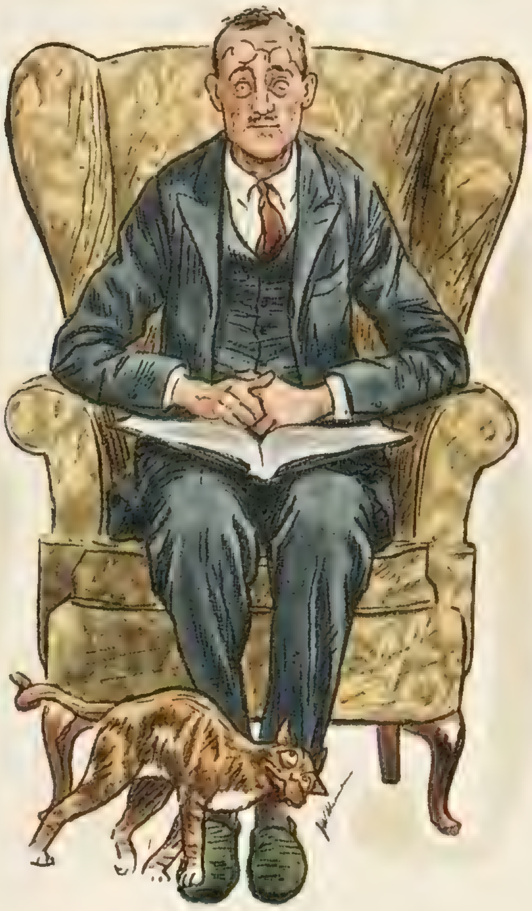
You're miles ahead with **GENERAL**

Have you a neglected father in your house?



ALL YEAR-ROUND do you take father for granted—like, let's say, the front door mat?

It's no crime. Most families do. But once a year—on Father's Day—there's a chance to show how much you think of the old guy.

For as little as $2, you can make him happy as a lark. That will get him an Arrow shirt, and it's the best-looking shirt there is.

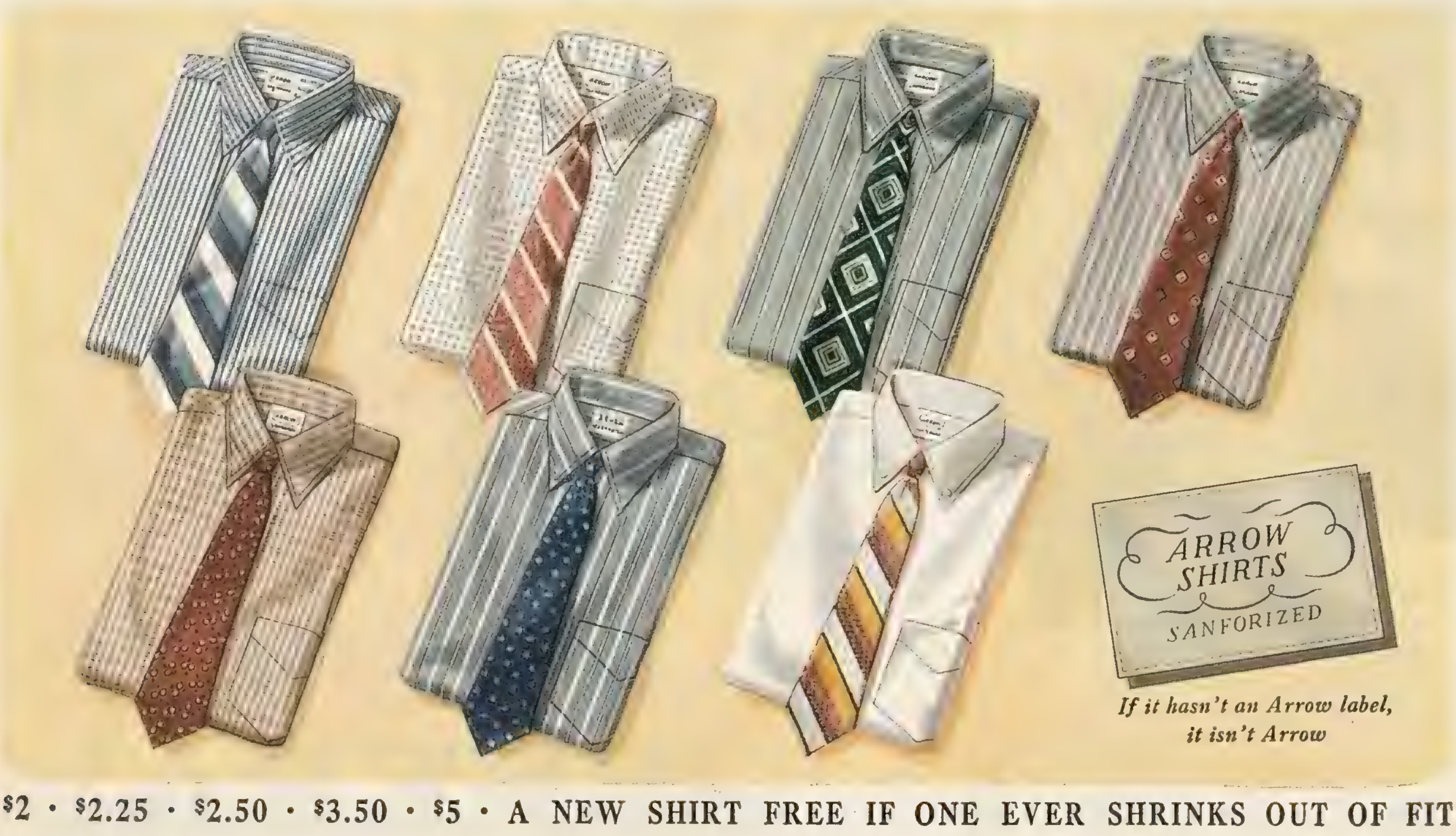
The minute he puts it on, he'll notice how much better it fits. That's because the Arrow Mitoga design slopes with *his* shoulders and curves with *his* waist.

When he gets his tie tied and looks in the mirror, he'll get a kick out of that swell-fitting Arrow collar. Arrow collars are cut right. They ought to be. We've sharpened our skill on *two billion* of them.

And, after that Arrow shirt has been washed and ironed, he'll be crazy as a loon about it. For an Arrow—unlike so many shirts—*never* shrinks out of fit! It's Sanforized: the fabric *can't* shrink more than a trifling 1%.

Go to your local Arrow dealer, *tomorrow*. Get Dad one or more Arrow white shirts or some grand new-patterned Arrows. And, if you want to make your gift doubly welcome, get an Arrow tie to go with each shirt. Ties are $1 and $1.50—look like big money. *Copyright 1939, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.*

P. S.—*Father's Day is Sunday, June 18.*



If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow

$2 · $2.25 · $2.50 · $3.50 · $5 · A NEW SHIRT FREE IF ONE EVER SHRINKS OUT OF FIT

I Saw a People Rising from the Dead

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BY THE REV. IGNATIUS W. COX, S. J.

Professor of Ethics, Fordham University

A stirring challenge to believers in democracy

THE co-operative movement in Nova Scotia is one of the most hopeful social experiments in the Western World. I studied it for two weeks and saw how, under the skillful touch of wise social doctors, an antitoxin is being developed against economic disease to defeat the creeping death brought upon the world by a perverted capitalistic system. Slowly, because it was very sick, Nova Scotia is becoming a healthy social organism. It is a pledge for all such sick organisms, a social Lazarus, called forth from the jaws of the tomb by the voices of those who follow Christ. That is why I say: "I saw a people rising from the dead."

There is no need to explain the meaning of "social and economic death." We see it all around us in the millions who are without sufficient food because our crops are too bountiful; in the millions who are improperly clothed because our factories produce a superabundance of clothing; in the millions who shiver in the slums while coal miners are idle and steel mills cease to hum.

What is responsible for this state? The vice-president of the Cooperative League of the United States answered my question with a simile: "Each year," he said, "the Mississippi River with its tributaries carries off millions of tons of precious topsoil, to deposit it, centralized and sterilized, in the Gulf of Mexico." Take a map of the United States, scratch out the names of the great inland rivers and their allies, and substitute the names of chain stores and monopolies, of capitalism gone haywire. Then you can visualize how the economic topsoil, so to speak, is swept from scattered individuals and communities into a central depository controlled by a few men in the financial center, leaving behind a huge aggregate of economically moribund people. If you imagine that I exaggerate, listen to the words of that great social reformer, Pius XI: "It is patent in our days that not alone is wealth accumulated but immense power and despotic economic domination are concentrated in the hands of the few, and that those few are frequently not the owners but only the trustees and directors of invested funds, who administer them at their own good pleasure. . . . Free competition is dead; economic dictatorship has taken its place. . . . The whole economic life has become hard, cruel, relentless in ghastly measure."

These conditions, denounced by the Pope, helped to produce two notorious panaceas: Nazism and Communism. In both cases the remedy is worse than the disease. Both increase the dictatorship at the top and magnify the slavery at the bottom. Both lull the masses into economic and social coma by the opium of collectivism or planned economy.

But to return to Nova Scotia. Its hardy people, mostly of French, Irish, and Scotch origin, are the men and women who fled the feudal system of Europe to secure social and economic freedom in America. The New World held and still holds a plenitude of riches. You can still see the rich Nova Scotian fields once cultivated by the Acadians of whom Longfellow sang. Nova Scotia's fisheries are unrivaled. On Cape Breton Island Nova Scotia possesses coal mines reaching far beneath the ocean, and it is dotted with steel mills. But in spite of all these advantages, its poverty is ghastly. Before the resurrection of Nova Scotia its steel and coal mines were the spearhead of Canadian Communism.

Nor can we blame the freemen of Nova Scotia for their deep discontent. The economic system made them share croppers of the sea, of the land, and of industry. They had less than the share belonging to them by the bounty of nature and the goodness of God, because the values produced and created by them were swept away into the hands of absentee economic landlords.

The process of the exploitation of Nova Scotia was simple. The primary producers became first the victims, then the slaves, of the middleman who controls distribution and credit. If a fisherman went to the store which sold him goods on credit, he paid seventy cents a pound for the twine which he needed in making his lobster traps. When he sold the product of those traps to the packers, he was able to get only seven cents a pound for his large lobsters, and three cents a pound

Father Tompkins

PHOTOS BY MANDEVILLE PRESS

for his canning lobsters, the small ones. The distributor fixed the price of the goods he sold and likewise the price of the goods he bought.

At the small St. Francis Xavier University at Antigonish, administered and largely staffed by the secular clergy, arose a plan to redeem Nova Scotia from its economic and spiritual miseries. Though numbering only 300 students, it is a great university. It is the soul and heart and brain of the movement which is bringing about the resurrection of a wonderful people.

The fathers of St. Francis Xavier University realized that they must wrest credit control from the absentee landlords. They considered how to attack these private monopolists. Certainly not by transferring their power to a public monopoly, by setting up in the government the same despotic control of economic life. That is the answer of Nazi totalitarian Communistic or Nazi doctrine. There must be social control of credit, but it must be private and democratic. The Credit Union was the first answer, and the Consumers' Cooperative the second. The combination enabled the people to control the price of what they sold and what they bought. The secret of Nova Scotia's revival is co-operative, but nongovernmental, control of productive and distributive processes.

FATHER TOMPKINS is the dynamo of the movement and Father Coady is its philosopher. Father Coady is the director of the Extension Department of "St. of X.," as the people fondly call the university.

The distinctive characteristic of the Nova Scotian experiment and the reason for its success is that it is based firmly on the rock foundation of adult education. The co-operative system there is founded on an intelligent understanding of fundamental economic truths by ordinary people. They arrive at this understanding by round-table discussions and study clubs in farm kitchens, grocery stores, and village halls.

Encouraged and led by the priests of St. of X., small groups of people in scattered districts in Cape Breton Island and the peninsula of Nova Scotia learned to think and act together and to apply to their own problems the experience of others.

At the base of the system is the control of credit. Let us see how it works.

At the very height of the worst depression in the history of the world, in 1932, Father Coady talked to the miners at Reserve Mines. The miners were working one and a half days a week for one dollar and fifty cents. A. S. MacIntyre, field secretary of the Extension Department at Glace Bay, an ex-radical to whom I talked personally, has a lurid story to tell of subversive activities in Cape Breton Island. Only a few years ago May Day was the biggest holiday in that section of Nova Scotia. Between 5,000 and 7,000 coal miners and steelworkers would turn out with their banners while their bands played The Red Flag and other revolutionary songs. Now they can hardly rally a baker's dozen.

It was in one of these sections that Father Coady began to talk about study clubs and the need of saving as a control to credit. "Save?" they laughed. "From what?" But they *did* save when they caught on to the meaning and the possibilities of credit unions. Somehow they managed to retain a few pennies from their small resources which formerly went for movies, pool, card games, and mostly rum.

In July, 1933, the Credit Union had thirty-three members and assets of sixty dollars. In June, 1937, there were 900 members and assets of $40,000. It seems incredible, but these depression-stricken miners had saved this amount in four years and kept it in their own community. It was homemade banking. Up to June, 1937, the Credit Union had loaned the unbelievable sum of $196,000. The miners had erected the Credit Union Building with their own hands and had financed nineteen homes. Average receipts on a Saturday were $1,800.

Under a law passed at the instigation of the St. Xavier study clubs, any group of people may organize to save their money and to create a revolving fund from which they can borrow. Each pays a small entrance fee and buys one share, worth five dollars, paid for in weekly installments of twenty-five cents. The money is put into a bank. When enough has accumulated it is loaned to the members at current interest rates. The earnings of the association are distributed among the stockholders. The money revolves rapidly. Loans are repaid promptly and every dollar is loaned out several times in the course of a year. No good-for-nothing can put over anything on these fellows. But they are not hardhearted, as the banks must be, when misfortune strikes one of their number.

A YOUNG man wanted to buy a truck to work on the trans-Canada highway. He turned to his Credit Union for a loan of $500. Soon after he was stricken with illness and spent several months in a sanatorium. Did he lose his truck? Of course not. The Credit Union took it over and hired a driver. Out of the fund earned by the trust they paid the owner's indebtedness and kept the truck working until his hospital bill was paid and his debt to the Credit Union liquidated. By the time he recovered, the truck was his—free and clear! That, as Father Coady would say, is Christianity. The basis of it all is self-help; no economic hocus-pocus like Communism.

Every community can support itself if it can manage to keep its profits at home. By limiting the profit of the middleman, or by eliminating him if need be, and by controlling their own sources of credit, the people can defy the powers of plutocracy. The poor man's pennies are more powerful in the aggregate than the millions of the great corporations. The plutocrat is great only because he controls our pennies.

It is the same story everywhere in the farming districts, as well as in those places where the fisheries are the main industry. It was a historic day in one community when a few lobster fishermen, braver than the rest, pooled together to ship on their own a crate of lobsters for disposal in Boston. One hundred and forty pounds of lobsters are supposed to make a crate. At seven cents a pound, that spells $9.80 for a crate. These economic pioneers looked up in an old fishing gazette the name of a wholesale fishman in Boston. Four fishermen contributed to make up a crate and waited for results.

FINALLY a letter came from Boston, and the novice handlers of their own catch opened the envelope with fear and trembling. Out fell a check for $32 as against the $9.80 they would have received from the local handlers. Then things began to happen. The packers had a meeting and declared they would not buy the small lobsters for canning if the fishermen handled their own marketable lobsters. But the fishermen laughed; they had learned their primary economic lesson. Now in many places they are canning their own small lobsters in co-operative factories.

In place after place I saw whole communities rising from death. The fishermen are processing their own fish and canning their own lobsters. The farmers are turning their attention to improved stock and prize cattle. The women are engaged in the handicrafts, hooking their rugs, carding and spinning their own wool, manufacturing in the strictest terms their own wearing apparel. Were it not for the co-operatives, they would not be masters of their homes and captains of their souls.

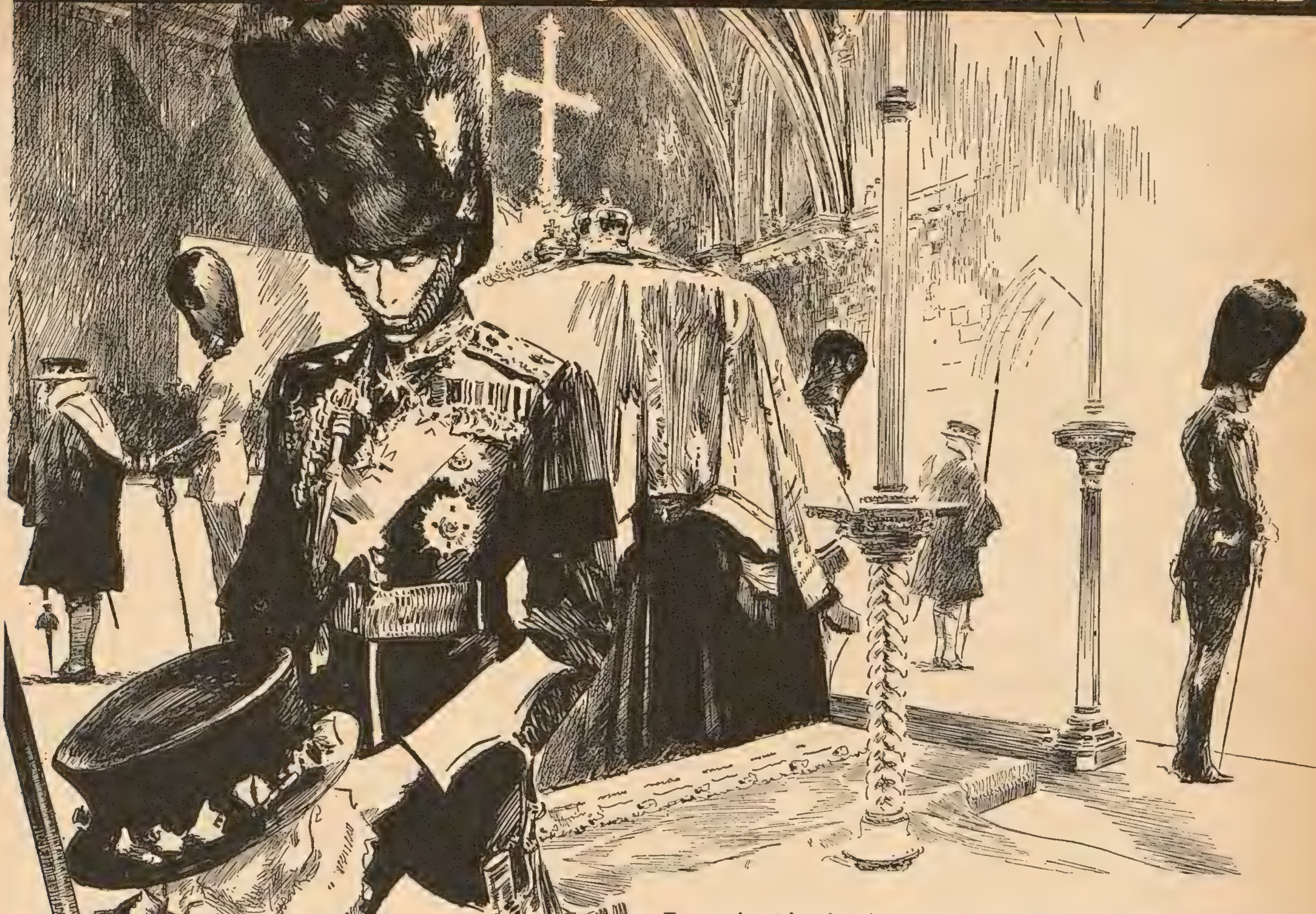
The Nova Scotian movement is founded on the diffused and intelligent understanding by the forgotten men and women of what is best for them. It is likewise founded upon the determination to get what is best for them not through gratuities from above, which may emphasize their economic slavery, but by self-help, self-discipline, self-education. That is real democracy, and nothing else is. Democracy must be self-imposed regimentation, or it is not democracy.

We ought to imitate co-operation in the United States. As a matter of fact we are well on the way. I myself recently formed a group of automobile workers into a study club. Only the other day they started three credit unions. There are 6,000 such credit unions in the United States. If every parish and every labor union were to start a credit union and a co-operative store, we would be on our way out of the depression.

The political or social leader who will speed up the movement will be a Moses leading the American people into the promised land of social peace and economic security.

THE END

The Story of George VI and Edward VIII



Toward midnight the guard around the coffin was recognized. It was composed of the four sons of the King.

KINGS and Brothers

"The King is dead!" A stately royal saga reaches new heights of drama

BY EMIL LUDWIG

Author of Napoleon; Lincoln; Roosevelt, a Study in Fortune and Power, etc.

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Mr. Ludwig dealt last week with the twelve years from the marriage of Albert, Duke of York, to King George V's final illness. Early in this period an Australian physician in London enabled the younger royal brother at last to overcome his stammering. His sadness and diffidence were dispelled. His social-welfare activity increased. The births of his daughters in 1926 and 1930 rounded out his domestic happiness. Meanwhile he, like Edward, had been doing signal service as an ambassador of the Empire.

But where was Edward to find real happiness—he who was resolved never to marry unless for love? Being heir apparent, he had far less independence than his younger brother; by temperament he had need of far more. After the time of their father's illness in 1928, society began to be disturbed about him. He was subscribing to the striking miners' fund, visiting—most earnestly and quite unostentatiously—the homes of unemployed workers in the depressed areas.

He was forty when his general state of mind was manifestly brightened. It was easy to guess that there was now a woman in it.

PART SIX—A WOMAN . . AND A THRONE

THAT this was no sudden development is clear from the fact that the Prince and the woman in question knew each other for three years without any closer acquaintanceship arising. It cannot, therefore, have been anything but one of those attractions which, with a steady growth, and despite a certain hesitation, draw mature and serious-minded people to each other.

The Prince at that time had twenty years of adult life behind him. He had seen many countries and had, on his great tours, conversed with more people, and of course with more women, than most of his contemporaries. His feeling for women had, without exception, resulted in disappointments, but no woman he loved had ever left him or been parted from him by death. When a man of forty who has never had adventures for adventure's sake, and whose eyes always expressed an unconquerable sadness, is at last made happy and restored to psychic poise by a woman in a way that he never knew before, any attempt to enumerate motives becomes ridiculous. The attraction between two beings who are losing fast "the fever in the blood," is a total attraction of their whole natures, and the desire of each to share the life of the other is the sole form which so late and so deep an affection can assume.

For the woman, too, had seen the world before she was

"An elderly gentleman in a traditional costume read the proclamation" of Edward VIII's accession to the throne.

attracted by the Prince. Her two marriages show that she preferred good looks, health, and youth to money and rank. The two men whom she married at twenty and thirty-two were alike in their excellent connections and in that they resembled her.

Her father, Mr. Warfield, an American of very old English descent, had died soon after his marriage with an entertaining woman from Baltimore, and as his daughter was born after his death, she was given his own name of Wallis, a variant of Wales. His brother reached a high position as the director of a railway and a bank, as a friend of President Cleveland and a public benefactor. The family life of the young girl was with her mother, who never remarried, and her uncle, who remained a bachelor.

The girl's first marriage, to a flying officer who was driven from pillar to post in America by the war and then sent to China, seems by the end of the first year to have proved itself as an error of romantic love; but it took the young wife ten years to make up her mind to a divorce. The only profit she seems to have drawn from it all was some knowledge of Chinese culture. Looking at her enigmatic features on a photograph which shows her in Chinese costume, standing beside a great antique bronze vase, one can well imagine that something of the spirit of the East has entered into her.

With independent means inherited from her uncle, and traveling a great deal in the company of an aunt, she met in London an American she had known earlier, who had studied at Harvard, had served as a volunteer at the end of the war, had returned to the university, and then become the representative of his father's shipbuilding firm. This was Mr. Simpson, whom she married in 1928. Thus the woman whom the Prince of Wales met at the house of a woman friend in English society was an American with ancient English blood flowing in her veins who had become English by marriage.

It is true that she had led a purely social life, and when an attempt was made to write an interesting account of her life, there was nothing in it that could not be read in the empty memoirs of women of fashion or the newspaper reports of the society of capitals. A woman of this kind who has enough breeding and money to find a place in society can, if she has no children, plays no part in politics, and writes no novels, lead a life of her own in the midst of the shallow monotonous round, which does not find its way into the newspapers.

One only has to look at her, to listen to her for a moment, in order to credit her with this kind of second life. What surrounds her is the aura of a primeval soul. Women of this kind can best find fulfillment with a younger man, especially if their maternal side has found no natural sphere of development. They have at all times been poets' muses, have given them much, protected them still more, and only revealed their innermost heart to the man they could, in a way, set free. A picture of her at twenty-five already shows that gravity in the eyes which arouses the longing of men of a restless and romantic nature far more than the most subtle arts of love.

For the fact that the Prince always retained something of the boy in him, and indeed still retains it at the age of forty-five, is the key to the attraction of this woman, who is not beyond him in years but is far beyond him in the remembrances of the soul. A nature like his can find its peace only with a mature woman, never with a young girl, who wishes to be led herself, and this is doubly true of men whose childhood has lacked love.

The distinguished reserve peculiar to this woman when she is not dancing or laughing at some empty-headed gathering, could not but attract a man who took love very seriously. She, for her part, could only understand and seek love as a woman who gives, not as one who takes. Her meeting with this protracted youth shows that hers was the giving side. She is shrewder but much harder; he is more yielding but at the same time much more stubborn. The harmony between them depends on the degree of her wisdom and his yielding.

For these two, who look, side by side, like a pair of Chinese porcelain figures, are surrounded with an atmosphere of strange tenderness and pliancy. The faith of his young soul in her mature soul, the protection which visibly goes from her to him, and not from him to her—this reversal of the customary relationship isolates the couple and explains why this strangely seeking, strangely melancholy man first found himself when he laid his fate in this woman's hands.

At the beginning, his nearest relations realized this, and as they never thought that the matter would ever affect the state and the public, his brothers and closest friends fostered a friendship whose form nobody has the right to define. This woman with the pure brow, the composed features, the high, natural eyebrows formed the counterpart to him with her own slight, small figure. Together they cannot weigh much more than a couple of hundred pounds. Her very presence restored to this problematic Prince a calm such as is to be found in the life stories of certain poets.

Looking at this woman, one can only regret that she had to live to the age of nearly forty before she found a man worthy of inward transformation, and that he was forty before he found her. The physical oneness of these two striking beings would make any one not knowing them turn and look after them in the street.

People who could cast suspicion on such a character on account of two divorces—that is, errors—merely show that they know nothing of love and of the secret slow growth of certain delicate relationships. This woman, who led a society life not unlike the Prince's, had, owing to the accidental circumstances of her life, missed the genuine experiences of an intelligent and loving woman, just as the Prince had missed a man's corresponding ones owing to the compulsion laid on him by his birth and office. That is borne out by her obvious seriousness and by comparison with her friends.

"She was the first woman," the Prince told a friend, "to question me about the difficulties of my work instead of flattering me."

THE Prince's passion troubled his father's last years. After his illness, George V became increasingly popular. It was to his credit that *(Continued on page 26)*

...WHEN DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK
GIRLS LIKE MEN'S FACES
SMOOTH AND SLEEK...

Be Fair to your Face and hers

END "RAZOR-BLADE-SKIN" WITH THIS BLADELESS SCHICK SHAVER

EVERY TIME you scrape your face with a razor blade, Science says you slice off hundreds of tiny particles of skin . . . sometimes more skin than beard. It is those microscopic abrasions that cause after-shaving smart, sting and irritation.

Colonel Schick spent 15 years developing and perfecting the Schick electric dry shaver . . . a *bladeless* shaver that can't possibly cut or nick the skin. A precision instrument that shears off the beard with satin-smoothness and no injury to the skin.

Many imitators have gone as far as they dared in infringing Schick patented principles. But it is the compromises they made to conceal infringement that keep their shavers so far behind the Schick in sweet and silken shaving performance.

The first time you shave with your Schick, you'll breathe a sigh of relief to be rid of blades, soaps, brushes and other nuisance paraphernalia. But your real thrill will come from those clean, nick-free shaves that end "razor-blade-skin" and kindle an approving light in your best girl's eyes.

•

Schick Dry Shavers come in 3 models—the new super-powered COLONEL SCHICK SHAVER, the new improved STANDARD SCHICK SHAVER and the SCHICK SHAVETTE for women. All operate on AC or DC and men's models are equipped with either No. 7 shearing head for average beards or No. 10 for tough, coarse beards. Prices range from $12.50 for the Standard Schick Shaver to $25.00 for deluxe and gift sets.

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SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC.,
STAMFORD, CONN.

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor.

Colonel
SHAVER

THE CIVILIZED WAY OF SHAVING

SCHICK DRY SHAVER

(Continued from page 24) he did not convalesce at a foreign spa, just as it had been that he was the first king in two hundred years to speak English without a German accent. For a time the Lords had borne him a grudge because they had lost their veto under him, but that had been already under way when he came to the throne.

Gradually he had become the ideal of the middle classes, who admired his exemplary domestic life. Humble folk were touched because he telephoned to his sister every morning and always had the same Danish soup for lunch. He invited his cousin, King Christian of Denmark, to spend with him what was to be the last Christmas of his life. King Christian brought with him a special soup they had had together as young men in Fredensborg—a beer soup with bread crumbs called *öllebröd*—and the people rejoiced at the thought of the two oldest monarchs in Europe supping their youth together.

The daily fulfillment of his duties for many years was welcomed by the ruling classes as a guaranty that he would not jeopardize the machinery by ideas of his own. The motto he had had painted on the wall of his study was: "Teach me to be obedient to the rules of the game."

To the people he seemed a father. When his voice was carried to the uttermost bounds of the Empire by the radio, millions were convinced that he had a great reign behind him. This feeling found such warm expression at the King's Jubilee, eight months before his death, that the King himself was surprised. It was a huge, genuinely popular festival.

The happy serenity of the King's closing years was clouded with his trouble about his successor. Few knew about it. He had heard that his son had spent his last two summer holidays on the Riviera and in the Austrian Alps with a gay party of English and American people who gave his friendship with the lady, whose husband was always present, social background. And as, moreover, the Prince had, a few years before, arranged to his own taste an old abandoned fort not far from Windsor, called Fort Belvedere, and associated there on quite informal terms with the people he liked who were not in London society, the most lurid rumors spread, which troubled the King even if he did not believe them.

It was extremely painful for him, and more especially for the Queen, to see that the list of guests invited to Belvedere by their son contained a whole row of names who hardly came to court. Reading them over today, we see that the only man of ministerial rank to go there was Duff Cooper. In the King's two last years the estrangement grew. The Prince had always clung most closely to his grandmother, Queen Alexandra, to whom he seemed a kind of replica of her own eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, who died young. He found there more imagination than at home. The people at Buckingham Palace were, as they had been a hundred years before, rich English landed gentry and not noble patrons of the arts. But we must not imagine that it was the lack of intellectual culture which kept the Prince of Wales away from court, for he read very little himself; he left that to his brother Albert.

No, his one transgression was he was a bachelor and insisted on remaining one. What horrible things, what "orgies" might be going on in that bachelor establishment! There was even a swimming pool in the grounds of Belvedere and those doubtful Americans and their wives dived and swam there, laughing, on hot summer days under the guard of the ancient cannons which stand round the solitary fortress. What a good thing that the people knew nothing about it!

How different was the happy family life in Prince Albert's home, where a wife and children provided the necessary moral guaranties. King George could hardly fail to wonder whether his heir, free to choose a wife after his accession, might not hit on the reckless idea of choosing a commoner, a half-foreigner, and maybe even this divorcee of forty.

SUCH was King George's state of mind when he died at Sandringham in January, 1936. Europe stood at the beginning of conflict between two ideologies, which is still shaking it to its foundations. But the British Empire stood firm, and the last question uttered by the half-delirious dying King was: "How is the Empire?" It was the last moving token of his lifelong sense of duty.

At that very hour his son entered upon his heritage. He denies all the rumors which declare that he did so with hesitation. Two days before, he had driven with his brother to Prime Minister Baldwin in order to prepare himself. Now he did not drive, he flew to London, and again in the company of his brother Albert, who in those dark days proved himself more than ever a friend. Now that his brother was ascending the throne, he was all the more willing to help him in this time of transition. And now that Edward was leaving terra firma to embark on the ship of his life, he stood in need of a reliable boatman to help ferry him across.

The first surprise the new King had in store for his people was that in his first state document he called himself not "we" but "I"; it looked as though the notion of royalty was going to become human. This was received with mingled applause and silence. For while the whole limelight of the Conservative press was turned on the old King, a Labor paper quoted two sentences which the new one had recently pronounced: "'Once England was for the very few. Now we have made it a land for the many, and we dream of the days when it will be a land for all.' If that is his motto," the article concluded, "he will be the most popular of Kings."

MEANWHILE, according to old custom, the new King and Emperor had been proclaimed at the four busiest spots in London. In the midst of modern traffic, an elderly gentleman in a picturesque traditional costume read aloud the proclamation to the people who, huddled in gray overcoats, with soft hats or caps on their heads, stood eagerly listening.

While, according to old custom, the body of the most peaceable of kings was carried from the station to Westminster on a gun carriage; while the somber bearskins of the guards and their solemn uniforms surrounded it with an air of royal dignity and splendor such as we can see in old engravings—the new King walked behind the coffin with his brothers, clad in a modern coat and hat. Many who later saw the scene in the film were struck by the profoundly moving expression on the new King's face. He showed no trace of playing a part, but was obviously engrossed with himself and the momentous hour. At the sight of that human face, the present writer took sides for him publicly, because a new kind of king was foreshadowed in it.

That night a poetic impulse urged the King out of his palace in the teeth of all etiquette. Why should the guard of honor round the coffin in Westminster Hall—where, night and day, nearly a million English people were filing past—be composed only of strangers, of officers, hence of subjects? Toward midnight, as the crowd in their orderly ranks moved through the ancient historical hall, the guard round the coffin was suddenly recognized. It was composed of the four sons of the King. In full uniform, with all their decorations, and with drawn swords, they stood on guard by the coffin of their dead father. This was something new, and when, the next day, the news was broadcast, the man to whom the idea had come had won millions of hearts.

At that hour of night, in the gigantic hall of silence, in the emotion of their last farewell to their father, strange thoughts must have passed through the minds of the motionless guards round the coffin. Perhaps the two brothers, now standing at its foremost corners, separated by the tall candles, fled back in thought to White Lodge, to their playground under the cedar and the magnolias.

Of one thing we may be sure. The two silent officers, and their younger brothers behind them, were certainly busy with the immediate future—their own, that of their House, and that of their country.

The conflicting feelings of the heir could not but alternate between his natural respect for his father and his equally natural desire to change things, to shape them to his vision, to modernize them, hence, subjectively speaking, to improve them.

These feelings must have been complicated at this moment in his heart by doubts as to whether a new life was really dawning; as to *(Continued on page 28)*

2 ways of looking at a great whiskey

(ONE WAY)

1. **"The most painstaking tests** consistently fail to evince any evidence of even minute traces of sweetness in Paul Jones Whiskey."

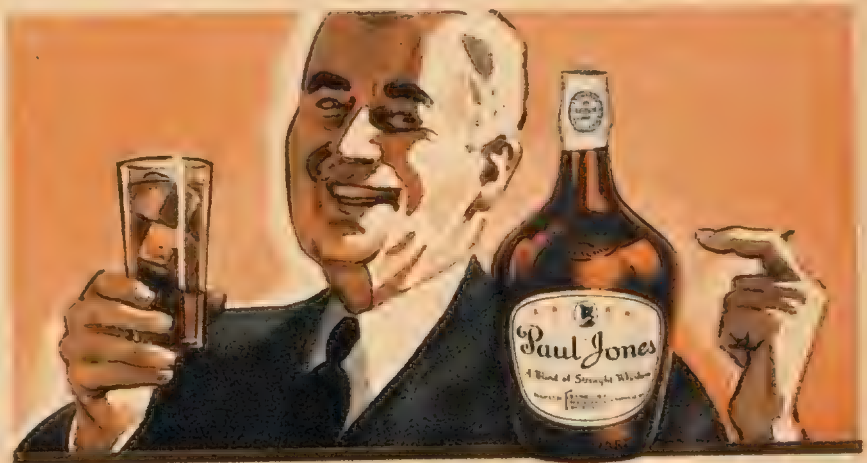
2. **"Further investigation,** nevertheless, reveals an abundance of those elements that endow a whiskey with distinctive character and an affinity for certain of the taste-buds."

3. **"Therefore,** it would seem reasonable to assume that Paul Jones Whiskey, when ingested, will in most cases actuate an emphatic approval."

(A BETTER WAY)

1. **"All you have to do** to find that Paul Jones is truly DRY—not the slightest speck sweet—is to pour yourself some and *try* it!"

2. **"With all its DRYNESS,** Paul Jones is full-flavored and satisfying—as a man's whiskey *ought* to be! Get a bottle and judge these qualities yourself."


Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

3. **"Just try DRY Paul Jones today**—at home or at your favorite bar—and you'll probably make it *your* whiskey for *life!*"

Paul Jones

*IT'S DRY**

Every drop is WHISKEY

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

*DRY means not sweet

"THANKS A MILLION" SAID THE MILLIONAIRE
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

There sat Jones—my husband's richest customer—bored stiff. "Have some Beeman's?" said I, after the coffee—and the miracle happened! "My favorite flavor!" said Jones, suddenly very cheerful.

"No meal's complete without Beeman's!" he declared. "That refreshing tang adds the touch of perfection! It's tonic to your taste! Delicious is the word! Thanks a million, dear hostess—for a perfect dinner—and a perfect after-dinner treat!"

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

(Continued from page 26) whether the power of the British King and Emperor really existed. . . .

OF all the rhymes and bywords current in England about the Royal House, one of the most familiar is the old nursery rhyme:

The King was in his counting-house,
  Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor,
  Eating bread and honey.

These slightly ironic ditties have been produced in this form by no other nation on earth, and the fact that their authors are unknown gives them a peculiarly symbolic significance. The satisfaction of the two highest personages in the country is represented by money and good food. In other countries it is represented by swords and arrows hurled against the enemy, by hunting scenes and solemn processions, by sentences of death or acts of mercy, or by the gorgeous robes and jewels of the queen on her throne. This irony—the most creative quality the Anglo-Saxon peoples possess—suggests, firstly, that even kings are only ordinary mortal men.

Further, for this great nation of traders power is represented by money, yet not by money lavishly spent but by the counting and saving of it.

At all times money has played a far larger part in the history of the Royal House of England than in that of any other monarchy. In the other European empires and kingdoms, the so-called civil list has either never existed or is an innovation. The great fortunes of the ruling houses have been drawn from conquest abroad and the robbery of subjects at home, and when, about 1920, the Hohenzollerns, after their abdication, were trying to turn their countless castles into money, the questionable origin of their inherited possessions was more than once revealed.

But the English House of Commons at recurring intervals has told its kings in plain terms how expensive they were. The philosophers were still more frank. Bentham declared that the king could do nothing of his own free will, but if he did nothing, why pay him? The sums paid them have been cast up at kings at all times when republican tendencies were gaining ground. Even today we can read in radical London papers that the King comes too dear, for he costs £410,000 a year, while the President of the United States only costs $75,000.

Such discussion of the King's salary would be enough to show that the English people regard him as the highest functionary, and refuse to recognize in him any inborn and hence lifelong and inalienable power.

Since the House of Hanover reigns in virtue of the Act of 1701, since this law is denoted as a "bill like any other," and since it has been repeatedly amended, it can at any time be repealed by the House of Commons, which can put a family of its choice on the throne in place of the House of Windsor. If, for instance, the King breaks the law by marrying a Catholic, he can be deposed. He does not govern and has fewer actual and chartered rights than any elected head of a state or any manager of a factory. He reigns; he does not rule.

Since the King is a state official, the only advantage he has over other officials is that his office is hereditary. But as neither his rights nor his duties are anywhere codified, he is under the necessity of stabilizing his views and interests as occasion arises, in order to turn usage into a kind of prescriptive law. The lawyers note when an ancient right of the Crown was exercised for the last time, but nobody can prevent a successor of character, some distant day, from reviving it. For that matter, nobody in England or in the Empire knows what the King has to do, beyond his customary formal duties, though a list of things he must in no case do could be drawn up with far greater certainty.

THIS vagueness is not disorder; it is designed and fostered with great skill, for a human being is best rendered powerless by being treated as a guest, without his privileges being defined. The only things that are firmly established are external details—the King's salary, the fact that he need pay no taxes on income and property coming to him in right of the Crown, that he can send letters and telegrams free, that he can drive as fast as he pleases, and that nobody can force him to pay his bills. He can summon his Prime Minister to come to see him when he likes; though he is quite powerless to decree what the Prime Minister shall do or leave undone afterward.

But let us look at the matter from the other end. What power has the Prime Minister over the King? That is the dangerous point. The King can, it is true, select the Prime Minister by his own free choice, the only limitation being that he shall choose his Prime Minister from the party or coalition which has the majority in the House. The fact that King George V, for instance, chose Baldwin instead of his colleague Lord Curzon, had very far-reaching consequences, since his son found Baldwin in power when he came to the throne. But even in this point, the King's choice is only relatively free, for it is limited by the judgment of the leaders of the party in power.

Once the Prime Minister is in office, he need relinquish it only if he loses the support of his own party or of the House. But that makes him the master of his master, and no amount of ceremonial can disguise the fact that the King in reality does the bidding of his Prime Minister. The Prime Minister "advises" him. Woe to the king who does not take the advice! The fact that the Prime Minister, in his turn, is dependent on the temper of the House, and can be overthrown by

(Continued on page 30)

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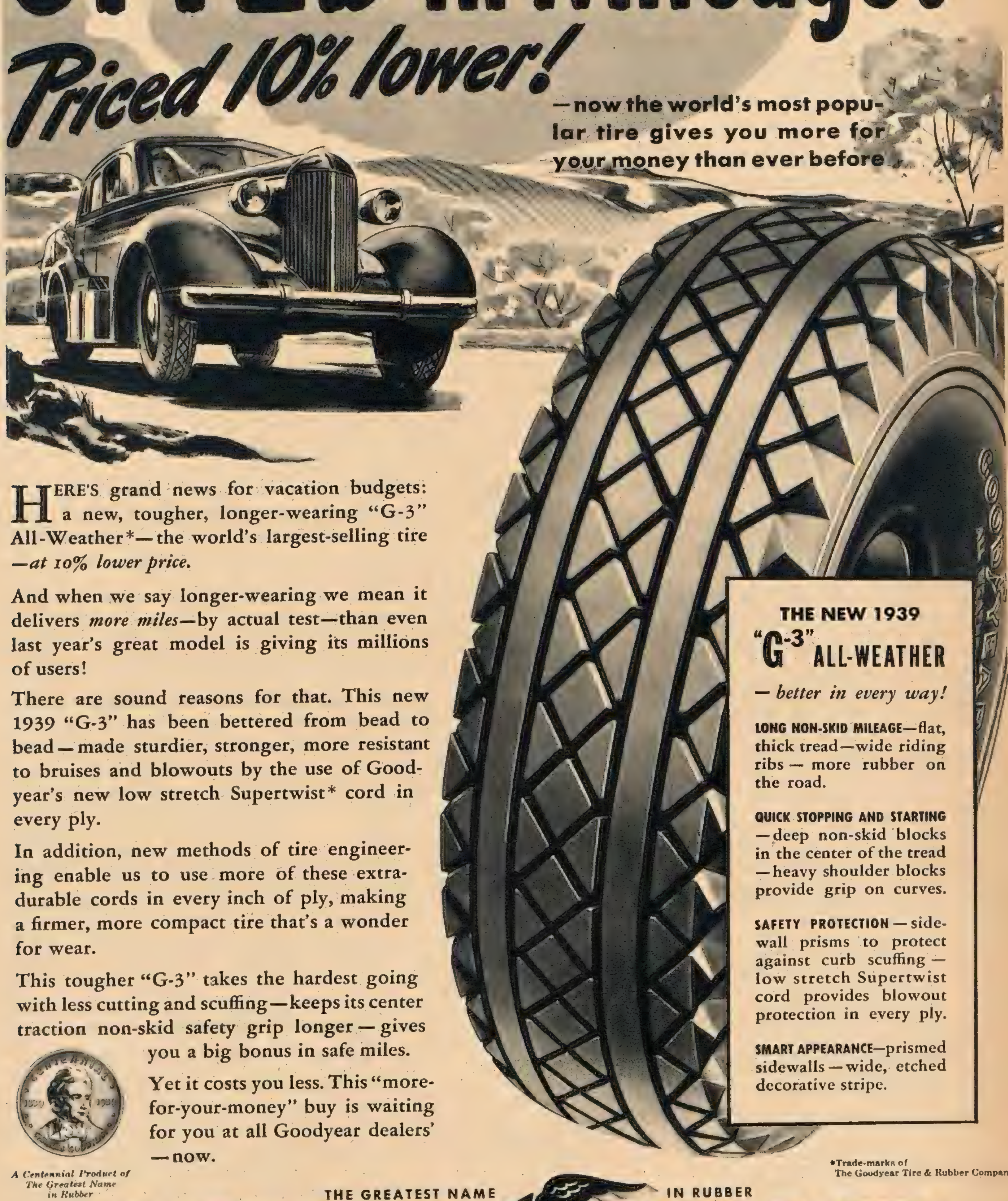

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*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

(Continued from page 28) it at any moment is the only thing which prevents the rise of an omnipotent premier.

In England, the power of any individual is held in check by the House of Commons. Every Englishman can, by his vote, help to turn out any minister. The only one not possessing that privilege is the King himself, who does not vote, and who cannot dismiss a minister on his own account without most gravely jeopardizing his own position. The King is the only man in the country who cannot express his political views, or openly help an act of Parliament through. He cannot even appoint the supreme functionaries of state or the bishops at his own discretion, nor does he write his own public speeches unless his ministers approve them in advance. He cannot himself reprieve a condemned criminal—a privilege enjoyed by the governor of every one of the forty-eight United States of America.

Thus this sovereign, theoretically the most powerful in the world, is in fact, by law and tradition, the most powerless of all rulers, and the only man in England who is not free.

This paradoxical situation is held in poise by two factors: the personality of the King and the power of society. To retain his self-respect, the King, as an individual, seeks to acquire influence, and can do so. In order to keep the whip hand of him, society strives to keep him under the authority of the Prime Minister, who is more or less dependent on it. At moments of threatened disorganization, society is less in a position to gain its own ends, provided the King is a man of strong character; hence it has every reason to exclude such a man from the throne.

FOR the monarchy is by no means secure in England. It has outlived an astonishing number of shocks, and 300 years have already passed since the one occasion when it was replaced by a republic. Yet Cromwell's tomb is in the Abbey, and not a hundred steps from the Coronation Chair. Today, when the Royal Family is popular, and when Queen Victoria has been transmuted into a kind of mystical vision by books and the films, we cannot but wonder, as we read of the early periods of her reign, how high feeling ran against her, and how sharp was the criticism leveled against her entourage.

As a young Queen she once heard a mob call "Mrs. Melbourne!" after her at the races. Albert, her husband, was for some time an object of public contempt for his German leanings, and, at the time of the Crimean War, was regarded as the foreigner who was in reality the secret ruler of the country and had a private key to the Queen's dispatch box. As he and the Queen associated with the Czar and Napoleon III, much of London applauded Garibaldi and Kossuth, the heroes of liberty they hated.

The fall of the French Emperor mobilized all the radical power in England. On September 19, 1870, thousands of liberty-mongers proclaimed the "Republic of England." Swinburne wrote republican odes, and Spencer, the eminent philosopher, when asked what he thought of the Royal Family, replied: "I'm not interested in the criminal classes." In 1873 there already existed fifty republican clubs. A prominent man such as Joseph Chamberlain, the father of the present Prime Minister, declared that the republic "in our generation, is at our doors. England is now an aristocratic republic with a democratic machinery and an hereditary grand master of the ceremonies." Edward, the Prince of Wales, was so unpopular that it was once stated "that he should never dishonor the country by becoming king." Not until the Prince of Wales fell suddenly ill was there a wave of public sympathy for his widowed mother, and the radicals wrote spitefully of "the great epidemic of typhoid loyalty."

The foundation of the Empire, and quite especially the romantic title of "Empress of India," the transition from the peaceful doctrines of free trade to imperialism, the idea of inspiring both employers and workmen for the Empire by means of the raw materials coming from the colonies, changed the temper of the country and restored the threatened relations between the Crown and the people. The man who thus re-established the throne of England by making it the symbolic link between many united countries was, to use the vocabulary of our day, a man of "alien race," Disraeli.

Since then, society has seen that its interest lies in preserving the crown while curbing its wearer. A republic would strengthen the "third estate," the commonalty, and hasten its rise to power; but a strong personality on the throne might read the signs of the times, and turn to the masses instead of to the oligarchy which has actually ruled England for so long.

THAT oligarchy is called society, and the term defies definition. It is not a court society, for all parties can enter it. It is not an aristocratic society, for men not of noble birth are admitted. It is not a religious society, for Catholics and Jews are accepted as interesting exceptions. It is no longer a society of landowners, for, since industry took the lead, business men without landed estates have been allowed in. It is not a society of wealth, for an impoverished son is often its pet.

Society makes out that character is the determining factor, and it is a fact that any one guilty of an open breach of the code is excluded. But in reality manners matter more than character.

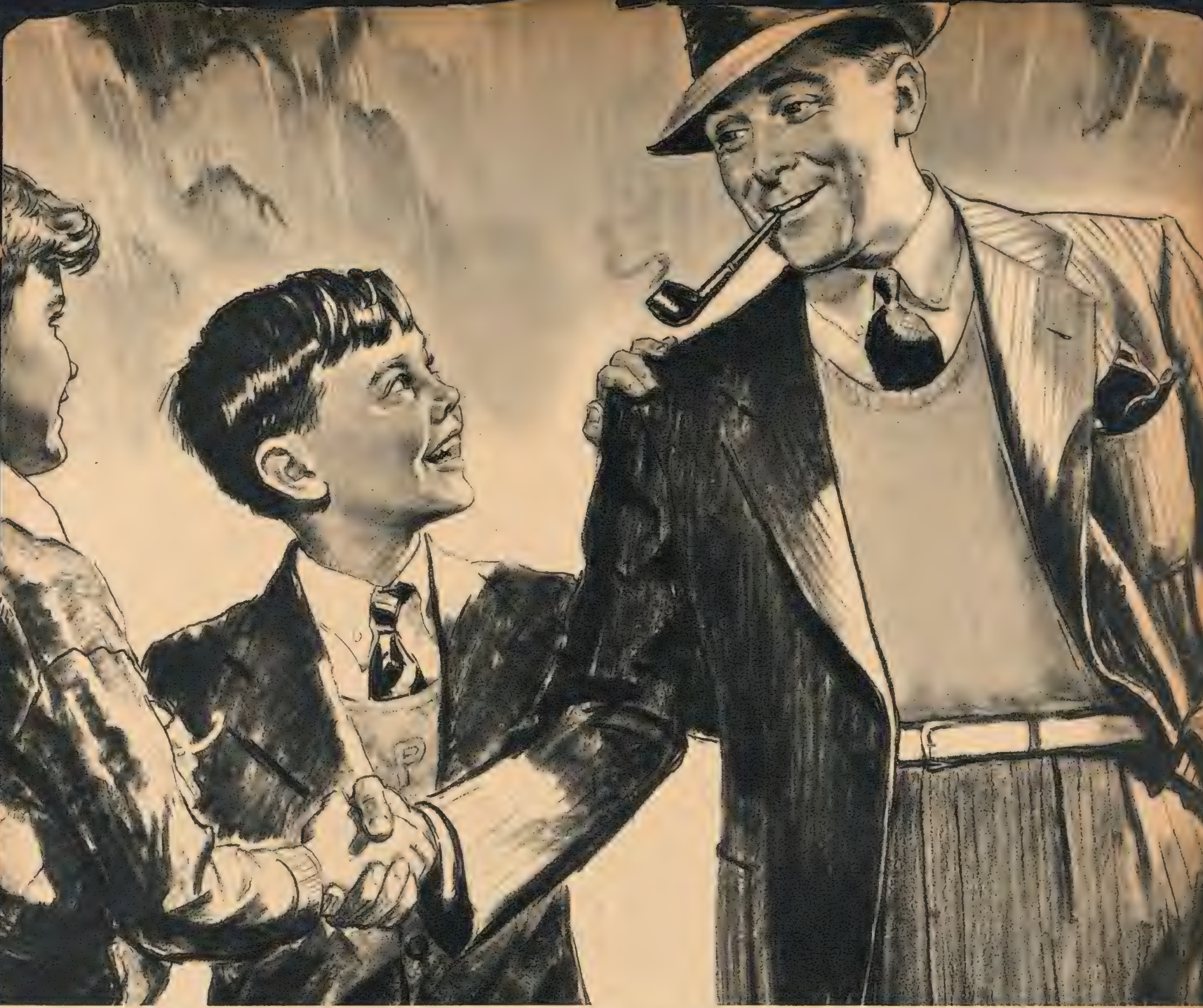
For the last fifty years, concessions have been made to earned money; before, wealth had to be inherited. In former days nobody in receipt of a salary was admitted to society, with the exception of the Army and the Navy, the Church and the highest representatives of the law. Genuine fame was accepted as an excuse for earning money by intellect or talent. Today a man can, with his own hand, draw from his factories or his medical practice the vast means demanded by society of any one not entering it as the heir to a name. Nor is intellect prohibited, but it must keep within prescribed limits.

To be a good sportsman, however, is a condition of entrance into this vast invisible club; clothes too, but not, as in other societies, merely the women's; special emphasis is laid on the men's. It is no hazard that London, the masculine city, creates the best men's fashions, while its sister Paris dictates feminine fashions to the world. To belong to society, the greatest inventor or musician must be correctly dressed—that is, dressed in the English style—on every occasion. The tea ceremony resembles a religious rite and takes precedence of every other. I have myself seen a group of the cleverest men in England interrupted four times in the course of a momentous conversation to "settle problems of sugar and milk." The fact that a prominent physicist stuck his table napkin under his lowest waistcoat button made him socially impossible.

Since the feudal nobility has begun to lose its estates, the gaps are filled by the new rich, who are elevated to the peerage for great donations to public purposes, and then reduce to absurdity the deeper meaning of hereditary nobility by appearing at court in knee breeches and silk stockings, for the most recent dukes are less and the most recent manufacturers more dressy than their fathers. Years ago, the unwritten agreement concluded by a rich man with his political party before he could find a place in the honors list seemed to one of the wealthiest distillers, a canny Scot, so dubious that he signed the check he presented with his future name to make sure he would not be cheated. In London everybody knows his name.

These latest members of society, like all converts, are zealous in their condemnation of any breach of form. In books of memoirs there are whole letters occupied with the different way Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary bowed from their carriages, or about the public lunch at which the Prince of Wales, one hot day, first appeared in a light suit, and thus undermined the century-old majesty of the morning coat and gray topper. Such forms survive all the blows of personal fate till a man lies dead, and guarantee to everybody accepting them a social security which neither adultery nor breach of faith can shake, provided they never come to light.

Of two equal candidates for ministerial office, the choice will fall, as a rule, on the one who is the nephew of a duke, has been to Oxford, belongs to a number of fashionable clubs, is impecca- (Continued on page 32)



For a reproduction of the original painting in this advertisement, without advertising, write to Dept. L. B. Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City

"THAT'S MY DAD"

EVERY father gets a warm feeling around his heart when he hears his son say "That's my Dad". The spirit behind his words is so revealing—the look in his eyes and the tone in his voice—when he says "That's my Dad". In his boyish way he is proudly saluting his hero—the pal he adores and admires.

It's a real responsibility to have a youngster say "That's my Dad". It calls for understanding and thoughtful control. It calls for moderation. When a boy discovers for the first time that his father—his own Dad—has been using liquor unwisely—immoderately—something fine between them may be lost.

The House of Seagram selects "Father's Day" as an appropriate time to repeat the viewpoint we have expressed so often in the past five years—"Fine whiskey is a luxury, one of the pleasures of life to be enjoyed *only* in moderation—*never* at the sacrifice of another person's happiness."

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

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(Continued from page 30)

bly dressed and has, if possible, written a book in his youth on Greek culture or English literature.

Although the ministers and their leader are members of Parliament, and hence have entered their government on their own merits, permanent office in nearly all the ministries remains in the hands of the same old families. These men, who are known and spoken of only in the innermost circle, who survive all the motions of lack of confidence against the government, all dissolutions and general elections, bequeath or transfer to their sons, nephews, and friends the permanent places which are never spoken of in the papers and seldom in Parliamentary debates. Without being men of great wealth themselves, they are connected by marriage or other ties with the moving spirits of the big banks and industries, and are able to steer from behind, or even to overthrow their changing political chiefs.

Although everything passes through the hands of the King, he probably comes only gradually to feel in whose hands he is. Just as the German republic was sabotaged by the old Privy Councilors who all retained their offices, the new régime having no specialists with whom to replace them, even today the British Empire is governed by these high officials according to the traditions of the old families, who are determined to hold the pressure from the left in check as long as possible. This permanent civil service is one of the institutions by which society actually rules England.

The other is the Church of England. Just as in medieval times knights and priests joined forces to get the whip hand of the emperor, in the England of today the position of the King depends on society and the Church. The more men the King elevates to the peerage, the more women the Queen receives at court, the thicker grows the wall which separates them from the people. A king faced in his most intimate decisions with the united opposition of society and the Church, would be lost.

Religious interests and traditions are stronger in England than in any other country, with the exception of the United States. Ecclesiastical debates arouse the greatest interest there. In no other country could the revision of the Prayer Book have been an event which preoccupied the House of Commons and the press for weeks on end. In no other country would the 90,000 spectators at a football match have sung Abide with Me after the result was announced. While the number of its members has declined in the last few decades, the power of the Church as an institution has increased.

Since, in this politically most highly developed of nations, all events are judged for their political bearing and value, the Church too has taken on a political significance. It points out to the great industrial nobility the way the wind of public morality is blowing. Society, moved by fear and wisdom mingled, has joined forces with the Church, from which it hardly ever separates in matters of great national importance. Its head, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is the most powerful man in the country, with the exception of the Prime Minister, of whom he takes precedence at court.

Woe betide the man who has both these powers against him! He is lost, even though he be a king himself.

AS the silent officer stood beside his father's coffin with drawn sword in the flickering candlelight, he could not but wonder if the ancient leadership of this nation had really changed hands since the day when, a few paces from where he stood, a King of England who was his own ancestor had been arraigned for high treason, and had been condemned to death under the same vaulted roof.

Grave problems confronted him. Now that he was King, would society be more amenable or less so to his humanitarian ideas? How would it react to his resolve concerning marriage? Next week Mr. Ludwig will reveal how doubts like these must have weighed upon his mind in that dark hour, and will portray the looming figure of the Prime Minister, Baldwin, who was to play so momentous a part in the lives of both royal brothers.

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GOLDEN WEDDING

A blithe, surprising tale of young romance and a grandmother's great day

BY MARGARET M. SCOTT

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

I'LL thank you if you'll leave me alone for an hour, Hilda," Lucy Faber murmured as she crossed the modernistic guest room in advance of her large handsome daughter-in-law. "I can dress myself, once I've had a rest. It was a grand luncheon, but all those folks . . ."

"They were all yours, children and grandchildren. An inspiring sight, as I told the reporter from the Blade. The ceremony this afternoon will have nationwide publicity, what with Rose's singing and George's position in the state. And of course," quickly, "you and father *were* the first settlers of Masonville."

Scarcely hearing, Lucy stood by the open window. Sleek cars fringing the velvety lawn below gleamed in the June sun. Their patient stillness reminded Lucy of a funeral procession. The rasp of satin, as Hilda folded back the heavy bedspread, roused her.

"I won't need to lie down," Lucy insisted.

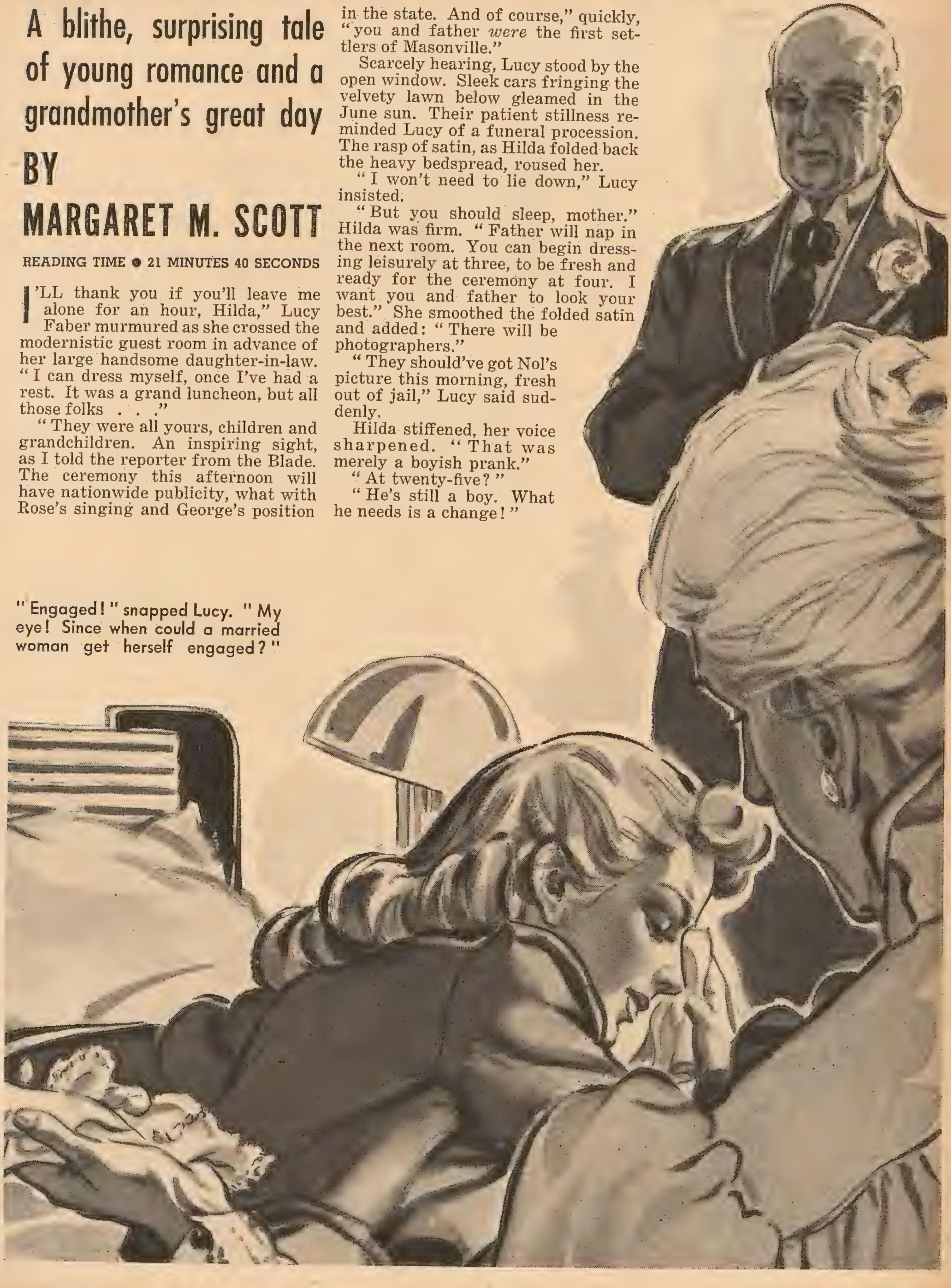
"But you should sleep, mother." Hilda was firm. "Father will nap in the next room. You can begin dressing leisurely at three, to be fresh and ready for the ceremony at four. I want you and father to look your best." She smoothed the folded satin and added: "There will be photographers."

"They should've got Nol's picture this morning, fresh out of jail," Lucy said suddenly.

Hilda stiffened, her voice sharpened. "That was merely a boyish prank."

"At twenty-five?"

"He's still a boy. What he needs is a change!"



"Engaged!" snapped Lucy. "My eye! Since when could a married woman get herself engaged?"

Hilda's heels clicked on the polished floor. At the door, she glanced with agate-cold eyes toward the little white-haired woman. Silence crackled between them. When Hilda spoke again, her voice was spun sugar.

"Have a good rest, mother. Call me if you need me."

The door closed. Lucy Faber drew a deep sigh and sank stiffly into the too low armchair. She shouldn't have said that about Nol. She'd promised father, when they planned this golden wedding celebration, she wouldn't say one word to Hilda. But, for the first time in the twenty-six years that Hilda had been Mrs. George Faber, her mother-in-law understood her.

Hilda was stupid. She'd fooled people by her good looks and the show she'd made with George's money, especially since he struck oil on that land he'd taken for a bad debt. But the whole sum and substance of it was, she had no sense. Yet she was George's wife — easygoing gentle George—and the mother of his three children, Lucy's favorite grandchildren.

Lucy sighed again. Something in her chest hurt—a thorn of disappointment on this her golden wedding anniversary. The disappointment wasn't in her children, all five of them grown and right here in George's big house. All doing well, too, from George, the eldest, to Rose, the youngest, over thirty now and a nationally famous radio star. All of them had come, with wives, husbands, and children, from New York, Washington, and California, to be with their parents this day.

That was something to be proud of. Certainly father, as Lucy always thought of her husband, was proud. Though he was seventy-one, three years her senior, he wasn't tired, either. Perhaps he had looked only at the children, not the grandchildren. *The* grandchildren, Lucy emphasized in her mind. George and Hilda's children: Nol, Julia, and Travis, who'd grown up in Masonville, fifteen miles from the Faber farm.

MARGARET
M. SCOTT

chose writing as her hobby at the age of nine, and pursued it during a practical commercial education and a stretch of commercial experience, until it became a full-time profession. She is married and has a son aged three.

IT *seemed* only yesterday that Julia, a recklessly beautiful child, was riding bareback over the fields. Nol (Arnold Faber II, and how fine that sounded!) was in the barn, helping granddad. Travis would be in the parlor, struggling with the organ when only his toes reached the sloping velvet-covered pedals. Anne Burdock was usually there, too, with her red curls and laughing green eyes, fighting with Nol and adoring him since she could talk.

When Lucy rang the dinner bell, they'd come racing, hungry, happy, healthy youngsters, eager for the surprises grandma always provided. Then she and father would smile at each other across the table.

The children were half grown when George struck oil and Hilda got notions. It was then Lucy and her daughter-in-law disagreed. For eight years the two branches of the family had been separated by fifteen miles and a woman's war of ethics. They met only under holiday truces, and the grandparents saw little of the younger generation. Hilda managed that.

But eight years was a mere pinch of time in Lucy's recollections, and always she had kept faith in the children's ultimate victory over their mother's nonsense. Her faith had lasted until that day at luncheon, when she saw those three bitter young faces, standing out, in that happy group, like clay masks. She saw Hilda watching them, too, and smiling proudly. Then she knew Hilda was stupid.

Lucy's tired eyes followed Hilda's triumphant gaze. First there was Nol, at his grandmother's right. Thick-shouldered, sullen-eyed, pale, his hand shook so that he rattled the silver. A week before he'd ended his three-year engagement to Anne Burdock. The night before he'd spent in jail for drunken driving and resisting an officer. Boyish prank indeed! At his age his grandfather had had two eighties under cultivation, was running a general store and raising a family.

Julia, beside her grandfather, was like something out of a store window, with that long straight bob and a single curl on top of her head. There was green stuff on her eyelids. Her scarlet mouth was a hurt gash. For six months she'd been separated from Ted Harrison, the nice boy she'd eloped with out of college. Tomorrow she would be Reno-bound. Hilda had implied archly that Julia's engagement to a "distinguished man" would be announced shortly.

Lucy snorted. What did Julia need with distinction at twenty-two? She needed love and a home and a couple of babies. Distinction was something you worked for and grew up to.

Midway down the flower-laden table, next to his famous Aunt Rose, sat Travis. At twenty-one, he looked all the world like his grandfather at the same age, except, Lucy remembered, father had had a sharper, happier air. Father had a future to plan for, while Travis, recently flunked out of his third college, seemed to have no future, though he was good at music.

It wasn't the excitement of the luncheon that had tired Lucy; it was the memory of those faces and the absence of Anne Burdock, whom she loved as her own. For the first time, Lucy felt perhaps she'd lived too long. To reach sixty-eight and then to see your children's children go to pieces, no spunk, no spine, and she helpless to aid them—wasn't that facing failure at the end?

It was the weight of these thoughts that made her move stiffly, heavily, when the hall clock chimed three. From the closet she took the pale blue taffeta with its high collar, fitted waist, and full skirt ending in a velvet-edged train. Hilda had told the papers about the dress, made from Lucy's memory of her wedding dress. The dress was Hilda's idea, and the big wedding reception to follow the ceremony. The wedding ceremony itself, with the exchange of double rings, had been father's notion for years.

"We had no real wedding doings the first time, Lucy. I'll make it up to you on our golden anniversary."

She'd scarcely dared to hope they'd see that day together. Now it had come, it was very different from her own dim dream. Of course there would be the double ring ceremony, with all the children here—except Anne Burdock, who should have been her grandchild by marriage this long while. . . .

Then she called "Come in" to the knocker at the door, and in the mirror met Anne Burdock's smiling eyes. The greenness of them was accented by her green felt hat; but something deeper was needed to explain the cloudy hurt behind her smile.

Lucy turned quickly. "My lands, it's about time you came!" she exclaimed, her arms about the girl. "Thought I was going to have to go through all this without a word from you."

"You'd have had a word from me, gram," Anne assured her, with a quick kiss, "if the militia had to bring it. But the old press card did the trick. Mrs. George Faber wants all the space she can get."

Lucy sniffed, and Anne bent her attention to the dress. "I want to see you in this. Can't I help?"

"Indeed you can. I said I could manage this rigging alone, but I didn't want to be bothered with the rest of them." Lucy unfastened her belt.

Anne tossed her purse on the deep window seat. She looked peaked, Lucy decided, but got prettier every day.

"I suppose you heard where Nol spent the night?" Lucy asked.

Anne nodded. "His father was at the office this morning, trying to keep it out of the papers."

"Did you see him downstairs now?"

"No—and I never want to see him. That's all over and done. Don't let's talk about it."

"Fiddlesticks!" Lucy snapped, busy with her thick white hair. "If ever two people were made for each other, it was you and Nol."

"Don't say that!" Anne cried. "You don't know . . ." With a little gasp, she sank on the window seat.

"It had to end, gram. I couldn't take any more. You know how Hilda Faber feels about me."

"Didn't know she felt," Lucy retorted.

"Don't fool yourself. That woman has ideas, such as bringing 'café society' to Masonville. She wants her children to marry folks whose names read well under photographs. And who ever heard of me?"

"The Star seems to think right well of you."

"Sure; but I'm a working member of the press. I cover things like fires and train wrecks and court trials. Most of the time my name doesn't appear at all. If I wrote little sunshine verses, published gratis in the Contributors Column, and read them at Hilda Faber's literary club, I might get a nod from her. But I work. Personally, I'd rather eat anonymously than starve with a by-line."

"And you're feeding yourself, and your folks besides," Lucy added. "I know how poorly your father's farm has done since that last drought. But surely Nol isn't taken in by such nonsense?"

Anne sighed. "It's the way his mother gets to him. You can't fight her, because she always agrees, hands you everything you ask for, wrapped in pink ribbon. Later you find you're holding the good old bag. She's always been so sweet to me, she'd draw bees. That's why Nol can't see how it's her fault."

STARING out at the rapidly assembling cars, Anne went on slowly: "To Nol, Hilda talks glamour girls and travel and the vast opportunities he's missing by sticking in Masonville and working with his father—and, incidentally, marrying me. So one day he's staying and the next he's going. For three years I've listened to that until my nerves are so much shredded coconut. I know I played into her hands when I broke the whole thing off, but if he doesn't want me enough to marry me quick, it's the only way."

Anne dug a cigarette out of her bag and slid far back on the windowsill, drawing her feet up. The pose reminded Lucy of the afternoons in the farm kitchen when Anne had sat like that, watching her cut out cookies. In fifty years Lucy had known few defeats, and never in anything important to her children. Her mouth was pursed in a thoughtful line when she finally lifted the handsome dress. Anne sprang up.

"Let me help you, gram! We won't talk of Nol any more. It's one of those things I can't be very sane about. Love makes an awful idiot of you, doesn't it?"

"Comparatively," Lucy muttered from the depths of the taffeta folds. Anne helped her wriggle into the close-fitting waist and began fastening the long column of hooks and eyes.

"What I want," Anne said briskly, "is the inside story of this golden wedding. For instance, this dress is an exact duplicate of your wedding dress, isn't it?"

Lucy sniffed. "The dressmaker would have been smarter if she'd put a zipper on the thing."

"But accuracy—that's what counts," Anne laughed. "Now, let me

OL' JUDGE ROBBIN
TRAILER TRIP
ON THE WAY BACK HOME
CHUBBINS, WHAT TIME IS IT BY YOUR WRIST WATCH?
WHY, DADDY, YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T ANY WRIST WATCH!
HMM—THAT'S STRANGE—WONDER WHAT MADE ME THINK YOU HAD A WRIST WATCH
OH, SILLY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
WHY, OF COURSE! YOU HAVEN'T A WRIST WATCH—I HAVEN'T GIVEN IT TO YOU YET. HERE!
DAD! YOU OLD RASCAL! WHY, IT'S BE-YOO-TI-FUL! YOU CERTAINLY KEPT IT A SECRET!
ALL RIGHT, SMARTY—NOW IT'S MY TURN. WHAT DAY IS TODAY?
WHY—ER—IT'S SUNDAY, JUNE THE EIGHTEENTH
NO, NO, DADDY! IT'S FATHER'S DAY, AND I'VE A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU RIGHT IN THIS DRAWER!
WHOOP-EE! A WHOLE POUND OF PRINCE ALBERT!
CHUBBINS—THAT'S THE FINEST GIFT A DAUGHTER EVER GAVE ANY PIPE-SMOKER
PRINCE ALBERT

JUNE
18
Sunday
GIVE SMOKING JOY TO
FATHER ON HIS DAY
PRINCE ALBERT PUTS JOY IN A PIPE ON FATHER'S DAY AND EVERY DAY. IT SMOKES SO MELLOW AND RICH—FULL-BODIED WITHOUT BITE!
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see. You came to Texas with an uncle. You met Grandpa Faber the day your uncle died. He had just bought himself a parcel of land. In no time you were married by a circuit rider named Billings, and lived in a log cabin for five years. Tim Mason, a bachelor, had the blacksmith shop at the crossing, and you three *were* Masonville."

"Letter-perfect; but goodness knows it should be, with all the talk Hilda's had about it," Lucy said, surveying herself in the mirror. "She even wrote a club paper on it, as if father and I were historical. Now, when you and Nol have been . . ."

Swift hammering on the door interrupted her.

Travis Faber rushed in, slamming the door behind him. Twenty-one, slim, tall, only his vivid dark-blue eyes—alive now with anger—gave strength to his face, lent character to the soft mouth.

GRAM, I had to see you!" he said fiercely. "This morning Aunt Rose tried two of my songs. She says she's sure I can get at least one of them published and she'll sing it on the radio."

"That's right nice," Lucy said with slow expectancy.

"But she wants me to go to New York with her tonight and try to get a job as studio pianist. In the meantime she'll give me an accompanying job." His voice rose shrilly. "Mother says she won't hear of it! She says I've got to finish school. She'd be disgraced if I didn't take a degree."

"I can think of bigger disgraces," Lucy commented, her white head at birdlike attention. "Listen to me, Travis Faber! You're free, white, and twenty-one. If you had the backbone God gave a titmouse, you'd walk to New York if that's what you wanted to do—much less ride in style in a Pullman or maybe an airplane. I'm on the side of good children who listen to their parents. I've got five of my own like that. I gave 'em life and I let them live it. If you want to go with Rose, you go—and you need no say-so but your own. Now scat!"

"Oh, granny!" He caught her up and whirled her around. "Granddad sure was lucky when he got you."

"Well, he was twenty-one at the time and asked no one's leave but mine, as I recall."

With a kiss on her cheek, Travis was gone. Anne grinned at Lucy. "Looks like a scoop for the Star's news hawk."

"When these youngsters do anything besides get in trouble, it deserves a headline," Lucy sighed. "I wish these doings would get started. Oh, father!"

Arnold Faber entered from the adjoining room. A tall thin dignified man, he walked with a quick precise step. His face was faintly flushed and little lines bunched at his eyes.

"Lucy," he began, then softly repeated her name. "You are beautiful, my dear."

Anne retreated quickly to the far corner of the window seat, her chin tipped high as though her throat were tight. Lucy Faber smiled at her husband.

"I'm glad you like it, Arnold. Has the preacher come?"

"Not yet." The worried lines framed his eyes again. "It's about Julia. The child's in the next room, sobbing her heart out."

"Oh, my word!" With a rustle of taffeta, Lucy hurried to the door.

"I'll run along," Anne called after her.

"Sit down!" Lucy directed over her shoulder. "You're the only sensible person I've seen today."

In the next room, Julia was huddled on the bed. Lucy sat beside her and tried gently to raise her up.

"I wish I were dead!" Julia moaned, burrowing her face into her grandmother's shoulder.

"A fine thing to be wishing at your age," Lucy said tartly—"and be careful with those tears. Taffeta spots! Now . . . what have you been doing?"

"It's not I," Julia flared. "It's Ted. He's in El Paso and wants me to come to him."

"But you're going to get a divorce tomorrow," her grandmother reminded her.

"So what? Why were we separated? Because we lived here and listened to mother's nagging for a year, until Ted couldn't take any more. If I'd had any sense, I'd have gone with him then."

"Do you love him?" Lucy demanded.

"Yes, I love him, gram. I don't care if he was raised in an orphanage and doesn't know who his folks are—he's a man!"

"He is, at that," Lucy agreed, her eyes meeting Arnold Faber's perplexed gaze. "I always liked the way Ted stood up to your mother."

"She didn't. Now she says I'm well rid of him; and besides, how would it look, going back, after I said I was going to get a divorce; and besides, I'm engaged to Rog Lauriston."

ENGAGED!" snapped Lucy. "My eye! Since when could a married woman get herself engaged? And if her promise to one man, made before God, doesn't hold good, I don't see why another man wants it."

Julia lifted her head quickly. "You mean I should go with Ted, gram? He's going to Mexico."

"What's geography got to do with it? Your heart is all you want to heed. If he were my man, I'd send him a telegram right off, to come up here and fetch me."

"Here? In this house?"

"Why not? It's your father's house. Your legally wedded husband has a right here."

Julia dashed to the door—then stopped, poised on her toes. "But do you suppose he still loves me, gram? I've been an awful witch. Do you suppose he'd come now?"

"My lands, child, you'll never know if you don't ask!"

"I'll ask him," she said earnestly.

"But he must come. I couldn't bear it if he didn't."

"These children!" Grandpa Faber murmured as he followed Lucy into the other guest room. Anne, still on the windowsill, looked up expectantly. Before Lucy could speak, the hall door was flung open and Nol Faber strode in.

"Where is she?" he demanded. "Some one said . . ."

He broke off abruptly as Anne slowly rose. Her hat cast a greenish shade over the suddenly deepened pallor of her cheeks. Her hands behind her back were tightly clenched, but her voice was cool.

"So you're out of jail?" she said.

"Out to stay, too," he retorted, striding to her. "I didn't know what I was doing, Anne."

"You and the judge agreed on that."

"I'd heard you were going to marry Rud Halliday. Is that true?"

"Mought be," she drawled.

"Don't pull that stuff on me!" Nol roared.

Anne faced him defiantly. "Got rough in jail!"

"Got sense! Did you ever sit all night in a cell? It's a great experience. Gives you plenty of time to think. I thought of what a fool I've been."

"Then I suppose you definitely decided to go to China—or was it Brazil?"

"I'm going to stay right here in Masonville," he said fiercely, grabbing her shoulders. "Father needs me in the business, and I like it. I'm going to stay here—and marry you."

"All by yourself?" Anne demanded.

WHAT he said sounded like a swear word to Lucy, standing eagerly on the side line; but the word was lost as Nol pulled Anne into his arms and kissed her long and earnestly. Lucy tapped her husband's arm to attract his petrified attention.

"Please go hurry that preacher, father," she whispered.

Reluctantly he left as Nol released Anne. She swayed a little and her cheeks were flaming now.

"You will see me through this, won't you, darling?" he pleaded. "I know now I wanted to run away from a decision. I was torn between what mother wanted me to do and what I wanted to do. But it's my life . . . our life. I do love you, Anne. Nothing matters but you."

Watching Anne standing so silent, Lucy's fingers knotted until the wide band of her ring dug into the wrinkled flesh. Then Anne spoke, very low:

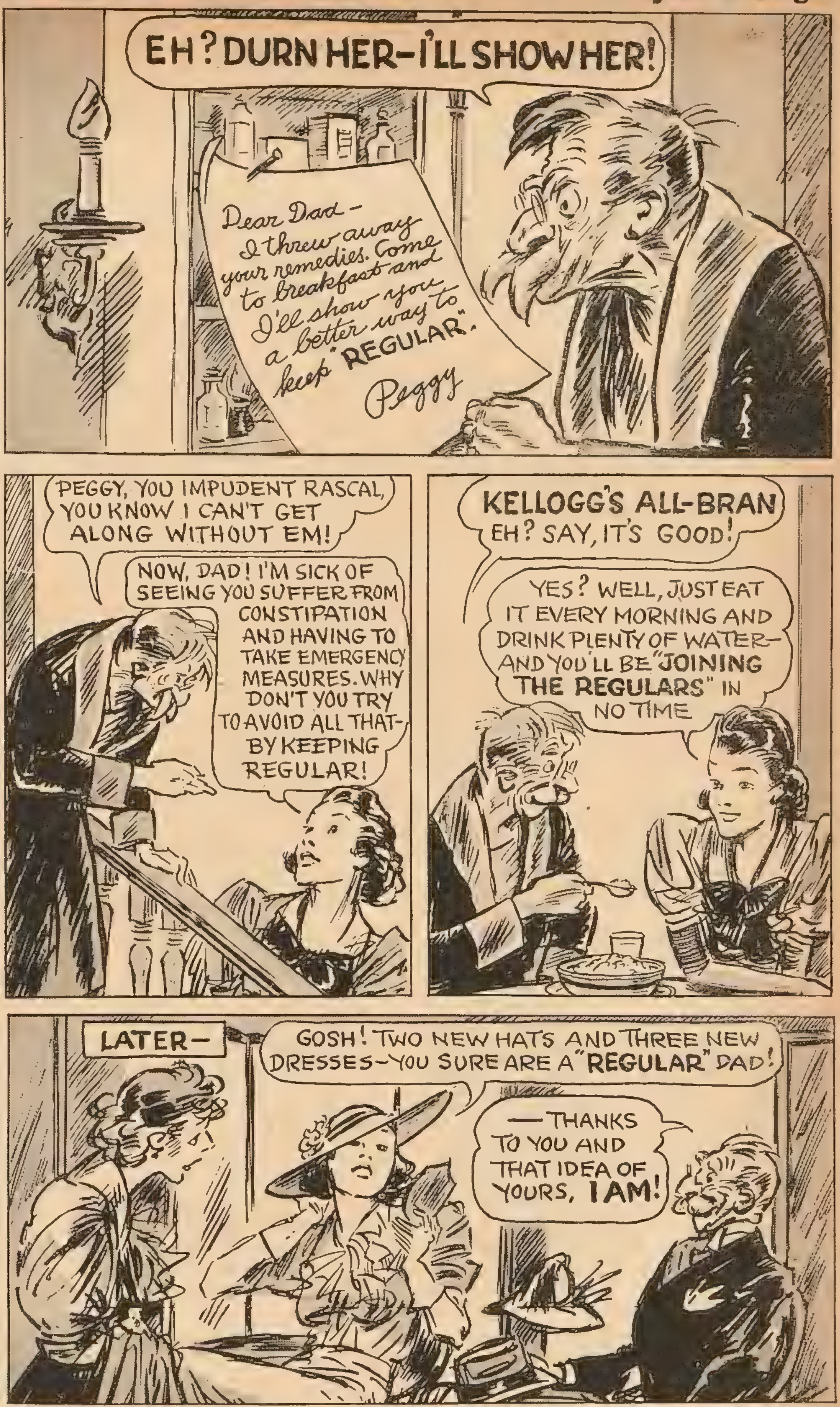
"I can take it if you can, but it means getting married now and fighting it out together . . . on the same side."

Lucy's breath escaped in glad relief as Anne slid into Nol's arms again. Then she gasped. Hilda Faber was standing in the door. She was staring wide-eyed.

"Arnold!"

Anne stiffened and would have

FAIR ENOUGH! —by C. A. Voight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PEGGY, YOU IMPUDENT RASCAL, YOU KNOW I CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT EM!
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KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EH? SAY, IT'S GOOD!
YES? WELL, JUST EAT IT EVERY MORNING AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER— AND YOU'LL BE "JOINING THE REGULARS" IN NO TIME
LATER—
GOSH! TWO NEW HATS AND THREE NEW DRESSES—YOU SURE ARE A "REGULAR" DAD!
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drawn back, but Nol held her firmly. "We're engaged again, mother," he said cheerfully.

"We're going to be married tomorrow," Anne added.

"What's the matter with this afternoon?" Lucy chirped. "We'll have a minister right in the house."

The agate look was back in Hilda's eyes, canceling the fixed smile on her lips.

"How very nice!" she murmured. "But this afternoon is quite out of the question, mother. This is your day! We can discuss the children's plans tomorrow."

Time was Hilda's game. Even their marriage wouldn't defeat her. There was divorce. Hilda's voice poured on:

"I hope you haven't overtired yourself, mother, listening to the children's little woes. Travis and Julia are so emotional, and Nol, here, is getting quite difficult. You're courageous, Anne, to encourage him . . . his attentions, of course, I mean." Her laugh of amused indulgence fell flat. "The minister is here now, mother, and the music is ready."

CAREFULLY Lucy took from their box the yellow violets father had sent her. As she fastened them at her waist she watched the other three in the mirror. Hilda was pale under her careful make-up, rigid in her expensive girdle. Anne, applying lipstick in jerky motions, was fighting fear. Only Nol looked happy and confident, not knowing, Lucy reflected, what went on under his nose.

But Hilda wasn't through—not by a bucketful. Before Travis could leave or Ted could arrive or Nol and Anne find peace, she'd have her way, unless some one stopped her—stopped her for good and all.

Stopped her . . . stopped her . . . Lucy kept repeating as she worked off the thick gold band she'd worn for fifty years. That required time. As she finally transferred it to her right hand she was smiling.

Slowly Lucy turned from the mirror, correct, adequate, and brave as any well dressed lady of 1889. She looked at her daughter-in-law.

"I've been thinking of what you said, Hilda," she began softly, "about this being my day. It must have gone to my head and got me to meddling with the children's affairs. After all, who am I, to influence them?"

Anne and Nol, hand in hand, stared. Lucy continued: "You do things so splendidly, Hilda—this wedding, for example."

"But you wanted this ceremony, mother," Hilda faltered. "It was your idea—and father's too."

"Oh, yes indeed. We wanted it, but it didn't look right to stress it, not with the stories you've told about the circuit rider and the dress I wore and all the rest. Of course there were no county records then—only what folks themselves put in the family Bible. The few who were our neighbors then are long gone."

"Mother, what are you saying?" Hilda demanded.

"It was a fine story," Lucy continued, "but you did ask why I hadn't even a piece of my wedding dress left. The family-tree woman you brought around last year was puzzled when she couldn't find a record of the circuit rider Billings." Lucy's voice dropped to a whisper: "Hilda, you got the right to know. There never was any wedding dress. There never was . . ."

"Mother!"

"'Twasn't at all unusual down here," Lucy went on brightly, "for young folks to get started ahead of the preacher. He'd only come once in six months or a year. By the time we got a preacher, it was kind of embarrassing to stand up with a man, and your family half grown."

Hilda Faber gave a series of whimpering gasps. Lucy was glowing. "Don't take it so hard, Hilda. No one'll ever know. Of course Anne wouldn't print it, now she's going to be in the family . . . that is, she will be if she don't mind what she's just heard."

Before Anne could answer, Hilda caught her hand. "But you wouldn't do that, Anne. You wouldn't publish this thing!"

"It's a great story," Anne said slowly. "Of course, there are my children—if any—to consider."

"But your children will be protected. This ceremony today . . . or does it?"

Arnold Faber the elder opened the door. "They're ready, Lucy."

"So am I, father." Then, to grinning young Arnold Faber: "Better take your mother, Nol. She looks a bit peaked."

NOL led her away, with a backward grin to his grandmother. Anne stopped for a quick kiss on Lucy's pink cheek before she followed them. Lucy straightened her husband's tie, took a thread from the lapel of his Prince Albert.

"You look very fine, father," she said gently.

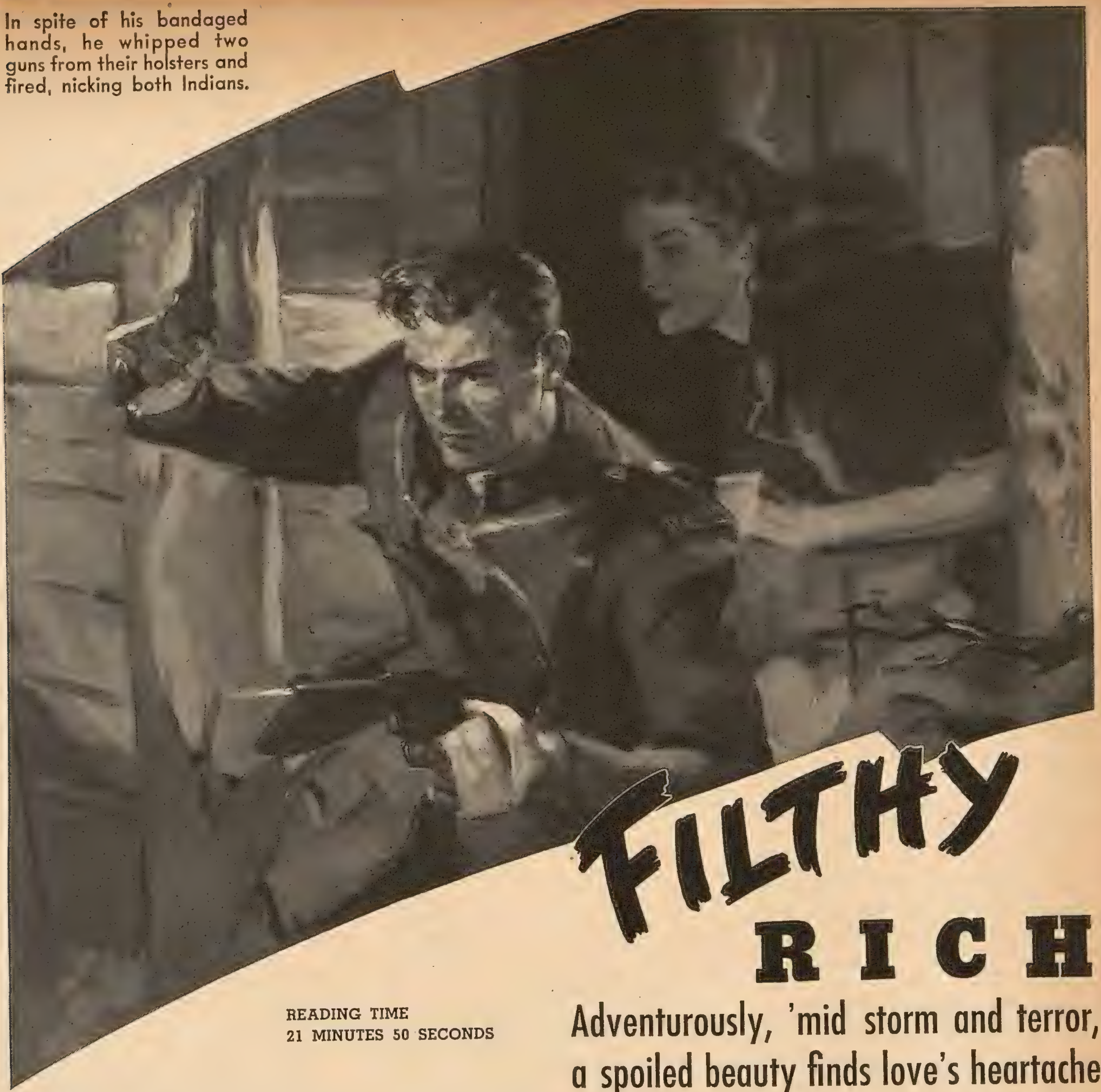
"And you're prettier than you were fifty years ago," he beamed, drawing her hand through his arm.

At the turn of the wide staircase they saw the bell of golden flowers in the lower hall, the minister waiting, Rose Faber standing beside the electric organ at which Travis played, the crowd of friends and neighbors and relatives. Travis struck the opening chords of the Wedding March from Lohengrin. The orchestra swelled the strains to a full chorus. The babel of voices ceased instantly and all eyes turned to the stairs. Arnold squared his shoulders and laid his thin fingers —a bit cold—over Lucy's warm, steady hand.

"See that you don't go promising too soon," he murmured, "like you did the first time."

"Keep recollections like that to yourself, Arnold Faber," she whispered fiercely from the corner of her smiling lips. Then, still smiling, her head high, she came, on the arm of her husband, to the altar.

THE END



In spite of his bandaged hands, he whipped two guns from their holsters and fired, nicking both Indians.

FILTHY RICH

READING TIME
21 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Adventurously, 'mid storm and terror, a spoiled beauty finds love's heartache

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER

WHEN the beautiful Mimi Jamieson, rich, spoiled debutante, is kidnaped by Jim Wayne, a young Canadian aviator and her father's old friend, she is at first incensed. In his plane, on the way to his cabin on Lone Island in the North Woods, Jim tells her he has not taken her for love or money, but because, for the sake of old Rob, her father, he wants to teach her something of the realities of life. Jim hopes that, in her exile from society, Mimi will wake up to the fact that her existence is shallow and that Count Otto von Ungemach, her fiancé, is a smooth fortune hunter.

Then the unexpected happens. Mimi falls in love with Jim. She has a rival in Laura Hill, a nurse known as the White Squaw, but she feels sure that, given a chance, she can win.

Count Otto, who is in charge of a ring of saboteurs who set forest fires in the Canadian woods and sell the deadly liquor, blind tiger, to the Indians, flies North and stops at Lone Island while Mimi and Jim are away exploring a supposed gold mine. He punches a hole in the gas tank of Jim's plane, then, seeing the smoke of forest fires to the south, he leaves.

Mimi and Jim come back and Jim immediately starts out in his plane to help fight the fire. The Indians are all at a Treaty Party, and only Nishima, an old witchwoman, remains on the island. Nishima believes Mimi is an evil spirit and is about to burn her when Otto returns and rescues her.

Soon after, Jim is brought home in a canoe by some Indians and an officer of the Canadian Mounted Police. His plane has crashed. Mimi is terrified and helpless, but Nishima takes charge and operates on Jim's knee, which has been broken at the kneecap. He is in great pain and alternates between consciousness and unconsciousness all night. If he doesn't have a doctor he may die.

In the morning Otto flies for help. As he leaves, there is a rumble of thunder, heralding a storm.

PART EIGHT—MIMI MAKES A PROMISE

THE storm was magnificent—and a salvation to the blazing forest. But it was also terrifying. Mimi watched the smooth gray lake turn to a lashing, hissing black-and-white maelstrom. The whole island seemed to shudder under the deluge and tremble in the wind. The air was suffocating, for the wind was from the north and therefore laden with waves of hot choking steam from the now damply smoldering woodlands.

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In the cabin it was so dark that a lantern had to be lighted. The supply of candles was nearly exhausted. And in the orange glow of the lamp Jim's drawn face looked unnatural and frightening. His eyes, in the rare moments when open, were too bright, too piercing. He seemed too weak to speak.

After Nishima had given him an early-morning drink of strong sweet tea, she prepared a large poultice of bark and moss and native-known herbs. This she applied to his knee. And he, with a stifled cry, a convulsive shudder of sheer torture, promptly lost consciousness.

Mimi cried to the Mountie, "She's killing him! Oh, make her leave him alone! A doctor will come soon. Otto's a marvelous flyer; he'll get through this storm."

Nishima understood little English; but she sensed the criticism in Mimi's exclamation. She turned and frowned fiercely, accusingly, at her.

"Please don't offend her," the officer warned Mimi. "She's Jim's best bet right now. She knows what she's doing. The leg's infected and she's drawing off the poison. We haven't any antitetanus; and there's no knowing when the plane will come, in this storm. So we must leave it to her; and we can, because she's good!" He said this with simulation of great heartiness; but he doubted even as he spoke. His face was lined with the strain of his night vigil, also with sympathy for Jim. Exhaustion was stealing over him, and his burned hands ached like the fires of Gehenna.

NISHIMA was the only one in the cabin who was unperturbed, weariless, impassive. Her old bones under her ragbag of bright clothing unprotestingly obeyed her will; her splendid gnarled brown hands were unfaltering in their tasks. She made fresh tea poultices, applied them to Jim's palms. Then she asked for more light. But the officer had to explain to her that the oil supply was low and that the candles were all gone.

Mimi understood, from the interchange of gestures, what the matter was. And again that devastating feeling of guilt and self-condemnation swept over her. Hadn't it been she who had so wantonly wasted the candle supply? She had decorated the room like a birthday party with them only last evening, and at the same time she had drunk the brandy that would now have made Jim's agony so much more bearable for him! Oh, she was no good! Careless, ignorant, wasteful! And she knew that Nishima was also thinking the same things, for the old one tossed her a scornful, withering glance.

Meanwhile the storm was increasing. Thunder broke in long rolls that seemed to plunge down from the mountain and tear in breakneck reverberating progress along the lake shores. Lightning forked wickedly through the fog clouds that looped low over Lone Island.

Whether it was caused by the noise of the storm or by the heat of the fever mounting within him, Jim had become delirious. His hoarse broken whispers could be heard in the silences between thunderclaps. His words were incoherent, but they had to do with his early aviation days; with the truck he had driven—Elephantine I—to earn money for his first plane; with his flying his mother North to the shores of frozen Lake Abitibi and finding for her there the cairn of stones under which his explorer father lay. Mimi found his delirium terrifying, but it was perhaps preferable to his deathlike silences.

At the height of the storm, when thunder seemed to be pounding with mailed fists on the very roof of the cabin and when lightning was like the sheets of sparks from a trolley car rounding the Chicago Loop, the two drenched Indian men presented themselves in fear and trembling at the door. With cries and gestures they pleaded with Nishima.

The officer explained to Mimi that they were begging her to go with them to their temporary lodgings and make a lightning-stay-away spell there. This was especially necessary, they were assuring the witchwoman, because the gods had no doubt found out their deceit of the night before and were going to punish them!

Nishima, leaving instructions with the Mountie, threw a blanket over her head and reluctantly departed. Her last gesture as she went out the door was to motion Mimi to stay away from Jim.

But as soon as the Indian procession had disappeared into the rain-lashed woods, Mimi turned to the officer. "You need rest," she said. "I've never seen any one look tireder than you! Please go to the lean-to and catch a nap. I promise I'll watch Jim as carefully as the best trained nurse in the world, and if I see any change—even a slight one—I'll call you."

The Mountie looked down into her dark, unhappy, eager eyes. And because he was not unperceptive, even though he was young, he granted her what she so earnestly wished—the chance to be alone with Jim, to feel that she alone was taking care of him.

So the young officer tiptoed to the lean-to, gently closed its door. And Mimi was left alone—with Jim? No, with herself; with fear, remorse, and pitiless self-searching. She was alone because Jim wasn't there—not the Jim she knew. There was only a strange man lying on that bunk, with his leg bound stiffly and resting on a pile of blankets. A man whose fair hair was damp on his forehead, and whose tongue was fever-loosened in his mouth.

Suddenly a bolt of lightning struck a tree near the cabin. It must have been very near, because Mimi could hear the splintering crash as it fell, and she thought she felt the cabin shake under its impact.

The noise seemed to startle Jim momentarily from his muttering sleepy coma. He opened his eyes. "Mimi?" he said clearly. He tried to smile. "Still here? I—let you in for a—helluva lot more—than I bargained—" He lost consciousness.

Mimi rushed to imitate Nishima. She prepared fresh hot poultices. In doing so she spilled water on the oil-stove wick, thus extinguishing the feeble flame; also she managed to burn her hand. Cursing herself for an incompetent, she struggled on and managed to get the reviving little hot bags back against Jim's palms.

He stirred. Then, with his eyes still closed, he began to talk to her lucidly—or so she thought at first. He spoke of their trip up-river in Elephantine II to the supposed gold mine. He told her that he was sure gold was there, even though the only specimens the cave had had to offer were copper pyrites. He said that he had been doing a lot of thinking since that trip and that a memory had come to him—just a flash of something he had seen in earth and stone.

"Mimi!" he called loudly.

"Yes, Jim dear?" She took his hand. But he didn't open his eyes. She waited. He was still for several minutes, still with the breath-seeking silence of exhaustion.

THEN he spoke again—almost dreamily: "Mimi, I saw something in the soil where I buried that body. Yes, I should have dug there for the vein! But you mustn't keep a dead man waiting, must you, Mimi? And he was waiting, wasn't he?"

"Yes, dear. Shh!" Now she knew this was more delirium. His hand in hers was burning like fire. She should go call the officer. But she couldn't pull away from Jim's clutching fingers. And she felt that if she raised her voice it might startle him dangerously.

"Yes," Jim went on, "it's all clear to me now. Sleeping on it made it clear. My father used to say, 'Always sleep on a thing, Jim.' He's sleeping now, my father. And so is the dead man I buried. *That* one's sleeping on gold! Yes, under that dead man's bed lies the real vein, the mother lode—guarded by a dead man!"

Mimi was terrified now. His hand was crushing hers in its insane grasp. He had opened his eyes, wild, bright blue, glittering. And then he said something that froze her heart within her, stopped the breath in her throat.

"I'm through, Mimi," he said. "I'm all cracked up."

"No!" she cried. "No!"

"Shh! Children shouldn't interrupt grown-ups, my Mimi! . . . You *were* my Mimi once—you'll never know. . . . But now I'm interrupting myself. And *I'm* no child, even if I am a little tired." He lay still for a while, then began in a clear sane voice, "I want you to have the mine. After all, it's named for you. Mimi Mine, Mimi Mine!" He began to laugh softly. "I'll tell you a secret—or am I repeating myself? I once thought you would be mine! I dreamed it years ago, when I wasn't as tired as I am now—and when you were fresh and sweet

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and real! . . . But now I'm tired, and you are—changed."

He was so still that Mimi pulled Nishima's cooling tea poultices from his palms.

"That's it, Mimi," he said suddenly. "Hold my hand." Evidently he hadn't even known that she had been holding it for the last five minutes. "Hold both my hands, Mimi dear; it keeps the plane's nose on the horizon. . . . Always keep squared with your horizon, Mimi! But the trouble is—you haven't any horizon, have you? Poor little rich girl!" He sighed.

She watched him anxiously, then glanced toward the lean-to door. Why didn't the Mountie hear this wild chatter and come? What was holding Nishima so long?

"Get the map, Mimi," Jim said suddenly. "Get the map of the cave and hill. And promise me you'll record the strike — before three months."

"Yes, Jim. Oh, yes." He released her hand and she went to his parka, found the map in its pocket. "I have it, Jim."

He opened his eyes. "Promise to record it, Mimi. It's yours."

"I promise, Jim." Anything, anything to quiet him!

At that Jim began to laugh weakly, hoarsely.

"If you only knew how funny it is," he gasped—"me giving the smart, popular, season's top-flight deb a gold mine!"

Mimi, horrified, watched his eyes close, his lips turn gray. She stooped down beside him. "Jim! Jim darling!"

AT that moment Nishima appeared in the doorway. Mimi flung supplicating hands out to her. And for once the Indian sensed the girl's sincerity. She hastened across the floor, removed the poultice from Jim's knee, and raised his inert arms over his head. Then she gestured for hotter water.

But Mimi, tears of fright in her eyes, shook her head. The one burner of the oilstove that was still full of oil now had a wet wick, caused by Mimi's clumsiness! Mimi in desperation called the sleeping officer.

He came, dazed, half awake, apprehensive. After consulting swiftly with Nishima, he admitted to Mimi that Jim was in acute need of stimulant of some sort. "I'll go search the Indian cabins," he said. "There's just a slight chance—"

"No, I'll go," Mimi interrupted. "I can at least do that much without making a mess of it! I'm worse than no good here!"

White-faced, she ran out into the abating storm. The island looked tired, the day looked tired, even as Mimi and every one looked tired. The clouds broke apart to show a wan washed sky as Mimi squished her muddy way down the hill. But she didn't look at the sky; her weary eyes were on the wet path descending through the woods before her. Never in her life had she felt more inept, more helpless, worthless.

She reached the edge of the forest. Before and below her lay the clearing of the Indian encampment. And there a strange sight met her eyes. The two Indians were leaping and prancing on the boggy greensward. Were they dancing? No, not dancing—*fighting!* Their white teeth were not bared in laughter, as Mimi had at first supposed, but in battle ferocity. Their arms were not flinging and swooping in gestures of a native Lambeth Walk, but in lust to kill! When they saw her standing as though rooted on the slope above them they let out a savage whoop and headed for her.

Mimi wheeled swiftly. Stumbling over wet roots, slimy leaf mold, soggy pine needles, she managed to regain the cabin ahead of her pursuers. The officer met her in the doorway. "What now?"

MIMI, too breathless to explain, flung her arm toward the wood path. There the two Indians appeared, screaming with rage and battling with each other even as they crossed the clearing toward the cabin.

The officer understood their cries—"Kill, kill, we'll kill them all; you first! No, *you!*" Therefore swiftly, and in spite of his bandaged hands, he whipped two guns from their holsters and fired, nicking both Indians in the legs. They dropped. But in spite of their obvious pain they continued to claw and snarl at each other on the ground.

Nishima, meanwhile, had succeeded in getting strong tea and camphor into Jim—having made it in a small pot on the glowing fireplace embers. And he was now resting fairly comfortably, his breathing coming in slow even measure. Therefore she felt she could leave him long enough to look into the business of the suddenly blood-crazy Indians.

The Mountie covered them with his guns while the old witchwoman sallied forth to confront them, her numerous petticoats swirling, her bright head handkerchief fluttering in the noon breeze.

But the officer's solicitousness was unnecessary. Nishima feared neither man nor beast nor man-turned-beast. She stood over the writhing bleary-eyed fighters and berated them like an angry schoolteacher. She made them stick out their tongues; she smelled their breaths.

"Blind tiger!" she snorted aloud. "Castor oil?" she asked of the officer. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "It probably not save them," she admitted. "The gods very angry with them. Too bad. The gods will now almost sure come for Chief Jim too."

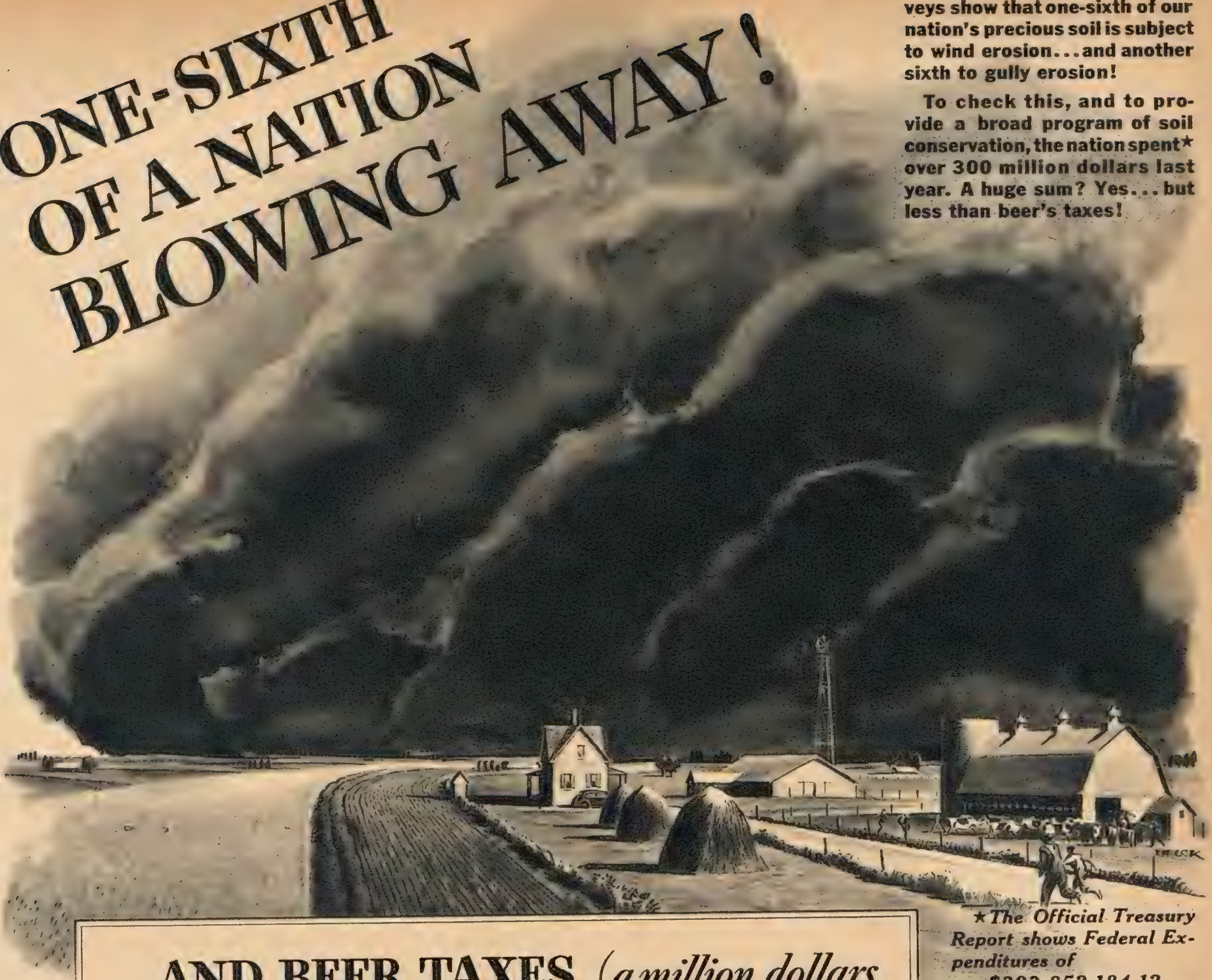
This speech the Mountie did not translate to Mimi. He merely called for her to bring castor oil, that Nishima might give it to the demented Indians. And he helped the witch drag the sufferers down to the native cabins, helped her dress their inconsequential wounds. All the while he kept think-

(*Continued on page 44*)

ONE-SIXTH OF A NATION BLOWING AWAY!

Incredible? Government surveys show that one-sixth of our nation's precious soil is subject to wind erosion... and another sixth to gully erosion!

To check this, and to provide a broad program of soil conservation, the nation spent★ over 300 million dollars last year. A huge sum? Yes... but less than beer's taxes!



...AND BEER TAXES *(a million dollars a day!)* COULD PAY FOR SAVING IT

★*The Official Treasury Report shows Federal Expenditures of*
$303,852,184.12
under Soil Conservation & Domestic Allotment Act for fiscal year 1938, plus
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spent through the Soil Conservation Service.

Over $400 million in taxes contributed yearly to the cost of government. And over 1 million new jobs made by beer. And a new hundred million dollar market for three million acres of farm crops.

And six years ago, nothing!

Six years ago, nothing. Today, beer's tremendous benefits help millions of human beings—farmers, workers, taxpayers.

Are beer's benefits here to stay?

It depends. It depends, brewers realize very well, on keeping the character of beer retailing as wholesome as that of beer itself.

By and large, beer retailing is in the hands of responsible, respectable citizens who know their obligation to other families as well as to their own. As to the brewers themselves:

They know, selfishly, if for no other reason, that it is to *their own* interests to be first to help correct any conditions that offend anyone, beer consumer or not.

The campaign begins

Brewers, of course, cannot enforce laws. But, beginning in certain typically American test communities, they have been working out a program to "clean up or close up" offending retail outlets—in conjunction with local law-enforcement authorities. The plan is one of strict local self-regulation. We believe it holds great promise.

We plan to extend it gradually, yet widely; a few states this year, a few more states next year, as our facilities permit.

We'd like you to know more about it.

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Above, *herringbone WIKIES, finest wool, $3.95. Other Gantner trunks for men & boys, $1.95 to $5 at better shops everywhere. Write for style book.*

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. L
San Francisco 1410 Broadway, New York

Left, de luxe WIKIES, simulating an unusual hand-knit Alpine rib. Zephyr wool .. Lastex top. $5

Right, satin Lastex GOB WIKIES. Light, quick-drying! (Worn by Thomas Beck, film star.) $3.95

(Continued from page 42) ing, Blind tiger? Blind tiger on this island? How? Where?

Nishima's conversation with him on the way back up the hill was enlightening. Or at least it would have been had he been able to believe it. For she told him how she had seen the strange birdman hurry from the cabin before ever she had entered to nurse Chief Jim. She had watched this dark birdman come out and run down to his *kanghaktoyuk* and throw something — two somethings that splashed — into the black water. Couldn't those two somethings have been bottles of blind tiger? Hadn't the Indians confessed to finding them floating in a tangle of half-burned debris that had drifted in on the side of the island where the stranger's *kanghaktoyuk* had been anchored? Didn't that explain? And wasn't the unknown birdman a friend of the Fire girl—who was certainly bad luck even if possibly she was not downright evil?

The harassed officer admitted that all these things sounded plausible—all save any slightest suggestion that Mimi was in any way guiltily involved.

"She may not be very helpful," he conceded. "But she wants to be. This is all new to her; she comes from another world, Nishima. She's young—"

"And beautiful!" Nishima grunted, eying him slyly. "The gods make all young witches beautiful to lead man into evil paths; and they make all old ones ugly like me to frighten them back to virtue."

He smiled in spite of himself. "Yes, she is beautiful, old wise one! But you are following the wrong trap line. That girl loves Chief Jim! She has no interest in any one else."

"What about the stranger?"

The Mountie's eyes took on the glint of steel. "The stranger will have to fight his own battle when he returns." And to himself he commented, "If there's any truth in what Nishima suspects, if Count Otto did throw those bottles from the plane—if he should prove to be an important link—"

He scanned the sky almost as eagerly as Mimi was now scanning it from the cabin doorway.

DURING the twenty-four hours in which Mimi grew up, her family disported themselves as usual. And each one in his or her way tossed a thought to the absent madcap.

At just about the time when Nishima was performing her operation on Jim's knee and Mimi was watching in cold terror from the lean-to doorway, Mimi's oldest sister Clara was undulating her curves to the erotic strains of the tango-rumba Hawaiian band in the famous Pump Room of Chicago's Ambassador East. The arms guiding her belonged to a Swedish baron; his voice in her ear was thickly tender. As Clara listened to his amorous words and idly contemplated the glitter of the diamond bracelet that her first husband had given her she suddenly thought of Mimi. There'll be two titles in the family! I wonder which one precedes which? Countess Mimi or Baroness Clara?

At the same time Mimi's second sister Jeannie was sitting breast-deep in a bathtub full of perfumed water and Epsom salts. She was writing on a convenient tray that bridged the tub. The tray held a highball as well as writing materials. "*Mon Cœur,*" she scribbled. "I'll come to you in Paris as quickly as I can. But my divorce was only a *fait accompli* last week; and, besides, you know what a rush the end of the season is here and how busy I have to be!" (The truth was that Jeannie had sworn she wouldn't go to Paris and leap into the arms of her slender legation attaché until she had lost at least fifteen pounds! As she had told Mimi, "I'd hate to knock him down with my first wild embrace, wouldn't I?")

Jeannie thought of Mimi now as she wetly leaned across her writing tray and turned on more hot water. I envy Mimi; she's the type that'll always stay thin! And she thought further, I bet I'll be able to persuade Mimi to go to Paris with me when she gets back from this dumb visit. She'll be sick enough of Toronto the Good to want some plenty high jiving.

Mimi's mother, at about that time of the evening, was leaning her head back against one of the splendid black-marble columns in the Drake and philosophizing tritely, "How weary we all are at the end of the season! I sometimes think that my husband—for all his quaint notions—has the right idea. If every one could just slip away and commune with nature for a while! That's what dear Mimi is doing. She has her plane and takes little jaunts quietly from her aunts' place up on Lake Ontario."

"It doesn't sound like Mimi," one gentleman in the party demurred.

"It doesn't, does it?" Mrs. Jamieson brightly agreed. "But I think this may be a sign that Mimi is changing—growing up."

MIMI'S brother that evening was in Tia Juana, having flown there with a young person who had not met—and never would meet—his family. Rob, Jr.'s life was too involved with things he was trying to hide to give any time at all to another's problems. He did, however, happen to fling an idle thought in his youngest sister's direction: Wonder what Mimi is up to?

And out of the whole family only old Rob and young Sally—the sister next to Mimi—worried. Old Rob, pacing his old-fashioned den—which he had insisted on retaining in the face of all protests from wife, daughters, interior decorators—was perturbed. "Of course Mimi wouldn't think to send any word," he told himself, sipping his papaya juice that the doctors had prescribed, "but it isn't like Jim to keep still this long."

And Sally, herding her crowd in its

nightly trip to her special table in the hot spot where her adored orchestra leader played, thought suddenly, Wish Mimi were here! Wish she were ambling out into that spotlight right now to sing us something warm and smooth—the way she's sometimes done for my Tony. Wish I knew where she is tonight. I bet Otto's with her; and I don't like him!

"Why the down-beat expression, Sally?" one of her entourage chided.

But Sally didn't answer because her Tony had waved his baton at her and her face had broken into smiles as bright and effortless as ripples in a champagne glass. Mimi can take care of herself, Sally thought, when her brain stopped swinging. Yes, Mimi can take care of herself; and, as soon as I'm free, Tony's going to take care of me!

BUT Mimi wasn't taking care of herself very well. Not that night, nor the next morning, nor next afternoon—when Otto still didn't come. And when twilight fell and still no Otto had appeared in his slim sure amphibian, Mimi wondered if he had been grounded in the storm.

The Mountie, on the other hand, wondered if perhaps this Teutonic count's plane hadn't flown far away, never to return—and for reasons more dangerous than mere storm.

He kept his suspicions to himself, however. The few questions that he had asked lightly, noncommittally of Mimi had brought forth from her such spontaneously innocent answers, that he was positive she knew nothing sinister about her foreign admirer. Besides, Mimi was suffering so heartbreakingly because of Jim that the understanding young police officer couldn't bear to add uselessly to her burden of worry.

No, Mimi wasn't taking care of herself very well. Yet at times she felt strangely that she—or at least Jim, and he was the one who mattered—was being taken care of! She felt it after she had been firmly banished by Nishima to the lean-to—Nishima, who showed her by hissing Indian gibberish at her that she was the worst nurse in the world!

Mimi knew that she was little help, but she knew that she loved Jim. And she knew that her prayers for Jim were calling successfully on a Help that was bigger and kinder and wiser than any that she or any other human being could give. "Help him to get well," she prayed constantly. "Help him to get well, and don't let him be crippled!"

Her new-found ability to pray warmed her, brought a sense of peace into the sloping dark lean-to, almost banished the thoughts of self-condemnation, the taunts that any other girl in her place—Laura Hill, for instance—would have been so much more efficient.

It was unfortunate that the image of Laura, the White Squaw, should have been the last to flit across the screen of Mimi's mind before she went to sleep. For she immediately dropped into a troubled dream of turmoil and frustration. In it Laura, in a white fur wedding dress and caribou-skin mittens that resembled old Nishima's tea poultices, was hammering hairpins into Jim's knee and telling Mimi to get out of the room and stop bothering them!

Mimi's dream was mildly prophetic. At least any one who seeks forecasts in dreams could have termed it so. For the next morning, while Mimi was clumsily stirring some gruel that Nishima had made, a plane was heard flying low, circling, taxiing on water.

Mimi ran to the door, close on the heels of the Mountie. "He made it!" she cried. "He made it!" She would have rushed along after the officer if Nishima hadn't seized her elbow and shoved her back in the direction of the oilstove and bubbling gruel.

Thus Mimi had no inkling of who the newcomers were until they appeared in the doorway—the doctor whom she had met at the Treaty Party, another Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer, and Laura Hill.

"Thank God!" the young Mountie who had been through the ordeal in the cabin was saying as he ushered the little party in through the door. "And White Squaw too! Now everything stands a chance of working out all right!"

"Jumbo here is so strong he reminds me of some people's breath. Keep *your* breath tame—with PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!"

"Folks are really 'going overboard' for the new BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS!—Have *you* tried them?"

"How's this for a poem inspired by BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS?
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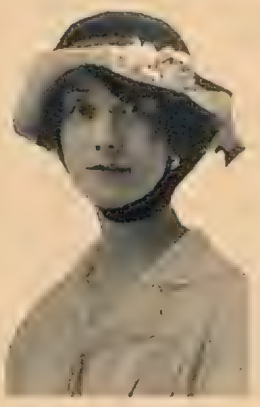
Mimi turned to welcome them. She too felt grateful—but slapped down in the presence of the efficient nurse. Also she felt puzzled and suddenly lost without Otto. All these others were allies; she was an outsider. Otto would have been on her side, would have made her feel that she was still a person.

"Where is Count von Ungemach?" she asked.

The new officer eyed her coldly, raised his eyebrows. Then his crisp words struck her—almost as stingingly as slaps on the face: "He was unavoidably detained! Perhaps this note—which we allowed him to write you—will explain!"

Another blow for Mimi! Will Laura Hill, calm and competent, come between the beautiful society girl and Jim? Read in the coming installment of the grim silent battle waged between these two women in love with the same man. Who wins? Find out in next week's Liberty.

20 QUESTIONS



1—This week's early photo is of an actress who is half of a famous team. Who is she?

2—What fish could, by means of suitable apparatus, light lamps?

3—What breed of dog plays the title role in the movie version of The Hound of the Baskervilles?

4—When was silver, because of its rarity, considered more precious than gold?

5—What Canadian natural resource has lowered the world price of radium?

6—Whose name gave the language the word that means branded or stray cattle, owners unknown?

7—Which is farther west, Reno, Nevada, or Los Angeles, California?

8—Who holds the transcontinental airspeed record?

9—What were the First and Second Reichs?

10—Is pewter a metal?

11—What is the only country whose currency has not gone off the gold standard since 1929?

12—Do people in all parts of the world see a full moon on the same date?

13—When was the first postal card sent through the United States mails?

14—Who first traversed the Northwest Passage?

15—What university upheld a tradition for leadership by producing the first goldfish swallower?

16—Who founded the first American democracy?

17—What is the nearest thing to a dragon in the modern world?

18—Who is the only woman golfer to be six times national champion?

19—How fast does lightning travel?

20—Who was the man who invented the revolver?

(Answers will be found on page 64)

The author at the microphone.

HOW TO Ear-Witness THE NEXT WAR

Battles on the air!—A vivid look at what the fantastic future may bring

BY H. V. KALTENBORN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I HAVE often heard it said that the next war will be won in the air. I agree. But the kind of warfare I have in mind is something quite different from the marshaling of planes to rain death from the skies.

It is a warfare that will be waged right in your living room. Its target will be your emotions, your intellect, and above all your nervous system. The bombardment will come from your radio loud-speaker.

From what we have already learned from the rehearsals of the coming world conflict, it is obvious that radio broadcasting will play a part in the next war no less important than the bloody struggle of armies on the battlefield or the obliteration of world capitals.

The usefulness of radio in keeping up the morale at home is self-evident. But more important still will be its role in putting the combatants' case before the world, especially before you, the American listener.

The winning of your sympathy and your support, along with the prospect of eventual enlistment of America's wealth and resources, if not her man power, on one side or the other, will be one of the principal objectives of either side in any European struggle.

Does this mean, then, that Americans will be able to sit at home and tune in the horrors of modern warfare as casually as they would dial their favorite comedian?

Technically, it is not impossible. Trans-Atlantic short-wave broadcasting has proved itself capable of highly efficient performance over a long period.

The man with the microphone can go anywhere. Under artillery fire, he can broadcast from the subterranean depths of the Maginot Line. He can soar with the bombers above a blasted town. He can ride the tanks across a shell-torn battlefield. He can even broadcast from a submarine far below the surface of the sea.

But quite aside from the standards which will naturally be imposed by the American broadcasters themselves to serve the "public interest, convenience, and necessity," the point to be remembered above all is that there will be no journalistic no man's land. In Europe all the important broadcasting systems are state-owned or state-controlled, and since American broadcasters must rely on their facilities, we shall be permitted to hear only what the belligerents want us to hear.

Thus we may be allowed to listen to the grateful cries of a "liberated" people as their conquerors enter on triumphal march. But defeats and tactical losses will be as rigidly suppressed on the air as in the news dispatches. Only in the rare event of a battle occurring in close proximity to a neutral country having a short-wave transmitter powerful enough to transmit direct to the United States would such a broadcast be likely to take place.

It has fallen to my lot to broadcast the only battle scene ever "ear-witnessed" by an American audience, and it was made under exactly such circumstances.

I was at Hendaye, France, during the early stages of the Spanish war. The Loyalist and Rebel lines were so drawn up that there was a long spit of neutral French territory between them.

Through my telephone equipment at Hendaye I established contact with the Paris circuit. Then, with headphones fastened over my ears so that I could get my cue, and with a microphone strapped to my chest, I ran out between the lines to the shelter of a haystack. As I ran I uncoiled behind me the cables which were my contact with the Paris-London circuit.

I waited in that haystack for over eight hours before I got a clear circuit through Paris to London, and from London to the trans-Atlantic transmitter at Rugby, England. Finally my cue came through and I went ahead with my commentary—with realistic sound effects. Friends at home told me afterward that they could hear with terrifying clarity above the sound of my voice the thunder of artillery and the rattle of machine-gun fire.

Whether the European conflict breaks out in actual warfare or continues as merely an aggravation of the present conflict of propaganda and economic strife, the American public has come to expect of the broadcasters complete and instantaneous coverage of all important developments. To meet that challenge, the broadcasters have had to face and will continue to face almost insurmountable obstacles.

There is, for example, the technical problem of facilities. Programs must be relayed by land line to the powerful transmitters in western Europe for short-wave transmission across the Atlantic.

All land lines in eastern and southeastern Europe must pass through Berlin, where broadcasts could be cut off.

Should war break out today in southeastern Europe, the problem would be acute, since, outside of Prague, now under German control, there are no transmitters capable of regularly relaying programs directly to this country—not even in Russia, whose powerful short-wave station at Moscow has peculiar blind spots.

However, the same situation was faced in Czechoslovakia before the September crisis. All land lines from Prague went through Berlin. But the Czechs, at the urging of American officials, constructed in a month the powerful station which transmitted directly to American chains so many stirring broadcasts. No doubt similar steps would be taken immediately on the outbreak of hostilities by countries in southeastern Europe.

Another technical complication is that of maintaining

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emergency contact between the networks' home offices and their foreign correspondents. In times of international tension ordinary means of telephonic and cable communication are hopelessly clogged or cut off entirely. During the Czech crisis, William Shirer, Columbia's Central European correspondent, often talked into a microphone without knowing whether a word of what he was saying was going beyond the walls of the studio.

Edward Murrow, head of Columbia's European bureau, tells me that, for hours before any crisis breaks in a European capital, telephone lines are monopolized by diplomatic attachés. Communication is possible only by the most circuitous routes. These, however, are problems that can only be solved on the spot by ingenuity.

And of course, since there is no no man's land in the news, radio must keep up friendly relations with both sides of the warring factions. In Europe they must work with men whose chief desire is to disseminate propaganda, while the desire of the American broadcasters at home is to broadcast only the facts. Impartiality has been maintained in the past, and with it American radio's reputation for open-mindedness and fair play.

THIS brings us to the whole question of censorship, which will loom large in the coming conflict. Naturally, the belligerents will exercise rigid control, not only over possible broadcasts from the scene of action, but also over all commentaries and news dispatches from abroad. How then can radio hope even to approximate a fair picture of what will be happening in the event of war?

A technique has already been worked out to overcome that difficulty. It began as a result of the Vienna crisis last spring.

When Hitler marched into Vienna, Edward Murrow was dispatched to the scene by the Columbia Broadcasting System. But it soon became apparent that only the most restricted account of events would be allowed to go out. Paul White, Columbia's director of public affairs, then hit upon the idea of applying the multiple-point pick-up, which had often been used in domestic broadcasting.

Within the space of a single program listeners were taken in quick succession to Vienna, Berlin, London, Paris, and Washington. Thus they were given all sides of the question and enabled to form for themselves a clear picture of what was happening. This technique was used again extensively during the Czech crisis, and will prove invaluable in the event of a European war.

There are other means of evading censorship. The inflections and tone of the human voice can convey meanings and implications not apparent in the script when it is blue-penciled by foreign office censors.

The problem of the news analyst now is to keep the listener's understanding of events abreast of the news as this is so swiftly reported. This problem will become particularly acute when we are being flooded with propaganda from a Europe at war.

We had a taste of European propaganda tactics during the Czech crisis. At that time it was my function to interpret events as they were reported, drawing upon my knowledge of European affairs and my long experience on the lecture platform to speak extemporaneously on foreign affairs from a few hastily scribbled notes, or from news bulletins as they were placed on my desk while I sat before the microphone.

Whatever attempts the European belligerents may make to impose censorship on broadcasts to America, we may rest assured that neither side will entirely cut off their broadcasts to this country. The American listener, with his part in formulating world public opinion, will be far too important a factor in the struggle.

European nations realize the importance of radio not only as an instrument of propaganda within the nation but on other peoples. They have already taken the most extensive precautions to prevent their radio isolation from the outside world.

In the event of war, voices will go out on the air from—no one knows where. Bombproof studios have already been constructed underground. Transmitter antennae will be camouflaged. Emergency stations will be set up far from the vulnerable capitals. Even independent power systems have been provided so that radio can continue to operate in the face of a general power failure.

The American listener will have a front-line seat at the next war. And his reaction to events as he hears them interpreted through his loud-speaker will have a powerful effect in determining the course of history.

GIVEN as a basis for his decisions a more immediate and fuller knowledge of world affairs than has been afforded to any people, he may well have cause to be thankful that he possesses the only free radio system left in the world. Just how rare a privilege this is he may better realize in knowing that American news broadcasts are picked up and reported systematically by European governments, and by the key men in every capital, as the quickest and most reliable source of news in their own and their neighbors' countries.

Every European capital has its own listening bureau which makes daily digests of American news broadcasts for distribution to high government officials. The open or secret political opposition does the same thing.

Whatever happens in Europe, the American listener may rest assured that he will be apprised of it as soon as it happens.

And now that the radio stage is all set for the next European war and the broadcasters are prepared for any emergency, they, along with the rest of us, hope that the next war is a long way off.

THE END

LULLABY

What happened here?—A strange tale of haunting memories . . and a song

BY ELITA WILSON

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

LOLA LIND went to the partly opened door of her dressing room and listened.

The stage prologue to the main feature picture was on. A girl was singing *Un bel dì, vedremo* from Madam Butterfly. *Un bel dì, vedremo . . .* " One fine day. . . ." There wasn't a note of it that Lola could not anticipate. One hand catching at her throat, she stood there waiting. Waiting for that part in the aria where she knew she must slam the door, cover her ears —or go mad again, as she had twenty years ago.

Then Lola had stood, young and very beautiful, on the brink of an operatic career. She had fought her way, letting nothing stand in the line of her progress. Not privation, poor health, or the husband who had shamed and finally deserted her and their baby daughter.

When an offer came to tour Europe with a repertory company, for the first time there was a salary sufficient to permit a nurse to travel with her so that little Christine and she need not be separated. Happiness at last, the reward for her hard work and sacrifice. It was in Stockholm that the thing had happened.

Chi sarà? . . . chi sarà? . . . Lola quickly shut the door. Dear God, would she ever forget it?

They were giving Madam Butterfly. The old auditorium was packed. For this one night she had consented to let her own little girl play the part of the unfortunate Cho-Cho-San's love baby, because the company manager had vainly searched the city for a child actress small enough.

But Chrissy was never brought on to the stage, because in the beginning of the second act, as Lola was reaching for the high climactic note in *Un bel dì, vedremo,* some one in the audience screamed, "*Elds vada!*" The music faltered, stopped. Then some one on the stage shouted, " Fire! . . . The theater's on fire! " Swift panic followed.

Chrissy! That was Lola's first thought. Chrissy in the dressing room with her nurse.

She fought her way through the frightened singers, climbing over fallen scenery. A wall of flame between her and the dressing rooms! She tried to go through. She woke, swathed in bandages, in a hospital room. Chrissy was gone. Not even her tiny bones were found in the ruins. And with her had gone Lola's voice. Just as gone as though her vocal cords had been cut. " Psychosis " they called it.

She returned to America. She didn't want to live, but she had to. Then an agent sent her to see " the Great Mackaye," a mind reader who had once been a fake medium. Now he wanted a woman assistant. Lola got the job.

For twelve years the Great Mackaye and Lola had been touring motion-picture houses. They were now at the Majestic. The act was a big hit, in its fifth week.

The girl on the stage had stopped singing. Lola uncovered her ears.

There was a knock at the door.

" Come in," she called out.

Mackaye stuck his head in. " Eddie's waiting for us. How long will you be? "

" Oh, not tonight, Mack! " Lola begged.

" But it's his birthday, Lola. We promised. He's got food waiting for us at his flat."

Eddie was such a sweet kid, a clarinet player in the orchestra. He and his father had opened up their home to Lola and Mack since they had been playing at the Majestic—and a bit of home life meant so much. Lola was very fond of the kindly ineffectual old man to whom fatherhood had come late in life. She knew how much he enjoyed these midnight snacks, when he could talk of the old days when he too was in the profession. He had managed Marguerite Haydon, a famous concert singer. Then he had married her. Now she was dead.

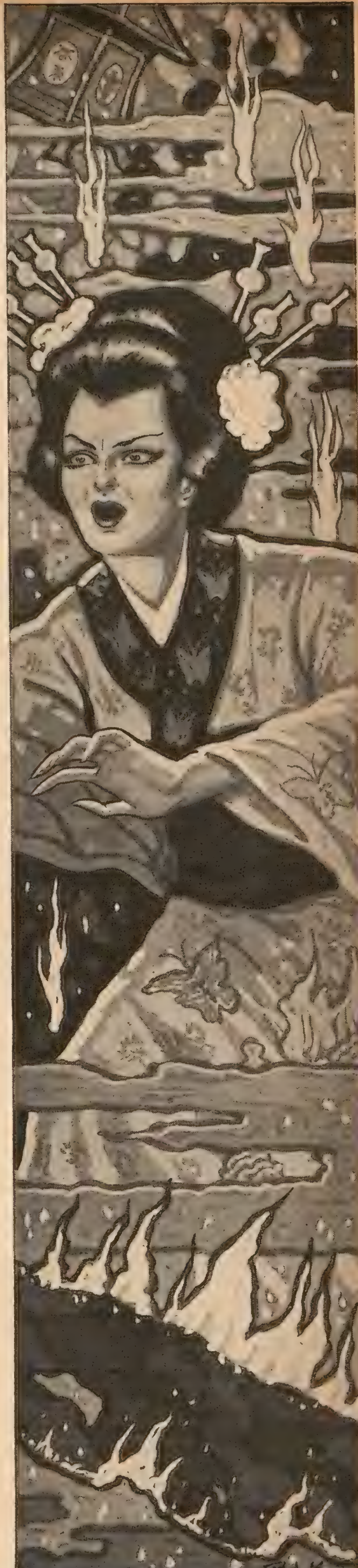
" All right, Mack," Lola sighed.

POP smiled when he saw Lola. He got up from his piano and took her hand. " It iss always so nice to haf you here, Lola," he nodded.

" And I always love coming, pop," Lola smiled back. " Please go on playing."

" Ach, I was only trying to remember something my wife used to sing. I wish you could haf heard her, Lola. Such a voice . . ." He went back to the piano. " Maybe you know this one? This was Marguerite's favorite —and mine."

Brahms' Lullaby—she had sung it



The music faltered, stopped. Then some one on the stage shouted, "The theater's on fire!" Swift panic followed.

to little Chrissy when she was a tiny baby. She fought to keep from crying out to the old man to stop. Twice in one night was too much to have a knife plunged into your heart!

Pop finished and turned round on the piano stool.

"You know that, I see."

Quickly Lola recovered herself. "Yes, pop; I used to sing it myself."

Mack, entering with a tray of beer, caught the last sentence. "Hey, Lola, I didn't know you could sing."

Lola laughed. "And you call yourself a mind reader! But I don't sing any more, Mack. I lost my voice."

Eddie came in with the sandwiches and coffee. "It's all here," he said. "Dig in, folks."

Pop looked about with a bewildered expression. "I don't feel so hungry tonight. I go to bed. Good night, Lola. Good night, Mack."

The three began to eat in silence. Then, at the sound of soft murmuring down the hall, Eddie got up quickly and slammed the door.

"I've got to do something about that," he declared. "Pop does that all the time these days. He talks to somebody who isn't there—my mother." Eddie lowered his voice. "Ever since mama died, almost fifteen years ago, pop's been going to a medium. Twice a week. He says mama 'comes through'—whatever that means; that she talks to him. He says he sees her, too. Of course I know this dame is a fake, and I tell him so. I wouldn't care if it did pop any good, but it doesn't. The séances excite him too much. He's had heart attacks after them. Now he's talking to himself. He'll end up in the booby hatch."

"Why are you so sure this medium is a fake, Eddie?" Mack put in.

"They all are. You should know that, Mack."

MACK held up his hand. "Wait a minute. I happen to know that there is such a thing as psychic power, Eddie. A force that we haven't as yet learned to harness and control. Not all mediums are fakes. Some of them are sincerely trying to contribute something to science, to delve into that unknown world for the truth."

"Sure!" Eddie exclaimed. "But meantime the fakes go on taking money from people like pop. It's making him balmy. I can't stand it!"

Leaning toward the others, he spoke very softly: "I've got an idea. Why can't you, Mack, stage a fake séance for pop? We can get some other people to come and let them know what we're doing so they'll play up. Lola, you can make up to look like mama. Then, when it's over, you can tell pop it was a fake and show him how it's done. That ought to cure him."

"I think it's downright cruel!" Lola cried.

Now Eddie turned quickly to Mack. "You see what I mean, don't you, Mack? I don't want to have to put pop away somewhere."

"That would be rotten," agreed Mack.

Lola sat there feeling sick in the heart of her as the two men plotted the fake séance. She had heard Marguerite Haydon sing at the height of her career. There was a strange bond between them. It was the Brahms Lullaby. How many times Lola had sung Chrissy to sleep with it! At first the big brown eyes would be wide open, smiling. At last the small body would wilt in Lola's arms, and she would then tiptoe over to the crib, lay the baby down carefully, kiss the moist forehead, and draw up the covers softly. Now Lola was reliving it all over again, hearing once more the sound of her own voice.

NINE people sat in a circle in the long narrow front parlor which Mack had borrowed from a medium friend for the evening. They talked in soft voices while they waited for Eddie to come from the theater. As Mack turned his glance on pop a sense of uncertainty swept through him. There was unnatural color in the old man's cheeks and a feverish look in his eyes.

Hidden behind the curtain that separated an alcove from the larger room was an assistant who would release the vapor and maneuver a dim spotlight when the "spirit" of Marguerite made her presence known. They had rehearsed it many times.

In a small dressing room at the rear, Lola was putting on her make-up with nervous fingers. On the table was a wig. On a hook hung one of Marguerite Haydon's dresses. Pop had never permitted any of her things to be disposed of. Spread out before Lola were pictures of the singer, and she referred to them frequently as she penciled in the tiny lines and put more shadow in certain places.

At a step behind her, she turned. It was Mack.

"Eddie will be here any minute. Say—you've done a great job with that make-up! Let's see."

"Oh, Mack, can't we call it off?" Lola begged. "I feel so mean about it!"

"So do I—sort of," he admitted. "But we can't let Eddie down—and he may have the right idea. There he is now."

Alone again, Lola sighed and returned to the make-up. Presently she was ready. She extinguished the light, which was Mack's signal. The lights in the other room went out too, and there was quiet as Mack began to speak.

"When I have gone into the silence," Mack said, "you may call on the spirits you want to come through and speak to us. Please be very still until then."

Eddie felt for his father's hand and gripped it tightly when he felt how cold it was. Then pop leaned over and whispered, "Mama will be here soon, Eddie . . . you wait and see. You mustn't get scared. If only I could just once touch her hand . . . just her hand!"

Mack had begun to moan softly. Presently his voice droned messages to various ones in the circle. Then Lola heard pop's excited, quavering voice asking to be put in contact with "mama."

"Marguerite Haydon . . . Marguerite Haydon . . . your husband wants to speak to you. Can you come here to us, Marguerite Haydon?"

That was her cue! Never in all of her concert and stage experience had Lola been so nervous. The small dancing circle of light that was supposed to be Marguerite Haydon's spirit was playing around the room.

"Mama!" she heard pop gasp. "It's mama, Eddie! She's coming to us."

Quietly Lola stepped into the room. She smelt the faint odor of released vapor—the ectoplasm that swayed slightly. Then the dim circle of light settled on her head, grew larger until it embraced her to the waist. She moved forward, counting the steps, as they had planned, so that she would be the most effective distance from pop. Then she began to speak in the voice Eddie had coached her in, just as Marguerite Haydon might have spoken to her husband after returning from a short concert engagement.

"How are you, papa? Are you happy? You must take care of yourself for me. I am always with you, and I am so happy! How is my boy?"

HE iss here, mama. Our Eddie iss here! Speak to him, mama. Eddie, it iss mama. Ask her to sing. Mama, sing our Lullaby?"

Neither Eddie nor Lola had anticipated this emergency. "Such a fine boy, our Eddie," Lola said, stalling desperately for time. "Such a beautiful baby he was. I remember how I used to sing for him—and you, papa."

Mack suddenly gripped the arms of his chair in the dark. Eddie drew in his breath sharply as the opening bars of Brahms' Lullaby filled the room. Faintly at first, and with some of the unearthly quality that Lola had put into her voice when speaking to the old man. Then it grew stronger, steadier. It was beautiful. Now Eddie cried out softly, in awe, "Mama . . . is it you? Mama . . ."

The song ended. Mack began to moan as before—the signal to the assistant that the séance was over. The light about Lola vanished and in the darkness she stumbled back into the dressing room. The voice of Mack's guide was mingling with his own and was presently lost as a deep sigh came from somewhere. Then Mack's own voice said quietly: "The lights, some one, please."

Lola shut the door, turned on the light, and stared at herself in the mirror. The make-up gave her pale face a strange gray cast—like death. She shivered and went to close the window, and as she did so a large white moth came from somewhere behind her, fluttered against her cheek, and flew out into the night. A moth in November!

Now she sank into the chair, shaken beyond belief and more than a little frightened. As if it were only yesterday, she was hearing again the words of the great Viennese throat specialist.

"My dear Miss Lind," he had said. "I can do nothing for you. I will not say that you can never sing again—nor can I promise that you ever will. Forces beyond science and human control may bring about the return of your voice. We know very little of such things. Under the stress of great emotion a faculty such as speech and hearing and even the use of limbs has been restored. Then again, your voice may suddenly return to you without any provocation. I hope for your sake, my dear, that one of these things happens, because you are young and have so much of your life still ahead of you. But I should tell you that your chances are about one in ten thousand."

Lola began to tremble violently. Fear took possession of her. She wanted to cry out, but a vise was gripping her throat and she threw her head back as if to shake it off. How could she *ever* go out there and face those people and tell a poor old man that the cause of his happiness had all been a shabby trick? But wait! Had it?

Mack knocked and rushed into the room. "My God, Lola!" he said. "Pop's dead! . . . Before we turned the lights on. Eddie says it was his heart. The excitement—and that song. Lola, why in hell did you do that?" He put his face in his hands. "If I'd only known! . . . How could we—how *could* we?"

Now Eddie was with them. His face was white and he was fighting to keep the tears back.

"Oh, Eddie!" was all that Lola could say. That moth that had brushed her cheek! It must have been just at the moment pop died.

YOU mustn't blame yourselves," Eddie was saying. "It was all my idea . . . all my fault. But—well, maybe this will sound strange—I think maybe it was all for the best. Pop wasn't happy. He was always wishing he could be with mama—and now he is. I know it. Pop's happy again."

Some one knocked at the door. "The doctor wants to see Eddie."

Eddie turned back. "Please, we've all got to look at it just like I said," he pleaded. Then he left, and Mack followed. Lola was alone with her remorse and her fear.

Fear? Fear of what? She dared not put it into words. Yet she had to know! Had the spirit of the dead Marguerite Haydon really come through tonight, using Lola's body, Lola's voice, as a channel? No one had been more amazed than she at the sound of her own voice. Had the miracle she had hoped and prayed for all the years happened? That one chance in ten thousand? Yes, *she had to know.*

Still clutching at the table, looking into a face that was hers and yet not hers, standing there—so—Lola Lind opened her mouth.

THE END

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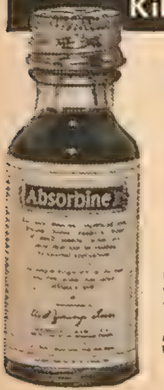

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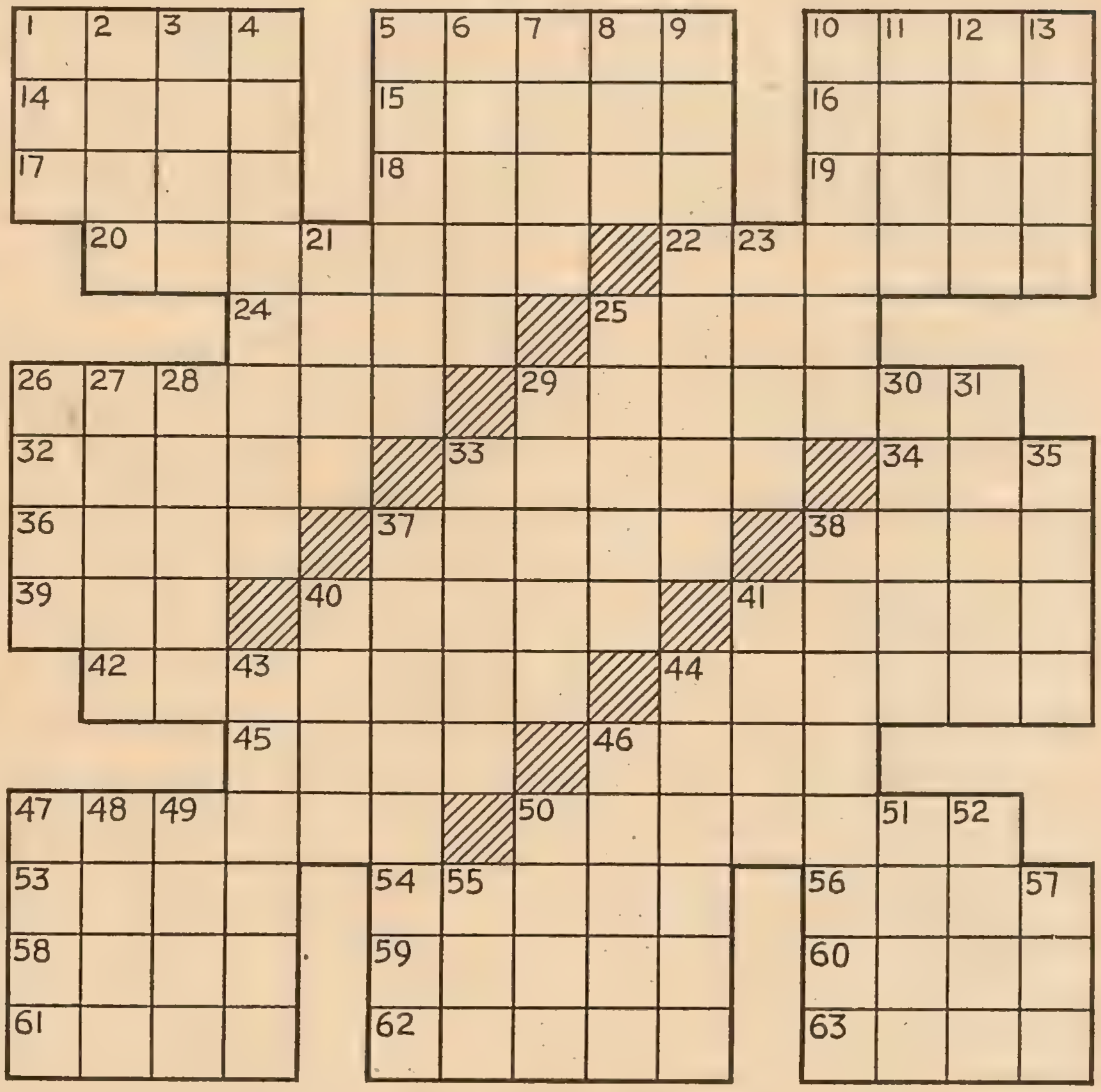
CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 A kind of nut
5 Arabian boat (pl.)
10 A plot of ground
14 Forty square rods
15 Weird
16 Every
17 Light
18 Encounters
19 An Italian coin
20 An architectural ornament (pl.)
22 A bird
24 Artifices
25 Leave out
26 An oleoresin (pl.)
29 Inclined
32 Page number
33 That by which anything is accomplished (pl.)
34 Printer's measure (pl.)
36 East Indian weight
37 Summoned
38 Levelheaded
39 Compass point
40 Minister to
41 To walk pompously
42 A guarantor
44 Separation of parts of a compound word by the intervention of one or more words
45 Periods of time
46 Avoid
47 Slumbering
50 Made a raucous noise
53 True
54 Pertaining to an area
56 Domestic animal (pl.)
58 Cavern
59 A class of society
60 To ruffle the temper of
61 Wheelless vehicle
62 To start
63 Let it stand (print.)

J	U	N	E	B	R	I	D	E	S		O	V	A	L
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R	E	S	T		T	E	L	E	V	I	S	I	O	N

Last week's answer

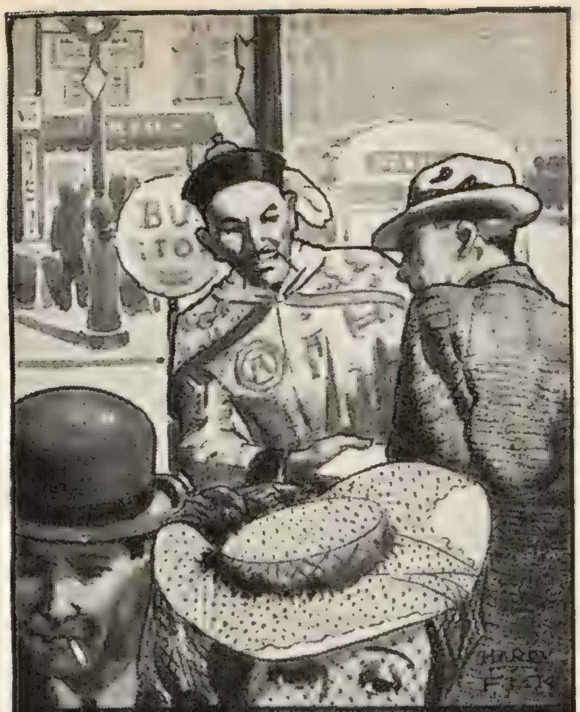
VERTICAL

1 A long-tailed ape
2 Egg-shaped
3 Knowledge
4 Debility caused by disease
5 Relinquishes office
6 Part of the foot (pl.)
7 Native metal (pl.)
8 Intellect
9 Pertaining to a nodular mass of bone or cartilage
10 A Basque game
11 Secular
12 Measure of area
13 Pronoun
21 Three, considered collectively
23 An East Indian musical instrument
25 Arrangement
26 Newts
27 Free
28 Woman's name
29 Small blue flag
30 Rents
31 Boredom
33 Anything very small (pl.)
35 Fixes beforehand
37 The upper shell of a turtle
38 Persons having powerful voices
40 Remedy
41 Soot, coal dust
43 Shut, as the eyes
44 German coin
46 A dark bluish-gray color
47 Portions of a curved line
48 Ratify
49 To wash
50 Largest
51 A way of departure
52 To erase (print.)
55 Sped
57 Snare

BROADCAST CORRECTION

Due to a last-minute change, Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, will be on the air at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, each Tuesday, instead of 9.55, as announced on the facing page. The broadcasts will be heard over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



CLEVER, THESE CHINEE

Liberty's Short Short

BY

LEO GLASSMAN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

HIGGINS had just rounded the corner when he bumped into that Chinaman. Before he realized what happened, the Chinaman had stuck an envelope in his hand and disappeared.

What struck Higgins was that the Chinaman was dressed in the traditional toga of his race. Even in Chinatown precious few descendants of the honorable Confucius dress that way today. And this was not Pell Street or Mott Street, but First Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, one of New York's swanky apartment areas.

Higgins hastily retraced his steps to get another glimpse of the strange Chinaman. But although not more than ten seconds had elapsed, the Oriental had vanished.

"New York, city of never ending surprises . . ." he mused. But the smile on his lips quickly died out as he glanced at the envelope. On the face of the envelope was a crudely drawn skull and crossbones under which was scribbled: *"Do not open until you are alone. Long life comes to him who knows how to take a hint."*

"What the . . .!" he exclaimed in amazement.

At that moment his bus pulled up and he stuffed the envelope in his pocket.

By the time he got out of the bus at Forty-second Street he had built up a whole theory about the mysterious envelope. He rushed up into his office, told his secretary not to disturb him, and sat down at his desk.

Putting his hand in his pocket, he discovered the envelope gone! Frantically he searched every one of his pockets. There was no trace of it.

Good Lord, what was he to do? Perhaps the contents of that letter were a matter of life and death!

For the next two hours he paced up and down the office until a cold sweat broke out on his face.

Ordinarily he was not a coward. But how could he ward off the danger that seemed to be menacing him if he didn't know exactly what it was and from whom it came?

Finally Higgins could bear the suspense no longer. He decided to take some action. He needed a vacation anyhow. His doctor had been urging him to take a month or two off. Well, then, he would go to Europe and remain away for a few weeks. Maybe his enemies would change their mind about getting rid of him. At any rate, if he quickly left the country incognito, he would be out of harm's way for a while. If his enemies meant business, they would have to reach him by writing to him. He would then have a chance to figure out what to do.

Within an hour he had his lawyer at the office.

"Listen, Johnson," he said. "I am leaving tonight for Europe, traveling incognito. I expect some very important communications which my secretary will turn over to you and you in turn will forward them to me under my assumed name. I shall cable you my address from Europe."

Higgins said all this in one breath, and he looked pretty nervous.

"Why, what's up?" Johnson asked.

"Somebody is out to bump me off," Higgins told him. "I suspect it's that tong gang. As you know, they control the import of Chinese art objects and they resent my being in the same business because I refuse to give them their pay-off. So I'd better make myself scarce for a while."

Johnson's eyes opened wide. "But how do you know they want to bump you off?"

Higgins told him about the strange Chinaman and the mysterious envelope.

Johnson agreed that it would be best to be out of reach of those Chinamen for a while.

Asking him to reserve a cabin for him on the liner and make all other arrangements for his departure, Higgins rushed home to pack his bags.

By nighttime he was practically a nervous wreck. Hot and cold chills ran down his back as he visualized those Chinamen plotting against his life. In the absence of an answer from him, they would surely strike soon.

Every noise scared him. He jumped every time some neighbor's phone rang. The shadows on the walls held a terror for his jangled nerves. He knew how swift and cruel could be the vengeance of those slant-eyed sinister Orientals. Suddenly, out of a closet or from behind a curtain, might come a gunshot or the flash of a poisoned dagger to sink silently into his back.

His own phone did not ring, as he had asked central not to relay any calls, and the butler got instructions not to admit any strangers.

When his bags were all packed, he jumped into a cab and instructed the driver to take him to Pier 58. He pulled his hat down over his face and sat as far back as he could so as not to be seen from the outside.

Every time the cab stopped on the red light, his heart popped down into his shoes. Oh, if only he could be out on the rolling waves of the ocean, away from the reach of the tong gang! He kept urging the driver to go faster, faster. . . .

Finally Higgins was on board ship. He locked the door of his cabin and stayed in until he knew the ship had sailed.

Then only did he breathe freely. At last he was out of danger. Now for a drop of good Scotch, he said to himself.

At the ship's bar a group of men were regaling themselves with stories. Too absorbed in his own thoughts, Higgins paid no attention. But suddenly he perked up as he heard one of them say:

"The funniest thing happened this morning on Fifty-seventh Street near First Avenue. A shady-looking Chink walks up to me on the street and hands me an envelope with a skull and crossbones on it and something about not opening it until I was alone. Well, no Chink is going to put anything over on me. So I opened the envelope—and what do you think it said?" The speaker took a paper from his pocket and read:

"Visit the Skull and Crossbones Club and sample our Skeleton Special. It's a drink you will never forget!"

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.55 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

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Start an Entry Now!

QUOTATIONS from your memory, birthday, or autograph books are worth cash money to you in this new Liberty contest! An entry will consist of five quotations from this sort of book, one quotation on each of the five official coupons which will appear in Liberty. Get out your books of this type and study them over. Perhaps there are some in your attic or storeroom that will yield prizeworthy material. Possibly a member of your family or a close friend has a memory or autograph book that is available to you. If so, by all means make use of it.

If you are starting your entry with Coupon 2 from this page, you will need Coupon 1 to complete your entry to date. If you have given away or mislaid last week's Liberty, you can obtain a reprint of Coupon 1 by writing to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling.

THESE ARE THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**100**
THIRD PRIZE	**50**
SEVENTY PRIZES, Each $5	**350**

THE RULES

1. Each week for five weeks, ending in the issue dated July 15, Liberty will publish an official entry coupon in this contest.

2. To compete, simply write on each coupon a sentence, sentiment, axiom, couplet, or similar quotation from an autograph, memory, or birthday book, either your own or that of a friend.

3. Clip each coupon and save it until the end of the contest, when your set of five will be complete. Then send them all in at the same time, as a unit.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of humor, sagacity, and appeal.

5. The entry containing the best set of quotations judged on the above basis will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis, other entries will be awarded prizes as follows: Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; and Seventy Prizes of $5 each—a total of $1,000. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Address all entries to Memory Book Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 26, the closing date of this contest.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

CLIP HERE

OFFICIAL COUPON NO. 2

MEMORY BOOK CONTEST

There is no specific limit on the wordage of the quotation you submit, but it naturally should not exceed the limit of the usual entries in memory or autograph books of average size. From three or four words to a like number of lines or sentences will be acceptable.

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**USE WHATEVER SPACE YOU REQUIRE.
SAVE THIS COUPON UNTIL THE END
OF THE CONTEST**

WATCH FOR CONTEST COUPON NO. 3 NEXT WEEK!

The pillow scene —as Mr. Galento points out—tells the whole story.

I WILL *MASH* JOE LOUIS

BY TONY GALENTO

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

A picturesque challenger confidently previews the day of a champion's doom

I WILL knock out Joe Louis and become the next heavyweight champion of the world. I expect to floor Joe in the early rounds and to finish him with a right cross to the jaw within five rounds.

Perhaps you think I am bragging, trying to annoy Joe, as I had to do to get this match, or just talking for publicity. If so, you are mistaken. I've waited a long time to get Louis. I've studied him ever since he first came up, and I know I can beat him. Here's why:

I can punch harder than Joe. The record books will prove that. I knocked out Harry Thomas in three rounds. It took Louis five. I flattened Nathan Mann in two, and Joe needed three rounds. Jorge Brescia, the Argentinian, staggered Louis before Joe put him away in three rounds. Brescia didn't lay a glove on me and failed to finish the first round. The referee "stopped" the first-named bouts as Louis' opponents kept getting up and falling around. When I hit them they stayed down!

I can take it—Louis cannot. Max Schmeling was the only real puncher Joe ever fought, and Max knocked him out in their first bout. Schmeling was caught flat-footed in the return match, or the result might have been different. Mann also staggered Louis with a couple of right hands but didn't know what to do next. When I hit him, I'll follow through.

I have never been knocked off my feet in more than ten years of fighting. The two knockouts against my record resulted from cut eyes which caused softhearted referees to stop the bouts. Any one can suffer a cut eye—even Louis!

Some people think I am afraid of Louis and the Louis punch. I think my friends will back me up when I say I've never been afraid of anything human. When I was a kid I often got into brawls with as many as eight or nine other boys. One of them could have been Joe Louis. I usually did all right, though I was belted around quite a bit. If I wasn't afraid then, why should I fear Louis or any of them when I grew up? He's just another man.

Then there's some newspapermen who have written I am out of shape; that I am a fat, beer-soaked clown, and that Louis will kill or cripple me. I'd like to set them straight also. I am in better shape than at any time in my career. I am not a clown and, though I like beer, I have cut down on it and have trained very seriously for this fight.

I was in good shape to fight John Henry Lewis last summer when I was stricken with pneumonia for the second time in my life. I licked that, and if pneumonia can't kill me in two tries, you can bet Louis won't.

My personal physician, Dr. Joseph Higi of Orange, New Jersey, has examined me regularly since I resumed fighting last November, and the New York Boxing Commission doctors also approved me. I will have completed six weeks of hard training by the night of the fight and will weigh about 230 pounds—twenty-four or so more than the champion. I like to play practical jokes on my friends and to have a good time, but I am not a clown. I'm just a hard-working average man with a nice wife, a fine healthy little son, and a small bar and grill. I support my family and my business with my fists. My son, Tony, Jr., is called One-Ton by the newspapermen. He's going to be a doctor some day, if I have anything to say about it—but I'd also like him to boast that his father was once world's heavyweight champion.

Before I describe how I will knock Louis out, I think something

PULL OVER TO THAT GROCERY STORE, BUDDY! YOU CAN CLEAN OUT THAT RADIATOR FOR 10¢ WITH SANI-FLUSH!

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You can clean out your car radiator with Sani-Flush for 10c (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). It's easy to do yourself. Pour in Sani-Flush. Run the engine. Drain, flush and refill with clean water (*directions on the can*). Or, if you prefer, have your garage or service station use Sani-Flush to do the job. It cannot injure the motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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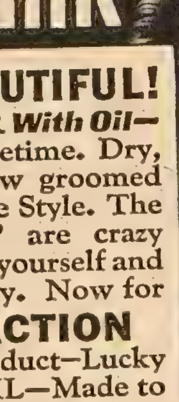

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LUCKY TIGER
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HAIR SCALP

LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
Dept. 105 Kansas City, Mo.

be said of the background of this fight. When you understand that, you may have a fresh slant on the fight and on Tony Galento.

I have been chasing Joe Louis for three years. I first challenged him in 1935, when my manager, Joe Jacobs, realized Louis was being built up as a heavyweight contender. Louis needed an opponent for a bout at Madison Square Garden and I offered my services. His managers, John Roxborough and Julian Black, turned me down and took old Paolino Uzcudun. Louis knocked him out in four rounds.

I have been after Joe ever since. As he went along making big money by knocking over second-raters and finally won the title, I just struggled along, doing the best I could and fighting whoever would meet me.

I challenged Louis in the papers, over the radio, and personally, but after another six months' delay, Mike Jacobs, who has the champion under contract, told me to whip some one of importance and he'd give me a title fight. Mike needed fights for the Garden desperately, so I challenged Lou Nova and Max Baer, the two leading heavyweight contenders.

Both turned me down. I became pretty discouraged and decided the only way to get the fight was to shame the champion into the ring.

I became more insulting than ever. I called Louis a coward and a bum and said I could "moider" him with a punch. Joe Jacobs had pictures of Louis hung in my bar at Orange, New Jersey. I sneered and punched at them for photographers and told newspapermen Louis was afraid of me.

I hinted that I thought Joe was a bum personally and as a fighter. All this wasn't quite fair—but I had to get Louis mad, didn't I? Personally I think Joe is a nice boy. I do think he is greatly overrated as a fighter. I won't go back any further than the first Schmeling fight to prove my point.

THAT was another fight Joe "couldn't" lose. Schmeling, like myself, was supposed to be a set-up who'd be belted out in a couple of rounds. When Max battered down Louis, it was hailed as the greatest upset of the year, etc.

I picked Schmeling to knock out Louis. How he did it was never quite clear to most fans. I'm going to tell you now and ask you to recall this story the night I fight Joe.

As many of you probably know, Joe Jacobs also manages Schmeling. After that fight, Joe had all the pictures of the knockout enlarged and framed. They're still hanging on a wall in his Broadway office. One picture in particular tells the whole story. It shows Referee Arthur Donovan crouching over Louis and signaling that he has been counted out.

Louis is lying on his side with his head *resting* on his gloves. How many knocked-out fighters have *you* ever seen using their gloves for a pillow? That's all there is to the story. Max made Joe quit! So will I—but I won't need twelve rounds.

I think I'm a better boxer than most critics claim, but I will not try to box Joe. That would be a waste of time. The man who beats him will knock him out.

I certainly hope Joe does not change his tactics in this fight. He has come out fighting at the first bell in his most recent fights. I dare him to do so against me. If he does, I guarantee to have him on the floor in the first round.

WHEN the fight starts I'll concentrate on Joe's body in the first round and will not try to knock his head off with one punch. That seemed to be the only idea of Joe's last few opponents.

I don't think Joe has ever fought any one like me. I've fought all sizes and types of sluggers as a bouncer in neighborhood bars, on street corners, and in the gutter. And I've been in my share of riots. You learn plenty of tricks in those rough-and-tumble fights, and they've never failed me. They ought to work perfectly against a nice straight-standing boy like Joe.

They say I'm easy to hit. Maybe so, but I'm like those football players who say the best defense is a good offense. I'll throw so many punches, Louis will have to keep on his guard.

I hope to wrestle Joe into the corners and around the ropes plenty in the early rounds. He needs balance to punch, and if I can toss him around enough, not only will he be afraid to swing but he should become easily confused.

If this works out, I will start shooting hooks at his head. I don't think it will take many lefts to hurt him and put him down. They're what will probably floor him, but I believe a right cross to the jaw will finally finish him.

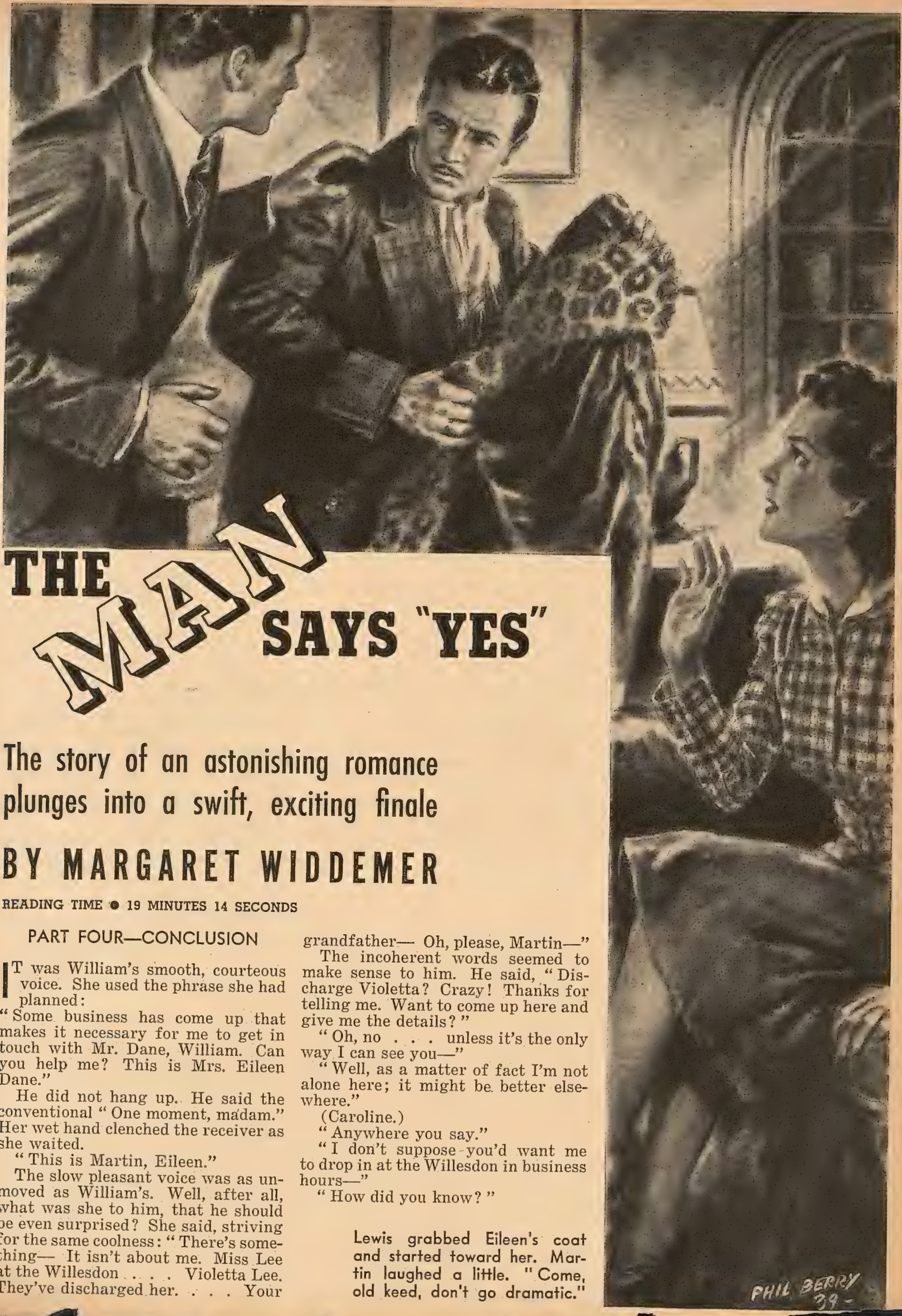
I have a few other good reasons—besides my own ambition—for trying to win the title. One is to repay my friends and neighbors in New Jersey for their confidence. Many of them have bet on me, and if I didn't think I could win I would not have taken this match and allowed them to risk their money. I want the money I'll earn from this fight, of course, but I want that title and their friendship more.

I also wish to thank publicly the National Boxing Association for the support which has made this fight possible. When promoter Jacobs tried to knock me down and the New York Boxing Commission refused to recognize my claims—the N. B. A. named me No. 1 heavyweight contender, and, with the public's support, forced Louis to accept me.

When I think back over all that encouragement over the three years of headaches, disappointments, and hard luck, I know I'll have plenty to fight for.

I've got my chance at last and I promise to make the most of it.

THE END



THE MAN SAYS "YES"

The story of an astonishing romance plunges into a swift, exciting finale

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

IT was William's smooth, courteous voice. She used the phrase she had planned:

"Some business has come up that makes it necessary for me to get in touch with Mr. Dane, William. Can you help me? This is Mrs. Eileen Dane."

He did not hang up. He said the conventional "One moment, madam." Her wet hand clenched the receiver as she waited.

"This is Martin, Eileen."

The slow pleasant voice was as unmoved as William's. Well, after all, what was she to him, that he should be even surprised? She said, striving for the same coolness: "There's something— It isn't about me. Miss Lee at the Willesdon . . . . Violetta Lee. They've discharged her. . . . Your grandfather— Oh, please, Martin—"

The incoherent words seemed to make sense to him. He said, "Discharge Violetta? Crazy! Thanks for telling me. Want to come up here and give me the details?"

"Oh, no . . . unless it's the only way I can see you—"

"Well, as a matter of fact I'm not alone here; it might be better elsewhere."

(Caroline.)

"Anywhere you say."

"I don't suppose you'd want me to drop in at the Willesdon in business hours—"

"How did you know?"

Lewis grabbed Eileen's coat and started toward her. Martin laughed a little. "Come, old keed, don't go dramatic."

MORE WINNERS LIBERTY'S $2,000 CROSSWORD CONTEST

(Continued from June 10 issue)

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(Continued in an early issue)

"My spies are everywhere," said the old amused voice. "Tell you what. I'll pick you up in the car. We can talk and drive. O. K.?"

"O. K."

It wasn't, but she couldn't be a chooser.

She stood outside by the curb, as she had told him she would, and let the spring wind blow her to pieces, staring east for his car. She tried to arrange phrases as she stood leaning forward, her tight little short-skirted blue suit blown against her.

He came from the other direction, after all. His hand on her arm made her jump. He stood above her, tall, bareheaded, smiling pleasantly. He had on the blue pull-over and gray slacks she remembered, an overcoat slung on his shoulders. He said, "Hello, kid. Nice spring morning."

"Hello, Martin. Thanks a lot. I won't keep you long."

"All the time in the world. Here, you'll need this." It was her own big sports leopard. Trousseau stuff, bought in those few days before they went to Honolulu. Left at the apartment. Better not be too silly and independent to take it—it would pawn. She let him slip it over her thin suit. "That pie-eyed hat will blow off in two minutes," he went on easily. "Wasn't there something in the coat pocket?"

She found the beret and pulled it on. He helped her into the car.

It was a sports model she did not remember. It slid round the block and west on the cross street toward the nearest Riverside ingress. He spoke again, when they were nearly at the Henry Hudson tollgate.

"Well, what about Violetta?"

"Did you know her?"

"She used to do secretarial extras for my mother, ages ago. By the way, mother's back from South America."

"Oh—is she?"

(If she'd known that, Violetta could have seen Mrs. Dane herself. All this would have been spared.)

SHE forced herself to speak, shortly and quietly:

"The Institute is firing her. It shouldn't. It's partly my fault. I'm just one of those fools that mess everything up."

(There, she'd dragged herself in.)

Martin said, grinning, "I wouldn't say that. But things do seem to start up when you drop in. Go on."

She stumbled on with her story: Lewis' training. Lewis' idea of making her report on her personal relations with everybody. And Lewis, finally, using her information to throw Miss Lee out. Saying frankly that it was dog eat dog, that he was doing it because Miss Lee was dangerously approved and admired by influential members of the board. However, she tried to blame Lewis as little as possible.

"But Miss Lee *is* honest," Eileen pleaded. "She hasn't an intention or hope of undermining Lewis. And she's never saved as she should because of having this passion for doing for her family. Her mother is old and sick and fussy. And her way of life that she's built up is all she has to live for. Doing luxury things for her mother. Helping carry her brothers' and sisters' children. Being a Virginia lady out of hours."

"That's not economics exactly, Eileen."

"But this *is*," Eileen said. "She's close to fifty; and the higher up your job is the harder it is for you to get another. I've heard them say it about people like her. Nowhere to go but off."

MARTIN let another silence fall as they flew up the Bronx Parkway Extension. He still drove like a highly capable bat out of hell.

"What are you asking me to get done?" It was a voice she hadn't heard, detached and businesslike.

"If you'd talk to her—or, if that's too much bother, get your lawyer to. Or perhaps your mother would—"

"Idea. Mother never objects to things because they're too much bother, like me. Rather likes to see flying fur. Is your ultimate intention to get her replaced in her job?"

"I suppose that would be impossible, with Lewis at the head of things."

"Well, boards expect a man to handle things when they give him control, you know."

"I know," she said meekly. "I only thought perhaps you could get them to let her have the pension she'd have got to in a few years now. And maybe, if it isn't too much trouble . . ."

"Skip it. Go on the principle that for once I'm willing to take trouble. To the extent, say, of five minutes with a telephone or a checkbook!"

The car jumped ahead. She looked at the profile beside her. Lips set tight, head reared angrily, color run up under the tan. She had not known that Martin could ever care about anything enough to lose his temper. Hers snapped up to meet it.

"All right; I will. She's going out with a black eye. Have Lewis give her testimonials or whatever people in her position get."

"She'll get those—theoretically. All sorts of gilt-edged stuff. What will have to be fixed is the real underground story that filters out through: the board's feelings about her."

"I didn't know. I suppose that's harder."

"No. Personal interviews with key members."

"Perhaps your mother—"

"Or my nursemaid! Eileen, if it wouldn't chuck us into the embankment, I'd slap you harder than you were ever slapped in your life!"

"For heaven's sake, Martin, what ails you?"

He said, suddenly relaxed and grinning, "What used to be called 'quarreling like man and wife,' I guess."

She said hotly, "That's a brutal reminder, under the circumstances!"

He shouted with laughter. "What did I say?"

In spite of the tears that had sprung to her eyes, she found she was laughing hysterically herself. She checked the laughter. She said sharply, "How's Caroline?"

"Prettier than ever. Gone upswept."

That ended that.

He said, after another of these silences that were getting more and more uncomfortable: "This is going to make Lewis annoyed with you. He likes to be seen eye to eye with, you know. Want me to handle it on the quiet?"

"No, I don't."

"Well," said Martin, "that simplifies things. I can go to it straighter." He glanced at his wrist watch. "We'll long-distance him after luncheon. Hungry? I am. But land's in sight." Land proved to be the inn she remembered on their drive up to the Dane lodge. He ordered, as usual, perfectly. He tried to make conversation across the little table.

"You're silent as the grave," he said finally, "and we're through. Come along; the fatal moment's arrived."

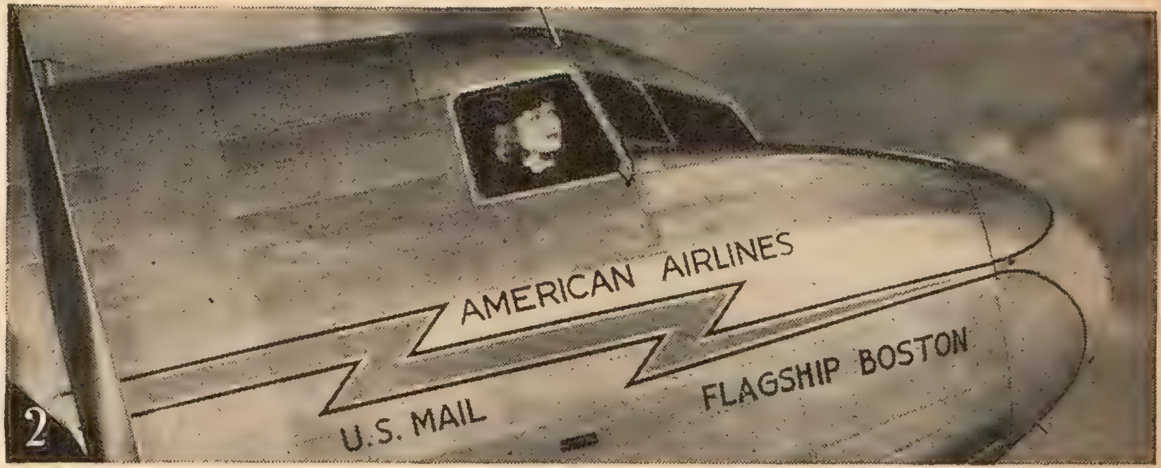
He had taken a room upstairs, as there was no pay box. He dropped into the armchair beside the bed-telephone stand to talk leisurely. Eileen, at his gesture, perched on the bed beside him.

He looked so boyish, such a nice kid, there with the receiver against his pull-over, his long legs sprawled out easily and his tousled fair head bent to the mouthpiece, that Eileen felt an irrational pang of pity. Irrational; for certainly pitying Martin Dane was pretty crazy! But if only his dominant father and grandfather, his cause-hunting mother had left him any job to do, he might be more of a match now for hard, brilliant Lewis Delevan.

HE had Lewis immediately, by a number she had never heard. "Hello, Lewis. . . . Feeling fine. . . . Oh, yes, we've been back a couple of weeks now. . . . Thanks. . . . What's all this about Violetta? . . . Ah, my little secret. On information received. Reconsider it, will you, Lewis? . . . Nonsense. If we can keep a man like Goldstone, who's as Red as a rose, we can stand Violetta Lee. . . . Rats, I'll take the risk of wrecking the Foundation. . . . I'll go to the mat with the board personally, if you like. . . . No. Her usefulness is not lost. . . . Oh, you can sell them anything. You were mistaken—rash act, justice must be maintained. I'll trust your dramatic golden tongue. . . . Definitely. Right over your head like a trained leopard. . . ." His voice, which had been easy and flippant, hardened. "No. I am *not* giving you any more reasons. Just a playboy's whim—backed by control of the sinews of war, old keed. . . . Do I? Thanks. Grandfather wasn't a bad old wolf; at least, he always meant what he said. I'm just like him there. . . . Put it through in forty-eight hours, Delevan. . . . Call an emergency board meeting, then. Good-by."

He clicked back the receiver and

June Lang, featured with Robert Kent in the New Universal picture, "For Love or Money", is posed looking . . .



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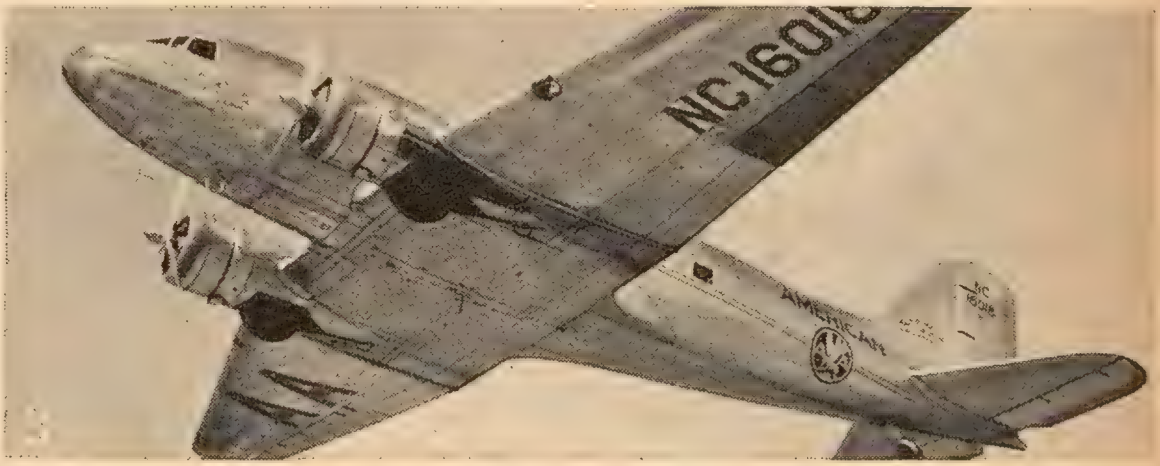

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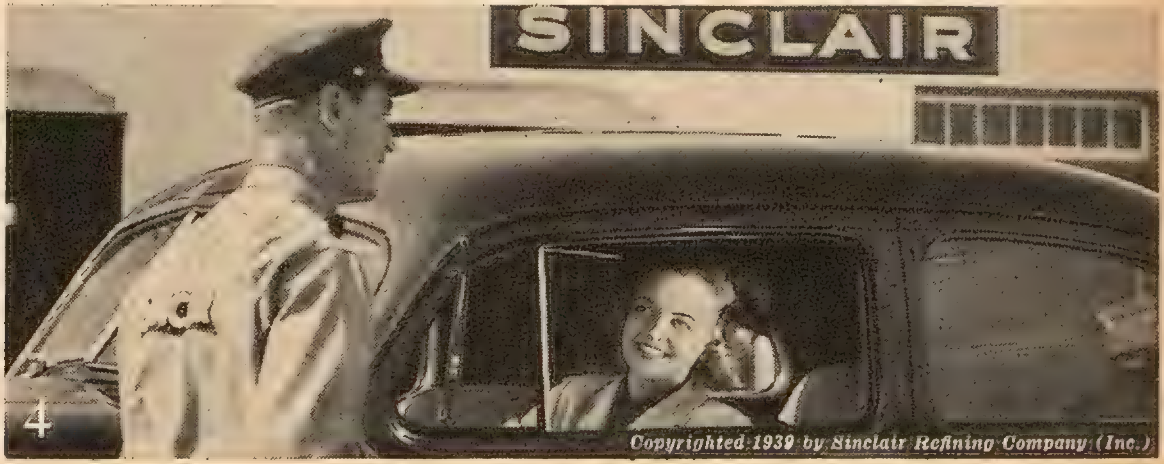

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stood up. His face and whole bearing had that look of brilliant wakening to enjoyment and excitement she remembered seeing twice before. When she had risked her life to save Robin; and when he had, for amusement, risked his in that terrible Hawaiian surf. For the moment he was the Martin Dane she had thought him when she saw him first.

She said, "Oh, Martin, I can't tell you how grateful—"

"It's the other way about. I told you I'd known Violetta since I was a kid. Come along."

SHE followed him downstairs. He got her coat from the cloakroom and held it for her, and dropped her handbag into a deep pocket of his own.

He started the car again, in the same direction.

"Have we time to go farther?" she asked.

"Lots. You've nothing to do with the afternoon, have you? Let's make a day of it. I'll buy you a ticket down from anywhere you like."

There was no good reason against it. It was colder this far upstate, but spring was in the bright sharp air. She'd never get a chance to do this any more. She drove on with him in a dream.

"I've made good time," Martin said, and turned the car into a drive between high rough-barked gateposts, up between green lawns where snow patches still lingered. It was dark, but she could see a wide porch, and lights inside a stretch of living-room windows.

"Why, this isn't an inn—"

"Don't you know the lodge? Of course, though, it looks different. All snowed in when we left it." He bent and turned his latchkey, and drew her into the long firelit pine-paneled room she remembered. She heard Ike's voice talking to Mary in the kitchen. She stopped, her eyes on the big clock over the fireplace. Seven twenty.

"I telephoned Mary to have some stuff cooked," he said. "Come over to the fire, Eileen."

"I can't stop. I must get a train."

"Don't be foolish. Here's the timetable, if you won't take my word for it. Two sleeper expresses, a nine twenty and eleven something. Plenty of time to settle down and rest and have something to eat. You remember it only takes Ike an hour in the station wagon, wild as we seem. Grandfather used to own a railway, so he just stuck in a curve and a station."

Again, why not?

She went, when she had warmed herself, up to the room she had occupied before. It had a fire, there were fresh towels and a freshly set out dressing table—as always, she supposed. She came down, to find Martin, neatly brushed and rather quiet, waiting for her by a little table drawn near the hearth. Ike's Mary, upright and pleasant and wiry, came in and greeted them as she set dishes on the table.

Martin, across from her, did not seem very hungry. He was talking more steadily than usual. If it had not been Martin, she would have said he was nervous. The odd aliveness had not left him. Finally he called Mary impatiently to clear and push back the table. He put Eileen on a cushioned couch alongside the fire and stood by her and said, "And now—"

The end of his sentence was drowned by a thundering knock on the outside door. Before Mary could come back from the kitchen to open it, it was flung open. Lewis Delevan, flushed and nearly hysterical with anger, burst in on them.

"Hello, Lewis—come to supper?" Martin said. "There's a swell wild-duck casserole. We left quite a lot."

Mary retreated and closed the kitchen door.

"You damn young fool!" Lewis said. "Taking advantage of this romantic child's mistaken championship to get her into this sort of mess! Eileen, I have a car outside. We can get a train down. Hurry!"

Martin's old casual manner dropped over him like a cloak.

"Don't be so dramatic about messes and all that. Legally, I believe we're still married in New York State, owing to the idiocy of all divorce laws, as I've often heard you say. And none of the people up here have heard a thing."

"So that's your cad's game!"

"No, no," he said gently. "I was just handing you out a sop to the conventions. You must have flown, didn't you? Pleasant trip?"

Eileen sat very still. She hadn't enough money of her own for carfare. Returning with Lewis, who obviously still regarded her as his future wife, was the last thing she wanted. But it looked as if it was there to do.

Martin did not seem to think so. He said placidly, "Eileen's not going back with you, fella."

LEWIS grabbed Eileen's coat and cap and started toward her. Martin laughed a little. He dropped a hand on Lewis' shoulder in a grip evidently stronger than it looked.

"Come, old keed, don't go all dramatic. There's no audience except the help, and they have old-fashioned ideas about people interfering between man and wife. Here! Must we stage Life and Death Struggle and all that? Don't. I never could make you take time out for gym work—it would probably end the wrong way."

"Run, Eileen!" Lewis shouted.

"For Pete's sake, stop yelling, Lew! She doesn't have to run. She can walk slowly to the nearest exit, taking her time. She simply has more sense."

Eileen didn't move. She stood by the couch, watching, with a dim sense of being at a play. She had to see the scene through.

Lewis went on shouting: "You can't do this sort of thing in a civilized country! I'll break you! The board . . ."

Martin said, "It wouldn't matter if you had them all out in the taxi.

I've been looking into the terms of my grandfather's will, when it comes to breaking. My mother and I can each withdraw a third of the Willesdon's income, and we're thinking of doing it if you stay in control. This isn't the first report of the sort I've had, Lewis. It merely happens to be the first completely watertight one. Using your power to play dirty personal politics with anything as powerful for good or evil as the Willesdon annoys the Dane family."

"That'll sound well, too. Forcing me out arbitrarily because a girl you married for a whim has been turned by me into a trained independent worker and prefers me to you! I'll bring the newspapers down about your head. I'll get you put away by doctors as a menace to society—"

Martin grinned behind Lewis. "There's nothing the papers can say about me they haven't said. And you can't certify a man for firing even you, Lewis."

He quietly pushed the shouting, struggling Lewis to the door. He said gently, "Now take that taxi back to the station. If you make any more row, I'll have Ike and Frank go down with you, with orders to take you to the police station for creating a disturbance. Grandfather owned every utility and building in the village, more or less. So do I. Brutal playboy is unfair to organized Delevans."

HE had Lewis suddenly outside, with the door shut. Eileen heard Lewis' final shout of "Eileen!" She heard another voice, the driver's probably, arguing with him, shocked, as Martin shot the bolt, turned the key, and put it in his pocket. A belated horror of the situation, a terror of Martin, was more than her distrust of Lewis. She snatched up her coat and ran to one of the windows, tugging at the catch frantically.

Martin was there almost as quickly. He quietly, quite unexpectedly, turned her so that she could see the rear windows.

"Quiet, you idiot child!" he said. "Listen. Look out there. That's Frank sitting in the station wagon waiting for you. Your suitcase is in it. I brought it up from the apartment. It can go back with you. Here's your handbag, with a hundred and fifty inside."

"Let me go, then!"

"Eileen, after driving you three hundred miles to get a clear field away from Lewis, you can't expect me to send you off with him. All I want is a chance to talk to you for ten minutes. I have a proposition to put up to you. Word of honor, you shall go on the later train if you like."

"Word of honor! Yours!"

"Gosh, got to go cave man, have I? Oh, well, all right."

He picked her up and carried her across the room, set her on the couch. He held her there by that gentle immovable hand on her shoulder. "Keep quiet, now. I have quite a lot to say before you take the train."

She went limply still. He pulled up

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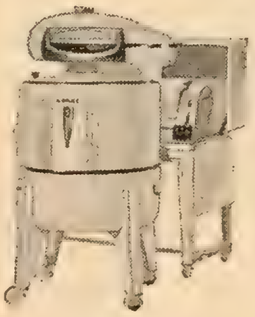

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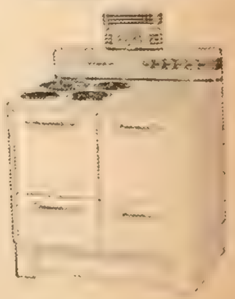

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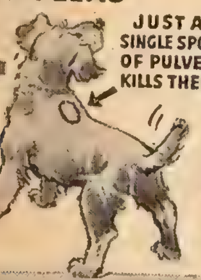

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a chair, and sat down with his knees almost touching hers. In the short silence she heard Lewis' car driving away.

"Eileen, you and I started off on the wrong foot. What you heard Caroline and me say in the flower shop that night was true. I'd heard my mother say all my life that a woman ought to be able to say and do anything a man could. I thought I believed it. Well, I know now it's the bunk. There's something about being proposed to by a woman, won by a woman, that makes any normal man sick. The only reason I didn't feel sick the night you put it up to me was, it had been happening to me anyway, every way but straight out, ever since I was eighteen. By about every girl I knew. I thought you were cute, and I thought you might block my being trapped into the engagement with Caroline Dempster that was darn well closing in on me."

She stared at him.

"Trapped by Caroline! Haven't you married her?"

"I have not," he said shortly.

"Lewis said—you said 'we'—"

He seemed to understand her. "I meant mother was at the apartment—not Caroline. Good heavens! Listen to me."

DAZED to the point of shock by this news, she sat quietly while he went on: "That was why I took on your proposition. Understand?"

"Oh, yes. Just a new thrill."

"Yep. A new thrill. The chance that here was somebody honest, somebody with the desperate courage I liked, somebody that didn't know or care whether I had nine millions or just a good front and enough to buy Car an orchid."

"So you took a crazy chance."

"I've always taken crazy chances—you know that. They've been the only things that made me forget the silly trap I was born in. Good heaven, Eileen, I've been sick with jealousy of Lewis, of the policeman on the beat and the subway guard, with their chances to fight for themselves. Be something in themselves. Get a living and a girl because they had what it took, not because they were rag dolls with 'nine millions' tied round their necks on a gilt label!"

"I never thought of that," she said.

"Nobody did. Nobody ever will. Skip that. You put up a proposition to me then. I took it over. I'm going to put one up to you now."

"Well?"

He stood away from her.

"Reverse English on your line. That's all I ask. The charm of my money's darn well out. As heaven's my witness, I am going to use all of it but a reasonable yearly income where it's no good to you or me. And you could have married that much—more, for he gets fifty thousand—along with Lewis.

"You and I have signed papers for a legal separation. When what I want's tried out, there's plenty of time to finish things up in Reno or Arizona or Ohio, if it works like that. But first—let me take you to the village hotel. I'll stay here. Or the other way about, it's all one to me. Give me a fortnight and a clear field, young Martin Dane working on young Eileen Gardner, and the devil take the rest! You said that first night we met that I was the man you'd always wanted, always made up in your mind. All right. I'll show you I am."

HE loved her. He must love her. But that wasn't the point. She clenched her hands tight. She spoke almost unaudibly: "You're not. That man was honorable. An honorable man would have kept still about our bargain. The person you picked to spill it to was Caroline Dempster. That's why I left you. That's why I'm going now." She got up.

"You crazy? You mean that was why you ran out on me?"

She nodded. She couldn't speak.

"It was Lewis told Caroline, you dumb little bunny!"

"Can you prove it?"

He shrugged. "Oh, yes, I can prove it. But if you remember what you know about Lewis yourself, I don't see why you want more proof."

"No." It was hard to speak still.

"Lewis is out," he said, "no matter whom you decide for. Don't expect me to have mercy on a man who's betrayed my grandfather's one big hope and ideal. I'm not too old to take training and handle the thing myself. You won't have an easy life, Eileen, if you take me on. Not a spot of café in a carload. I've found somewhere to put the brains and capacity they passed down to me and wouldn't let me use. I'm taking Lewis' power, and more. As well as his girl, if I can get her. Power to make things so girls in this state—perhaps in this whole country—won't have their backs to the wall, half starved and desperate."

"I'm not Lewis' girl."

"Well, then? Going to play fair? Going to give me the chance I gave you? Does Frank take you to the inn? Or to the late express?"

He stood farther away from her, leaving her quite free. She looked up at him. She said, yawning a little: "You said I was still legally your wife in New York State. I feel awfully tired. Darling—do I have to have Frank take me anywhere?"

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ **THE ALTAR-PIECE** by Naomi Royde-Smith. The Macmillan Company. Superbly written horror mystery with a unique theme. It should rival Rebecca in popularity.

Hello, Mr. Chips

The movie-makers welcome a figure of fragile literary charm to the trying ordeal of translation to the screen

BY BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ★ ★ GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS

THE PLAYERS: Robert Donat, Greer Garson, Terry Kilburn, John Mills, Paul von Hernried, Judith Furse, Lyn Harding, Milton Rosmer, Frederick Liester, Louise Hampton, Austin Trevor, David Tree, Edmond Breon, Jill Furse, Scott Sunderland. Screen play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West, and Eric Maschwitz from the story, Goodbye, Mr. Chips, by James Hilton. Directed by Sam Wood. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 117 minutes.

IN 1934 an obscure British writer, James Hilton, leaped into literary fame with a short and tender story of an English schoolteacher. The catch-in-the-throat yarn, which had been written for a London magazine, was Goodbye, Mr. Chips.

The story follows Mr. Chipping from his arrival at Brookfield in 1870, a handsome, shy young teacher of twenty-five, until he dies, a beloved school tradition. Romance and personal happiness come to him briefly in his span of eighty-three years, when he meets, marries, and then loses his one love in childbirth. From that moment Mr. Chips lives in memories, pathetically loyal to his dead Kathie.

All this was told in curiously charming and gentle fashion and it was at once heart-warming, sentimental, and gracious. To make it into a movie was to chance dire disaster. However, its qualities have survived, on the whole, although whimsical tenderness is a fragile and difficult mood to catch and sustain. True, there is a tinge of monotony to the film. The camera is so much more literal than the written word.

Robert Donat is Mr. Chips, from youth to shambling, wise, dryly humorous old age—and a grand performance it is. Greer Garson appears but briefly as the one person to step within the life of the schoolmaster, but you won't forget her. This portrait of Mr. Chips' one love pulsates with life and warmth. The film was made in England and the background catches the curious cloistered tradition of English school life.

For all its undercurrent of monotony, this is a worthy, distinguished film.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Mr. and Mrs. Chips. Robert Donat and Greer Garson in the film version of the famous James Hilton novel.

VITAL STATISTICS: Greer Garson, Hollywood's newest glamour girl, has Florentine red hair and green eyes. She was born in County Down, in the north of Ireland. Her mater was a Greer, which is a corruption of McGregor. Dad came originally from the Orkney Isles. The theater was anathema to this Presbyterian family, but Greer Garson showed stage symptoms as a child, liking to recite on the slightest provocation. The family, a hardy one, stood this off pretty well, wanted her to be a teacher, sent her to London University and on to Grenoble University in the south of France. But Greer kicked everything over to be an actress. First hit behind London footlights was in the Sylvia Sidney role of Street Scene. A year ago she went to Hollywood, was ill, went back to England to make her film debut as the Victorian wife of Mr. Chips. In brief, she traveled 12,000 miles for her first screen role. You'll see Greer next in Susan and God. . . . Robert Donat is of mingled ancestry—English, Scotch, and Irish on his mother's side. The paternal blood comes from the Donatellos of Italy, the Donats of France, the Von Donats of Germany. Robert's father settled in England half a century ago, engaged in the shipping business. Donat is a six-footer, weighs 165, has auburn hair and brown eyes. Wears his clothes with British carelessness. In brief, baggy and a little wrinkled. His estate is at Chiltern Hills. Correct pronunciation is Doan-at. . . . Director Sam Wood had agents trying to locate Hilton's original manuscript of Mr. Chips. Imagine his surprise to find that Robert Montgomery owned it. When Hilton wrote the story, he was unknown; the manuscript, considered of no value, passed from hand to hand. Bob's wife picked it up two years ago as a Christmas present. . . . Two hundred boys of Reyton School came back from vacation a week early to do the cricket and football scenes of the film for the glory of old England. . . . The musty Brookfield School of James Hilton's imagination, with its quadrangle and its weathered rough-hewn stone buildings, was built in the Denham studios. Its flavored age took three weeks to achieve.

★ ★ CAPTAIN FURY

THE PLAYERS: Brian Aherne, Victor McLaglen, Paul Lukas, June Lang, John Carradine, George Zucco, Douglass Dumbrille, Virginia Field, Charles Middleton, Lawrence Grossmith, Lumsden Hare, Mary Gordon, John Warburton, Claud Allister, Will Stanton, Edgar Norton, Margaret Roach, Billy Bevan, Edwin Brian, Nicholas Soussanin, Jack Lawrence, Leonard Willey, Ann Ross. Screen play by Grover Jones, Jack Jevne, and William de Mille. Directed by Hal Roach. Produced by Hal Roach-United Artists. Running time, 90 minutes.

THE screen has a weakness for Robin Hoods. These crusaders against the rich oppressors of the poor are dear to the wealthy Hollywood magnates. This particular Robin Hood is said to be a real figure of Australian history in the 1840s. Convicts shipped from the mother country were unloaded in the bush, turned over to wealthy land barons to work out their sentences. One of these convicts—a political offender from Ireland variously known as Captain Fury and Captain Midnight—is dropped in New South Wales in the midst of a brood of varied offenders. With the others, he falls prey to a rich and greedy landowner who rules his convict labor like a feudal tyrant.

In no time at all Fury leads a rebellion, takes up the cause of the poor oppressed Australian farmers, organizes them into defending their rights, finds time for romance between battles. It is all in the simple, unsophisticated movie mold of yesterday.

Handsome Brian Aherne—the unforgettable Maximilian of Juarez—is the swashbuckling Captain Fury. Victor McLaglen is his first aide, a hulking husky with few ethics. Pretty June Lang is our Robin Hood's inspiration.

VITAL STATISTICS: Much of the location stuff was shot on Santa Cruz Island, a rugged little 60,000-acre outpost twenty-eight miles off the coast from Santa Barbara. Ed Stanton owns about 90 per cent of the island and usually has about 40,000 head of sheep. The wild boar are the only annoyances in this Eden, but they're tough babies. . . . The glimpses of the cruel land baron's Australian ranch, with the convict laborers' quarters and the high stockade fence, were shot on two of Hal Roach's sound stages before a huge cyclorama. . . . It was J. Stuart Blackton, one of the pioneer founders of old Vitagraph, who brought Victor McLaglen to Hollywood. Date, 1918. McLaglen is six foot three inches tall; Brian Aherne and Paul Lukas are six foot two; and Douglass Dumbrille is half an inch shorter. John Carradine and George Zucco are six foot one. And six others in the cast are over six feet tall. . . . Billy Bevan, who plays the innkeeper, is a rancher and fruit grower, aside from being a Mack Sennett veteran of ten years' standing. Bevan owns forty acres near Escondido planted to citrus fruits and avocados. Bevan is a real Australian, by the way; about the only one in this yarn of New South Wales.

★ SOME LIKE IT HOT

THE PLAYERS: Bob Hope, Shirley Ross, Gene Krupa, Una Merkel, Rufe Davis, Bernard Nedell, Warne "Tiny" Whitt, Harry Barris, Frank Sully, Clarence Wilson, Dudley Dickerson, Richard Denning. Screen play by Lewis R. Foster and Wilkie C. Mahoney, based on a play by Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler. Directed by George Archainbaud. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 65 minutes.

BILLED as a jitterbug jamboree—and it's all that. The romance of a cocky side-show promoter, pretty small time, all false front but with a heart of gold underneath. His light-o'-love is a pretty night-club singer.

Nicky Nelson lives by his wits and doesn't do a very good job of it, but his Lily Racquet loves him anyway. Back of this romance is the story of an orchestra's rise to fame, with Gene Krupa playing himself. Krupa unleashes his drums, his boys play hot melodies for the jivesters. Bob Hope is faintly amusing as Nicky. Shirley Ross acts and sings his inspiring Lily.

A jazzy study of a phase of our modern civilization. Or is civilization the word?

VITAL STATISTICS: Gene Krupa is called king of the hide beaters. Swing terminology for star drummer. Son of German and Swedish parents, Gene was born in Chicago about thirty years ago. Whisper, middle name is—honest!—Bertram. Started drumming with a dime grind band at a Wisconsin beach one summer. Played with Red Nichols, Benny Goodman, and others—and then organized his own crew. Boy, can he play on the suitcases and pots and pans, which is jive jargon for drums and musical incidentals. When Gene gets hot doing the killer-dillers, he keeps muttering, "Lyonnaise potatoes and some pork chops!" Krupa breaks about twenty-five dollars worth of drumsticks a week, owns a 10-per-cent interest in a drumstick factory at Longview, Washington. . . . Shirley Ross was singing at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills with Gus Arnheim's band when movie scouts observed her. Result: tests, contract. Just a Los Angeles girl who made good. . . . "Tiny" Whitt, the 298-pound tenor, hails from Stroud, Oklahoma, landed on Major Bowes' hour, toured with a Bowes unit, was visiting his parents in Noel, Missouri, when the Jesse James company came to town to make the picture a year ago. Whitt did a bit; landed in Hollywood.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 46

1—Lynn Fontanne.
2—The electric eel.
3—A Great Dane.
4—In ancient Egypt.
5—Pitchblende.
6—Samuel A. Maverick.
7—Reno, Nevada.
8—Howard Hughes. Time: 7 hours, 28 minutes.
9—First: the Holy Roman Empire; Second: the empire of the Hohenzollerns.
10—No, an alloy, the principal constituent of which is tin.
11—Albania.
12—Yes; the change in phase is extremely slight.
13—May 12, 1873.
14—Amundsen, in 1903-6.
15—Harvard.
16—The Iroquois nations, nearly 500 years ago.
17—The Komodo lizard, which grows as long as ten feet.
18—Mrs. Edwin C. Vare, Jr.
19—22,000,000 miles an hour.
20—

Sam. Colt

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James.

★★★—Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes.

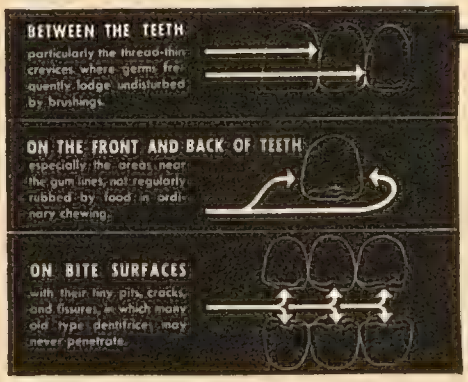
SO STIMULATING, THIS LUSTER-FOAM "BUBBLE BATH!" ... MY MOUTH ALWAYS SEEMS SO CLEAN AND FRESH AFTER USING IT.

THRILLING NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE WITH LUSTER-FOAM ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$) — CREATED TO REACH NEGLECTED DANGER ZONES WHERE 75% OF DECAY STARTS

Amazing penetrating power makes gentle Luster-Foam "bubble bath" a super-cleanser . . . teeth flash and sparkle.

At last, a really *modern* tooth paste! So different, so quick to show results, that people all over the country have gone wild about it . . . to the staggering tune of 6,000,000 tubes in 90 days!

Luster-Foam detergent attacks decay-breeding film in a surprising new way. The instant you start brushing, it surges into a dainty, foaming "bubble bath". . . safe, gentle, yet so penetrating it attacks even those hard-to-reach "danger zones" where some authorities say more than 75% of decay starts. You know these neglected decay areas . . . between the teeth, on front and back of teeth, and on bite surfaces,—with their tiny germ-packed pits, cracks and fissures.


BETWEEN THE TEETH
particularly the thread-thin crevices where germs frequently lodge undisturbed by brushings.
ON THE FRONT AND BACK OF TEETH
especially the areas near the gum lines, not regularly rubbed by food in ordinary chewing.
ON BITE SURFACES
with their tiny pits, cracks, and fissures, in which many old type dentifrices may never penetrate.

Try this thrilling new *energized* tooth paste *now!* Feel it go to work on your teeth. You'll like its lively stimulation . . . the way it refreshes and awakens the mouth . . . the way it whisks away recent ugly surface deposits and attacks dirty, stained film. And above all, the way your teeth sparkle and gleam with wonderful new brilliance!

Get a tube of this New Listerine Tooth Paste, supercharged with Luster-Foam detergent, at any drug counter today.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢
Regular size tube 25¢
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
NEW
DOUBLE SIZE
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE NEW FORMULA

***Supercharged with* LUSTER-FOAM**

P.S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM

GOOD MANNERS and HOLLYWOOD SOCIETY

Boors in filmdon? Briskly its smartest hostess presents the case for the defense

BY CONSTANCE BENNETT

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"YOU'RE a patsy for the temperament build-up, Connie," I was told the other day, " because you don't defend yourself." And I believe that for the same reason Hollywood is a patsy for every kind of attack. Whenever a New York " name " wants to get space in a magazine, he thinks of something nasty to say about the picture city. Ordinarily he upbraids it for the way it conducts itself socially.

It's all very well, this refusing, by ignoring an accusation, to dignify it. It's an escapist viewpoint but sound —until the attacks grow deadly boring by repetition. Then, in the interests of those readers who want to see what the other side of the moon is like, a champion should come forth. I'll be " it," self-appointed, for Hollywood.

Consider first those who point the finger of scorn at us, crying loudly (so the public could easily assume it to be true) that Hollywood society is composed of a sottish and boorish lot who gather round the Carrara marble bar of a night, dance in shorts and swim in ermine, talk shop and sex and scandal, and finally stagger off to unbenefited connubial beds.

Take two, very recently vituperative: Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mrs. Emily Post.

I do not know whether or not Mrs. Post has ever been in Hollywood. My assumption would be to the contrary. Mrs. Campbell has been in Hollywood. I know, because I met her on the set of one of my pictures. " How beautiful you are, my dear ! " she said. " How *do* you make your eyes so large? I don't think I know you—your first name is Joan, isn't it? Crawford or Bennett? "

" I'm Joan Crawford," I said, with inner silent apologies to my friend who uses that name.

" Oh, now, my dear, you're pulling my leg, aren't you? "

I said, " Now, Miss Campbell, do you *really* think so? " and departed, thinking that perhaps Mrs. Campbell had reason for her complaint that Hollywood had been insulting to her socially on occasion. In an article she quoted one of her hosts as asking her, " Now tell us, were you ever the mistress of Edward VII? " Mrs. Campbell implied that the man was no gentleman to say such a thing to her.

But Michael Arlen once said a gentleman is a person who is never unintentionally rude. Perhaps Mrs. Campbell's professional rudeness, which is often witty, this time met its match.

Photos by Fink

The author dancing with the Marquis de Polignac, Gene Raymond kissing his wife's mother, and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, with Darryl, in summer frock and fur cape. To Emily Post's mind, each picture records a social error.

The main criticisms of Hollywood society seem to concentrate on (*a*) the careless way it dresses and even more careless way it undresses, (*b*) its intemperance, (*c*) its lack of manners, and (*d*) its tendency to appreciate only persons of influence who might be of financial or professional assistance.

Mrs. Post's unhappy remarks are directed at points *a* and *c*, Mrs. Campbell's to the other two. It occurs to me that both ladies, and most others who are bitter, have formed their judgments of Hollywood from a New York viewpoint. You would not draw a comparison between the manners of northern Ireland and those of the south of France. And there is less geographical differences between these two countries, in terms of separating miles and climates, than between the East and West Coasts of the United States.

People must adapt themselves socially to their environment. Hollywood is a vacationland, a perpetual resort. Dress and customs are necessarily informal, lest they be ludicrous. A visiting New Yorker sweating in white tie and tails, when the California night is warm enough for swimming, is the one who is in bad taste—not the star in his white linens. Yet Hollywood is tolerant of that visitor because it understands the unpredictable climate may have fooled him. The weather may have been cold and miserably foggy at seven, when he went up to dress.

Hollywood residents dress as they do for a variety of reasons. For one thing, the community is spread over thirty or forty miles, and it takes time to get from a tennis match in Pasadena to a party in Santa Monica. Thus there is no complaint from any hostess when a guest arrives breathless, clad in spectator sports clothes, for dinner. She had rather have him on time than allow her Rhine wine soup to grow hot while he stopped off on his twenty-five-mile drive to change.

And people—particularly the sort of people who keep up with the smart life of the town—work hard and at various hours. A woman who must take time off from a series of make-up tests to attend an important cocktail party, knowing that when it is over she must return again for fittings, would forgo the party rather than have to change twice in the afternoon. It is significant that even the most socially prominent Hollywood people work for their livings, are subject to the will of a relentless industry, whereas the members of Eastern society do not and are not.

FINALLY, it is a matter of health to dress for the weather in California. If you don't you catch flu. A foggy morning is transformed into a baking day, which in turn becomes a clear but icy night. A vagrant ocean breeze will lower the temperature ten degrees. Mrs. Post's criticisms of dress seem petty in the face of such monstrous natural manifestations.

As an example, she scored Mrs. Darryl Zanuck for appearing at a preview in high-heeled white sandals, a light summer frock, and a white-fox cape. Said Mrs. Post: "If the weather is hot, heavy furs lose their beauty because of their distressing unsuitability," and added that the sandals were suitable only for the beach.

I challenge Mrs. Post to caper about any beach in high heels. The furs were summer furs, perfectly comfortable in the chilly California night. They were also quite smart, in the opinion of some observers who, although not having written a book about social etiquette and therefore holding no particular claim to authority about manners, have at least been mentioned as among the world's best dressed women.

Mrs. Post expressed further irritation at a photo of me dancing with the Marquis de Polignac. In the picture I have a preoccupied expression. Mrs. Post says:

"Rather than seem as bored as she appears, . . . Miss Bennett would be far less rude if she composed a white lie and told her partner she could not dance because she had hurt her neck!"

Here is a case of drawing conclusions from candid-camera photos — always misleading — rather than from actual visual knowledge. It's a dangerous thing to do. At any rate, the marquis was my house guest. I consider it questionable that I would have appeared gracious by refusing to dance with him. I would not insult any friend by refusing to dance with him.

It's a question of manners.

PERHAPS our conception of manners in Hollywood is different from that of New York society. I am referring, of course, to that inelastic inner circle which immortalized the hideous brownstone front of both house and personality. New York has its less noteworthy social levels, as has the Western town. But the Hollywood right people are less bound by the rigid rules of Newport etiquette; Hollywood is vital, new, young, interested in life and work and people, intrigued by everything.

"That's nice shifting, Mrs. Morton—now I'll show you how to steer!"

So it observes a minimum of that redundant etiquette which has its definite kinship with smugness. If etiquette stands in the way of a new experience, so much the worse for etiquette. In some cases standard manners form a line of snobbery; and Hollywood is snobbish only about dull people and things.

Ten years ago it was still a village, and ten years ago I would not have bothered to write this piece. But today Hollywood is the most cosmopolitan city in the world; it is full of attractive, charming men and women. These attract their kind.

And when these people give parties, they—both people and parties—are in good taste, ordinarily temperate, and always amusing. I do not understand the usual description of a Hollywood soiree, in which it is pictured as an orgy and the guests are supposed to stagger about, *non compos mentis* with drink, until the bright morning sun is shining.

If there are those who do this sort of thing, they are the hangers-on of the community. They are inevitably so. It must be remembered that top-notch movie people can afford no such excesses, nor any others, if they intend to keep their rating. You cannot work from six in the morning until six in the afternoon, carouse all night, and still be photogenic or a competent worker.

Of course, at all large gatherings a drunk is likely to be wished on the hostess. I do not drink myself, but any smart hostess must be gracious and shrewd enough to handle such a problem adequately.

I remember a dinner party I gave a few weeks ago for a group of my friends, many of them Europeans. I invited one bachelor because he is notoriously witty and an attractive dog in any language. He'd been working, with little sleep, for several days and nights; he'd missed lunch and was too tired to eat dinner; but he had come to my party anyway because he didn't want to leave my table unbalanced.

In order to hold together, the man had four quick double brandies; and by coffee time he was really tight. He was not obnoxious, unless you are intolerant enough to hold a person obnoxious because he is talkative and persistent about dancing. I considered the situation.

The other guests were poised and not in the least alarmed. It occurred to me that if I used my wits I could turn my problem into an advantage. The tipsy bachelor was a good actor in any circumstances. I asked him to do a famous scene from one of his successful pictures, as a favor to me.

Alcohol induces an exhibitionist tendency. He agreed. The act was a parody of the original, considering his condition, but enormously funny. By the time he had finished, his concentration on what he was doing had cleared his head a little—and I offered him a large cup of black coffee. He looked at it, at me, nodded and took the cup.

"It's coffee Royal," I said.

"I *do* need a drink," he grinned.

Half an hour later I found him unobtrusively asleep on a corner couch.

THOSE who profess the Hollywood-gives-orgies theory will perhaps feel that this is an example of what they mean. I do not. There was no harm done. And if the man had been a chronic drinker I would not have invited him to my house.

Perhaps certain Hollywood persons do give and attend brawls. So do certain social groups in New York. It seems to me a peculiar thing that the critics who write about Hollywood should be members of one stratum in the East, and of another on the West Coast.

I am further confused when I read comments (by almost every writer of the Campbell-Post category) which lead people to believe that the Hollywood social pattern is built on a commercial foundation. It has been generally stated that quite frightful people are brought to infest gatherings because they might give the hostess or one of the guests a job in pictures—or at least put in a good word somewhere. There's not the slightest logical basis for such an observation.

I don't deny many contracts are arranged, many new arrangements set professionally, over a dinner table or a nest of empty cocktail glasses. But those deals would have been made anyway, in less congenial circumstances. No producer, director, studio owner, or other bigwig would be happy about accepting an invitation if he had the slightest inkling he would be touched for a job at the party. He would be too wary. And he would always have the inkling.

These men leave shop behind when they emerge from the studio into a social evening. It's an imperative precaution. They must relax from the terrific tension under which they work all day. They are different persons altogether. It is an inviolable unspoken rule that their power in the industry be forgotten outside their offices, and I have never seen this rule broken except once.

A VERY famous lady recently asked an actress from abroad to her house as a favor to a mutual friend. An important studio executive was also a guest. After dinner the actress inquired about the extent of his influence, listened avidly as she was told that it was extensive indeed, and later found an excuse to sit beside the man, who was unsuspecting. I was established on a near-by sofa and could not help overhearing.

The girl's hints were unproductive, because he had no idea that she could be trying to turn his casual small talk into pay dirt. At last she asked him openly if, now they were friends, he would not help her get an especially good role.

After a moment of unbelieving silence he leaned toward her and said solemnly, "I have been watching you for possibilities and I've come to a conclusion. I think you would do very well for the title role in Rebecca."

She burbled with delight. So did I when I thought of what her face would be like when she discovered that in the book the lady named Rebecca is dead before the story begins.

Even the particular friends of Hollywood executives respect the off-hour code. The Darryl Zanucks are among my most intimate acquaintances. At the studio I have quarreled tooth and nail with Mr. Zanuck over a matter of professional policy, left him without reconciliation, and two hours later seated him at my dinner table with the argument completely forgotten—until it could be resumed the next day.

As for inviting stupid, dull, unpleasant men or women to parties because of their importance: first, it's a truism that there are almost no stupid or dull people in Hollywood. Hollywood is a brutal town and gives no quarter to such as these.

In this defense of picture society I don't mean to be too bright a ray of sunshine, nor do I insist blandly that there is nothing wrong with the setup. There is. We make our mistakes here. But we do profit by them usually. And it is hard not to commit an occasional *faux pas* when the people with whom we mix are so unusual and so unpredictable.

I agree with those who are irritated at the Hollywood custom of seating husbands and wives together at dinner parties. It's a dated idea, started by a stellar couple who were so desperately in love that they couldn't bear to be separated even when dining. They were not only separated but divorced not long after the fashion took hold.

I would not hesitate to lay partial blame for their eventual incompatibility on the fact that their refusal ever to be apart at last made them sick to death of each other. Husbands and wives ordinarily eat, sleep, and talk together eighty per cent of the time. Surely at parties each should devote himself to other people, to different conversation—if only to have something informative to say next morning at the breakfast table.

On the other hand, there's all this strange business about nests of tables at tea. Mrs. Post (again) insists that no one should be forced to balance a plate and a cup and saucer on his knee, offering as the alternative a suggestion that the hostess put a table beside each guest. Imagine, at a tea for thirty or forty people!

The criticism of Gene Raymond for keeping his hat on while kissing his wife's mother is unfair. There was an enormous crush of people at that station—I was there—and Gene came upon Mrs. MacDonald suddenly. There was no time to think of etiquette. Nor could Gene know that a candid camera would snap his picture.

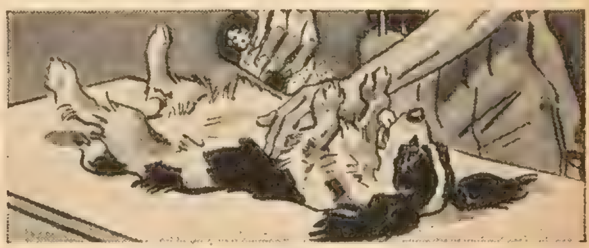
NO, Mrs. Campbell; no, Mrs. Post; no, all you others—you will not find the manners of your beloved '90s observed rigidly in Hollywood. The people here have no need for a textbook on etiquette. To your annoyance, they dismiss the code of the Knickerbocker nobs with a shrug, because they understand that the essence of good taste is not snobbish rote but brilliant adjustment to living.

It all adds up to the fact that Hollywood is progressive and up-to-date about manners as well as everything else. There is no time to be smug in today's world. The slaves have been freed, women have been pried out of the old-fashioned corset; now is the time for all thinking people to rally round and release society from the Post. (Forgive an irresistible impulse, dear reader!) After all, Lord Chesterfield was a model of manners in a preceding era, and at a formal dinner one evening he got hold of a piece of hot potato and promptly spat it out on to his plate. When the other guests stared aghast at such crudeness, he said simply: "A damn fool would have swallowed it."

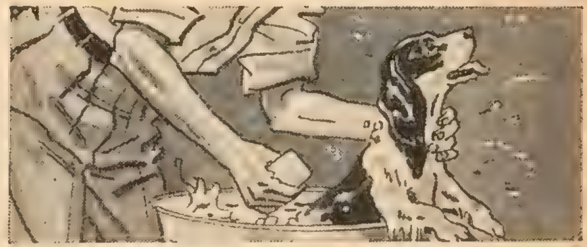
THE END

I GUESS YOU NEVER HAD FLEAS

Imagine an itch that's everywhere at once. Your skin gets sore and you wake up scratching. Maybe you get a skin disease and your hair falls out!



I had 'em till the master brought home some Sergeant's Improved SKIP-FLEA POWDER. He dusts it into my coat, and . . . boy! does it kill 'em dead! And it soothes the old itches too!



There's nothing like it — except SKIP-FLEA SOAP that does the same job and cleans too. Take it from me, SKIP-FLEA'S a treat for any dog. Get it at drug and pet stores. Ask them for your free copy of the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK (or write Sergeant's, Dept. GL-6, Richmond, Va.)

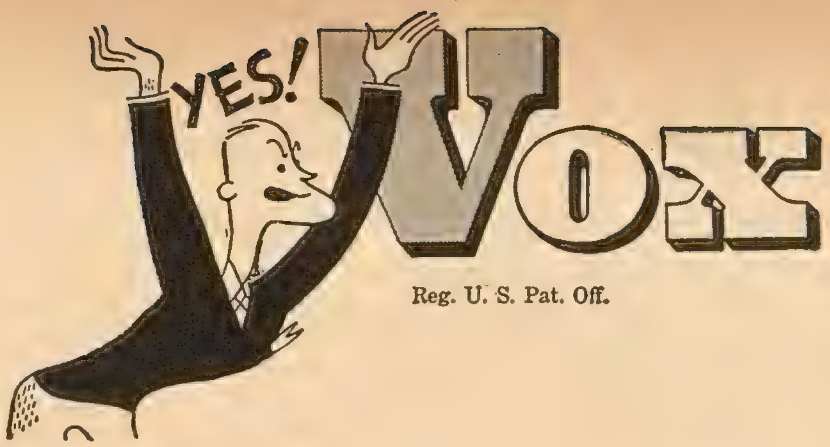
Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

For Hot SUNBURN

Cooling MENTHOLATUM

Link them together in your mind!

JUST as you think of water to put out a fire, think of Mentholatum to relieve sunburn. This gentle ointment quickly cools and soothes hot, flaming, sunburned skin. It soon changes misery into comfort. Mentholatum is equally effective for prickly heat and chafing. Jars or tubes, 30c.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"THIS IS A MIRACLE!"

St. Paul, Minn.—"Don't dismiss me as crazy," pleaded my friend Elizabeth. "You must—you simply must realize that the dream I had was one born of truth and was created by a merciful God to help you."

I must confess I was somewhat taken aback.

"I saw you walking up and down the room, holding your head between your hands," she explained. "Finally you turned your face toward me and began muttering meaninglessly—I could see that you had gone insane. The vision made such a deep impression upon me I couldn't sleep. I walked the floor all night. I almost phoned you at the time."

"Why, this is ridiculous!" I replied. "I feel perfectly fine—never better in my life."

"I know, I know." She came toward me, her eyes glowing, her whole body trembling. "But please, please, this once, believe that what I say is true. Promise me you will see a doctor—today."

The whole thing seemed downright outlandish to me, but because of my friend's sincerity and her obvious worry about my welfare, I promised.

That afternoon I reported at my doctor's office. Imagine my surprise when he informed me, after but a few moments' examination, that I had a tumor which might press upon my brain and cause insanity unless something was done about it immediately. He said I should be operated on at once; not even to wait twenty-four hours.

Still dumfounded at the suddenness of such developments in my life, I told him I wanted to go to a widely known clinic for a check-up, which I did right away.

The clinic verified exactly what my doctor had said. However, the doctor there who examined me said he wanted the head surgeon to see me before definitely deciding on a course of action.

"That man," he said, "has something greater than the power of the average diagnostician. He has genius—one might call it insight."

"Don't operate right away," the distinguished doctor said, after giving me an examination and confirming the diagnosis of the other doctors. Then he turned to me with a smile. "Go away for three months, and then come back and we will decide what to do."

Before I went away, however, I went to see a very old and very wise friend.

"I feel that your affliction," he told me, "was exposed to you by divine help and can be cured by the same method. Moreover, I believe that your doctor has an inkling of such a possibility also. I believe by the power of prayer you will be able to cure yourself."

So I went up into the mountains; and although I did not spend all my time in fasting and prayer, as our Lord did, I did pray, positively and unswervingly.

When the three months were up I returned to the clinic, and there received the answer to my prayers.

The growth which had been the size of a hen's egg in June had now — in September — completely vanished from my head.

"This," exclaimed the doctor, not without reverence, "is a miracle!"

I think he was right.—*Rosamunde Challiss.*

BELGIUM IN THE CONGO

Nice, France—I quote from the letter of Winnipeg in April 29 Vox Pop:

"All that Belgium ever has asked is to be let alone."

I suggest that Winnipeg borrow from any public library some volumes on Belgium's conquest of the Congo with 100,000 and more square miles of rich territory. He will learn of the terrible atrocities perpetrated by Belgian soldiers against the natives.

By comparison with the cruelty of Belgian soldiers in the Congo, the Italian soldiers in Abyssinia were lambs.—*C. M. Austin.*

DR. COOK'S STAND AT POLE

Chicago, Ill.—That was an interesting, if not accurate, story on Mr. Oursler's back page about the Negro assistant to Commodore Peary (April 29 Liberty).

For your information, the first man to stand at the North Pole was Dr. Frederick A. Cook.—*W. C. Russell.*

EXTIRPATING THE BEET-SUGAR INDUSTRY

Saginaw, Mich.—The administration in Washington is extirpating the beet-sugar industry in the United States, allowing only 30 per cent of the sugar to be grown in the country and 70 per cent to be bought outside.

Liberty is the champion of the American farmer and American industry and should take up the cudgel against Secretary Henry A. Wallace, who is restricting our farming.—*C. H. Kretschmer.*

HEIL! DAS NACHTHEMD!

Long Beach, Calif.—Max Vieweger (April 29 Vox Pop) consumed too much valuable space in telling us that he has a swastika embroidered on his "nightie."—*James Clark.*

PRISONER WANTS A JOB

Columbus, Ohio — Some time ago I wrote as Six-Time Loser (December 10 Liberty) an article that caused many of you to write in saying it helped you to better understand the cause of the present heavy crime situation.

I am glad I was able to thus help—and now some *one* of you can help me. I am an inmate of the Ohio State Penitentiary—as you will perhaps recall—but our parole board has faith in me (in spite of my record) and will grant me a parole *if* I can find a job anywhere in the United States.

I am a man of nearly fifty, widely traveled, fairly well educated, have a pleasing personality, and am really a very good salesman. I would like to land a *sales* job on a straight commission basis.

But beggars cannot be choosers, and since I *must* have employment in order to get my parole, I will gladly accept any form of honest work which a small man of my age might reasonably be expected to do. And I mean anything, from mowing your lawn to what have you. Seriously!

Who'll help an "old-timer" climb back on to the straight and narrow path? Who'll help him help himself? Any of you who are willing, please write to—*Fred J. Ford, Reg. No. 73,985, P. O. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio.*

[Out of our deep appreciation for Six-Time Loser, we are departing from our rigid rule not to have anything like advertising in Vox Pop—and we won't do it again!—Vox Pop Editor.]

PRACTICE OF BOOKIES

Helena, Mont.—Evidently Dan Higgins (May 6 Vox Pop) doesn't know the practice of bookies. He says, "Your Short Story editor should know that *no bookie* pays more than 20 to 1 on any single horse."

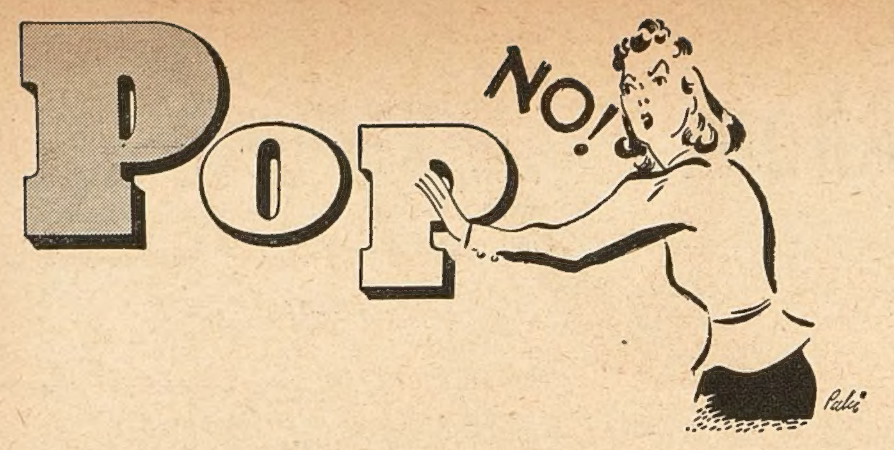
Although some bookies pay only 15—6—3 win, place, and show respectively, many bookies pay track odds and make no limit as to odds.

In Chicago I placed a bet of $2 on a horse to place. The bookie paid me $102 for my $2 bet, which is 50 to 1. This was a bookie doing business in the city and not at the track.—*C. C. Christiansen.*

SIX LONG, TROUBLED YEARS

Tacoma, Wash.—This occasional reader can almost forgive your advertising of cursed whisky on reading the publisher's fine editorial on Six Long, Troubled Years (April 22 Liberty).

It is hoped all the nation's representatives at the Capitol may read it and take warning of government bankruptcy that is certainly in the



offing if a halt in the colossal debt is not called soon.—*W. H. Wilcox.*

MAN WITH 1,000 FACES?

BAUDETTE, MINN.—Say, is that guy Fulton Oursler the "man with a thousand faces"? In March 25 Liberty (on his "30" page) his picture shows him as a nice-looking and distinguished gentleman (and I'll bet he'll say that this picture looks more like him than any of the others). The following week he's coming a Franklin D. Roosevelt on us. In the April 15 issue he's either got "mike fright" or he's telling the dang thing that it can't scare him. In the April 22 issue he's looking over his printed page in Liberty and probably concluding that he doesn't think so much of it either. The following week he's trying to put Bing Crosby in his place. In the issue of May 6 he's showing us what a college professor looks like, and on May 13 he's just a smart aleck.

You'll notice I misplaced my April 8 issue, and I'm afraid to look for it, for fear he turns out to be Frankenstein.—*J. O. Jewett.*

WHAT IS WRONG? TRUCKS!

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I wish to state that all that is wrong with the railroads of our country is that the majority of people ship by truck and use their own automobiles for traveling. The railroads are large buyers, employ the greatest number of people; and if we Americans would give them the business, they in turn would be able to purchase more and in turn would put more people to work. I am a lover of the railroads, and certainly think all of us ought to help them all we can, and not give the trucks all of our business.—*A Friend of the Railroads.*

OLD GAG

LONDON, ENG.—Your magazine rates "tops" with me, but your March 11 issue gave me a nasty jolt.

You see, you published a Short Short story entitled The Thirteenth Dollar and accredited to Ned Tomlinson.

My respects to you—and to Mr. Tomlinson—but can I enlighten you on this point? Over fifteen years ago—before I embarked on a journalistic career—I was a monologist playing with varying success in the English music halls. The story of the old lady giving her last coin—or bill—to a shabby man in the street and wrapping it up in a piece of paper with the words (in my case) "Never Despair" and finding the next day that she had inadvertently backed a horse bearing that name was one of the gags and stories in my routine. And I am by no means the only one who used that story on the English variety stage.

It's given me an idea. Maybe I will look through my gag book. There're bound to be some stories that can be extended to Short Shorts for you.—*Bert Ross.*

MOUNTIES' RIGHT NAME

LINCOLN, NEB.—It may interest Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., to know that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police of Canada are no longer called the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. The name was changed from the Northwest Mounted to Royal Canadian Mounted Police a number of years ago.—*Homer H. Hart.*

PATRIOTISM IN GALVESTON

GALVESTON, TEX.—With reference to Why Not Annex D. C.? (May 6 Vox Pop), the gentleman from Van Nuys overlooked another place which should be annexed by the United States. I have reference to the City of Galveston, where the public schools were closed for Mardi Gras instead of for Washington's Birthday. This is the sort of patriotism taught in public schools here.—*Just Another Fool Taxpayer.*

"S-W-E-E-T A-DEL-I-I-INE!"

TULSA, OKLA.—Sooner or later some good magazine will have a story about our Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America, which since it was started seven months ago has been one of the most talked about movements in the United States.

I hope a writer from Liberty does the job.—*O. C. Cash.*

2 COWS ALL WRONG SO FAR

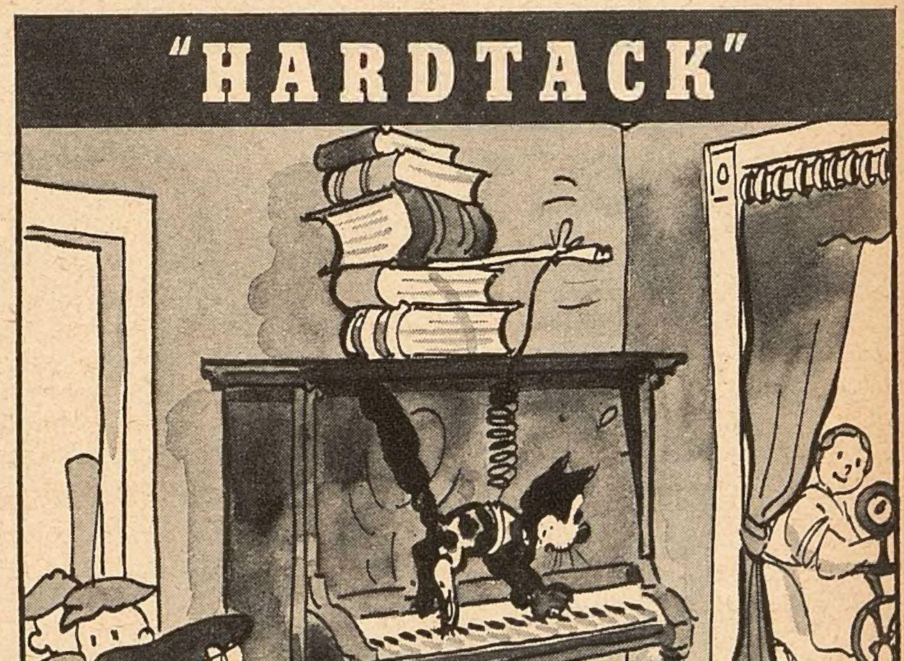
JACKSON, MICH.—Those 2 d—— cows again! (April 8 Vox Pop.) It has been all wrong, so far. A farmer owns two cows. Some dealer sells him two more cows, gets all his money plus a note on his crops for next year. The farmer milks the cows, sells the milk to the distributor in town, getting enough money for chewing tobacco in return for milk. When cows no longer give milk, he sends them to the stockyards, receiving enough money to buy seed to plant crops, so he can raise enough money to pay the dealer for the two cows.

Then he wonders what he is going to *chew* next year.—*Dairy Farmer.*

DOUGLAS CUTS HIS HAIR?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I'm mad! Knuckle-crackingly mad! I have read many things about Douglas "W-W" Corrigan's thriftiness, but the marbles go to your Beverly Hills for saying Doug cuts his own hair! (April 29 Liberty.) *I don't believe it.*

I know something about Douglas that you don't know—he loves flowers. Yaa-a-a. —*A Corrigan Fan.*



"Practice for one hour, Hardtack, then you can go out and play."

The Latest Mystery About Colonel Lindbergh

FULTON OURSLER

THE STARS IN their courses must have entered into some mystical combination at the hour when Charles Augustus Lindbergh was born. No man looks less the mystic than Colonel Lindbergh, yet his name is forever associated with strange and unexplained matters.

Before he ever rose for his historic flight across the Atlantic, he was known to tabloids as the " mystery flyer "; ever since then he has been involved in one strange episode after another. Passing over his tragic personal experience, one remembers the extraordinary secrecy surrounding his flight from his native land, the unaccountable business of his getting a medal from Goering, the enigmatic part he played with the British government just before the Munich pact.

Now people are asking why suddenly Colonel Lindbergh has returned to the United States, and what is the nature of the work he is undertaking for the War Department. Only the other day he was accused by Lloyd George of being a " tool of sinister men." Friends of Colonel Lindbergh say that everything he does is exaggerated by the newspapers into mysteries that do not exist. In part this may be true, but the fact remains that there is something definitely spectacular about the Colonel's sudden return to the country from which he fled with such caution. A natural American curiosity exists about what his new mission portends.

Walter Karig, Washington correspondent, has explored these questions in official sources, and next week, in an article that is authentic and sympathetic, he states the facts as he has obtained them from responsible government officials. This article leads an issue that is interesting throughout.

IN ADDITION TO FULL installments of the serials and several excellent short stories, you will also find the following: Can Business Men Save America? by George H. Davis; Is Joe Louis the Fastest? by Arthur Donovan; Rich Man's Girl, by Geraldine York; Death-House Mike Ends His Holiday, by Ernest Jerome Hopkins; Mixing Politics with Social Service, by Judge Camille Kelley, and Close-up of John Garfield, by Ruth Waterbury, and other interesting features.

HERE ARE SOME BETTING odds: 10 to 1 that Franklin D. Roosevelt will not run for a third term; 10 to 1 that Harold Hoffman will be the next Governor of New Jersey. I would also be willing to bet 10 to 1 that Jack Garner will not be the Democratic candidate. The Republicans' vigorous defense of the man whom they fear most next to F. D. R. is an amusing piece of political jabberwocky. Another 10-to-1 bet I would like to make is that Harry Hopkins is also out of the 1940 picture. This is due not only to the fact that he has disagreed with Jesse Jones (Hopkins wanted RFC in the Commerce Department to further business appeasement), but, more important, Mr. Hopkins is a sick man.

ONE NIGHT RECENTLY I stopped at the desk of the Waldorf-Astoria to get my key.

The clerk said: " Mr. Killackey, the night manager, wants to see you for a minute if you can spare the time."

In the manager's office I found Jack Killackey—known to more world travelers perhaps than any other man in the business—smiling from behind his desk. " So," he began, " your boss has not headaches enough in the publishing business—he has taken on the hotel worry also."

" By the boss, do you mean Mr. Bernarr Macfadden? " I asked severely.

" I don't mean Mayor Hague."

" And are you possibly referring to the Macfadden-Deauville Hotel in Florida? " I pursued grimly.

" I am that."

" What's the matter with the hotel business, Jack? "

" There's a curse on the business, and I'm going to tell you the reason for it. One thousand nine hundred and seventy-two years ago, a man went into Jerusalem accompanied by a woman riding on a donkey. They tried every inn and roominghouse in the town, but were unable to secure accommodations. I think there must have been a convention going on. Late that evening they were compelled to travel to the next town, called Bethlehem, where they found things just as bad. No hotel man being gifted with second sight, they were refused everywhere they tried. And that night the Saviour of the world, the Son of God, was born in a manger in a stable, in the little town of Bethlehem.

" Now you know why hotel men have to carry their cross. They missed their golden opportunity."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE 24, 1939

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EDITORIAL

A Tragical Need for Health Specialists..Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Lonesome Summer...Oscar Graeve 14

Golden Wedding Margaret M. Scott 33

Lullaby..............Elita Wilson 49

Clever, These Chinee—Liberty Short Short......Leo Glassman 53

SERIALS

Rangoon Adventure—Part I Edison Marshall 6

Kings and Brothers: The Story of George VI and Edward VIII—Part VI..........Emil Ludwig 23

Filthy Rich—Part VIII Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 39

The Man Says " Yes "—Conclusion Margaret Widdemer 57

ARTICLES

How to Get to the Fairs Frederick L. Collins 11

I Saw a People Rising from the Dead. Rev. Ignatius W. Cox, S. J. 21

How to Ear-Witness the Next War H. V. Kaltenborn 47

I Will Mash Joe Louis Tony Galento 55

Good Manners and Hollywood Society......Constance Bennett 65

FEATURES

To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 18; Twenty Questions, 46; Crossword Puzzle, 52; $1,000 Memory Book Contest, 54; Movie Reviews, by Beverly Hills, 63; Vox Pop, 68.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
DAN OSHER

They've got the knack of staying
CRISP!

Completely different type of cereal. Crackly crisp in milk or cream . . . . not mushy!

Looking for a breakfast with "umph"? Spring Kellogg's Rice Krispies on yourself—and the family. The most different cereal in a decade!

There's no mushiness here . . . no "plain-jane" looks or taste. Pour on milk or cream, and what do you hear? Snap! Crackle! Pop! Rice Krispies prove their amazing crispness.

It's a crispness that *lasts* to the final spoonful! For Kellogg's Rice Krispies stay afloat. They won't sog down in the bottom of your dish.

Rice Krispies are *not* flaked . . . *not* shredded. They are made by an utterly different process patented by Kellogg . . . "oven-popped" and toasted to a crunchy, golden brown.

Only premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice is used in making Rice Krispies. Their lasting crispness is protected by Kellogg's new KEL-LINER Inner-Wrap, the only cereal carton completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at both top and bottom. For the crispest breakfast you've known, get Kellogg's Rice Krispies at your grocer's.

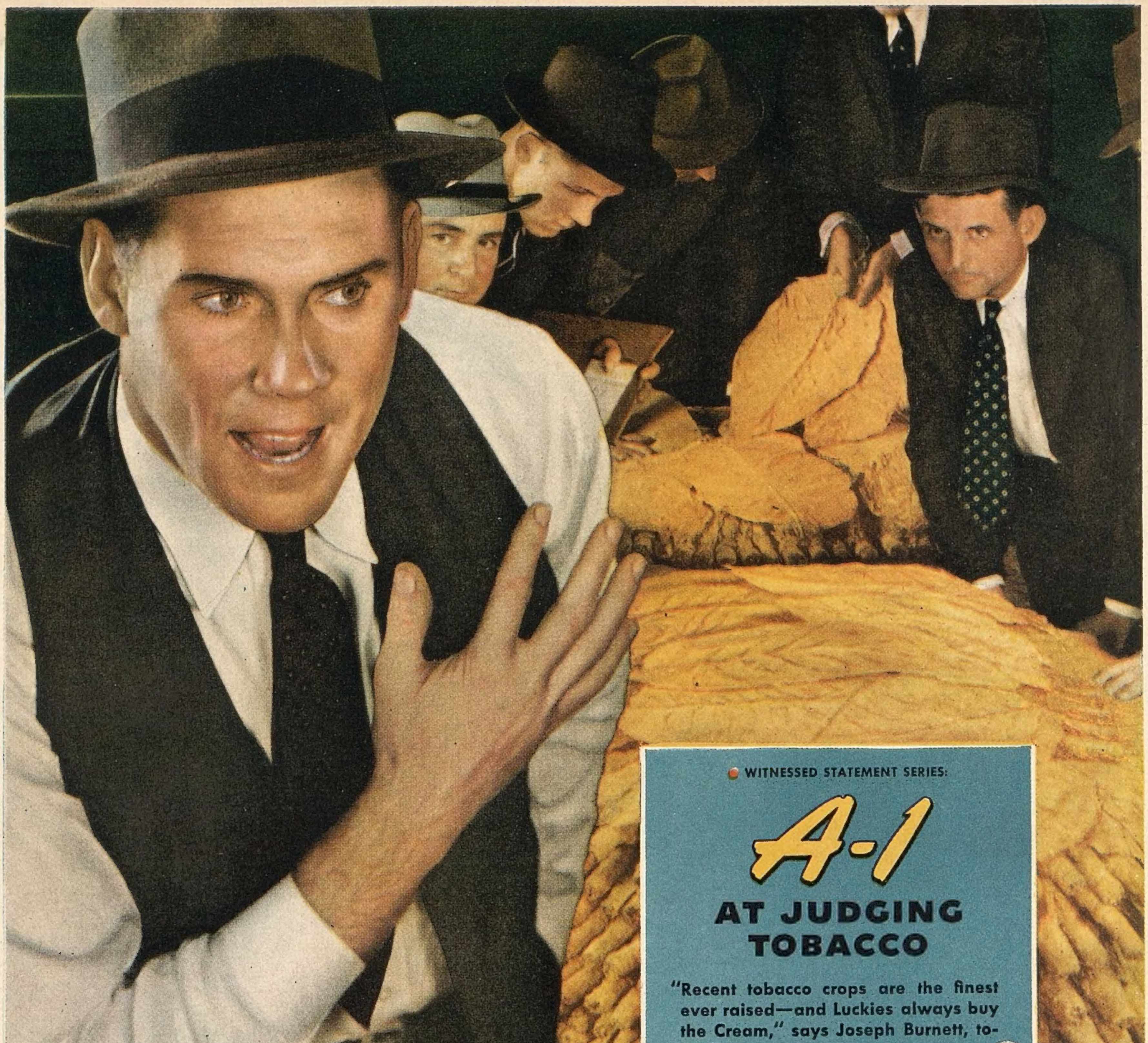
SAY, MOM, HEAR THAT SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!
YES, BOBBY. ONLY RICE KRISPIES MAKE THAT SOUND. THEY'RE SO CRISP!
SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!
SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!

NOT FLAKED! NOT SHREDDED! They're "oven-popped" by Kellogg's Patented Process. Rice Krispies are absolutely unique in form . . . utterly distinct from every other breakfast cereal. Product and process are protected by United States Letters PATENT NOS. 1,925,267; 1,832,813.

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
crackle
pop
snap
Crisp

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST WITH RICE KRISPIES:
2 hours in milk—
Still Floating!
WON'T MUSH DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF YOUR DISH

Copr. 1939 by Kellogg Company



WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

A-1
AT JUDGING TOBACCO

"Recent tobacco crops are the finest ever raised—and Luckies always buy the Cream," says Joseph Burnett, tobacco auctioneer, who has smoked Luckies for 10 years.

Copyright 1939, The American Tobacco Company

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

LUCKIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER! They are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in recent years. As tobacco experts like Mr. Burnett point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today... And remember: Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts — auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Try Luckies for a week and then you'll know why...

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE
Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"

With Men Who Know Tobacco Best—It's Luckies 2 to 1